THE OPERATIONS AT PORT ARTHUR

THE sea attack on Port Arthur began on February 9th, at noon. The land isolation occurred on May 26th, when the Second Army, under General Oku, took Nanshan Hill. Four grand series of Russian defenses down the peninsula were taken by the Japanese. The capture of Taikushan on August 9th, of Shokushan two days later, and of Tokasakiyama the following day, drove the Russians into their permanent works. The real siege of Port Arthur began, then, on August 12th, and continued for four months and nineteen days.

The failure of the first grand assault, continuing seven days, from August 19th, forced Nogi and his army to go slowly about the terrific job of digging a way into the fortress. In the following four months there occurred six more grand assaults, the periods between them being occupied in mining, sapping, and engineering. What was known as the second assault was made from September 19th to 25th; the third from October 29th to November 1st; the fourth from November 28th to 30th; the fifth from December 4th to 9th; the sixth from December 18th to 20th; the final assault from December 28th to 31st. The morning of January 1st, General Stoessel, the Russian commander, asked for terms of capitulation, and the following day these terms were submitted and ratified.

The grand strategy of the Japanese operations was simple. It comprehended one brief design; it demonstrated on the west, where 203-Meter Hill is, while the infantry and the heavy ordnance smashed the Russian right center, where are located the principal Russian forts, Keekwan (Cock's Comb), Ehrlung (Two Dragons), and Panlung (Eternal Dragon). Four and a half months of sapping, mining, bombarding, and hand-to-hand fighting, than which history holds no record of more desperate contest, won the forts of the Cock's Comb and the Two Dragons for the Japanese. The fall of the Two Dragons on December 31st brought Stoessel to his knees.

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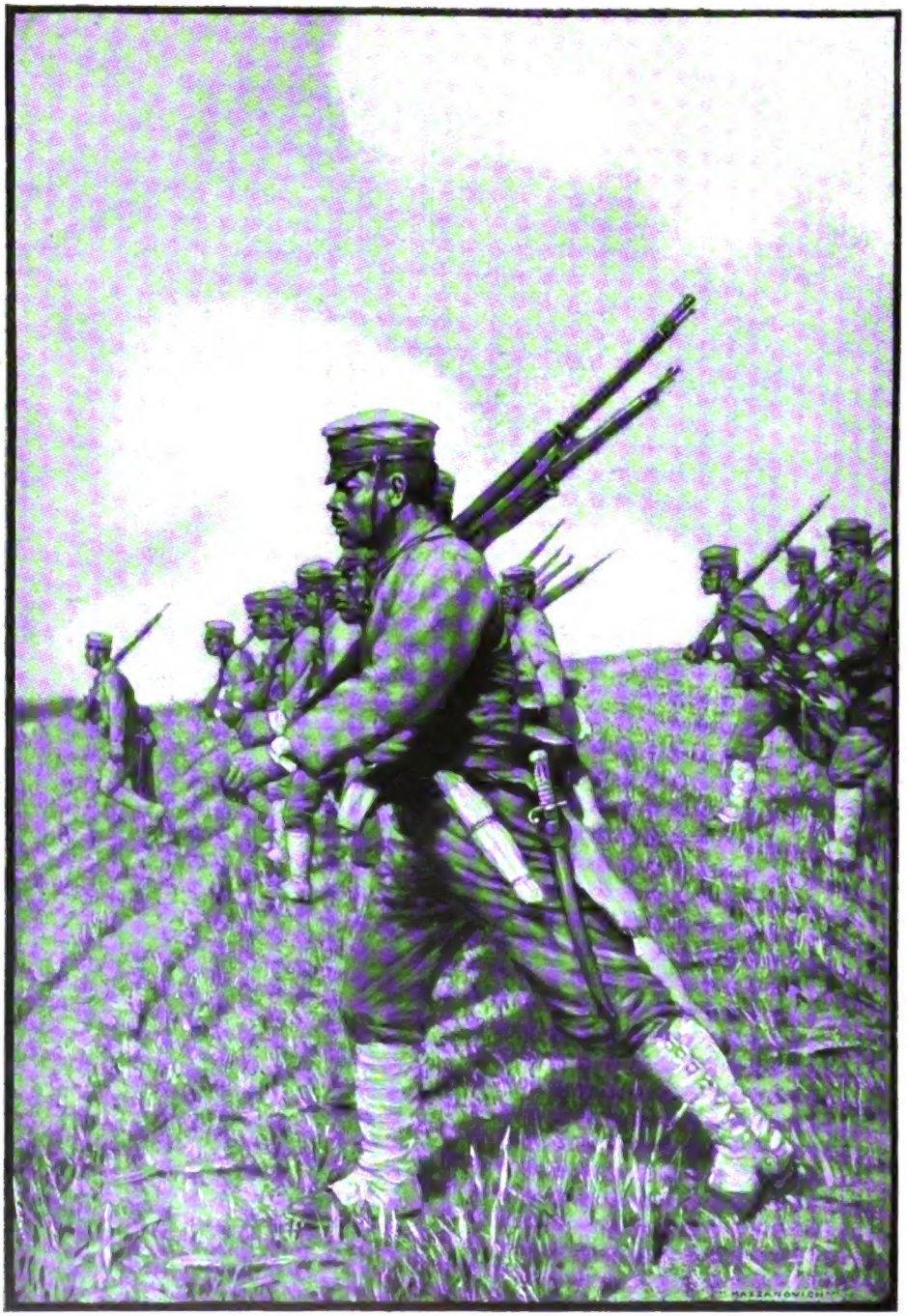

Drawn by Lawrence Mazzanovich from a snapshot by the author.

GOING INTO ACTION.

"Out from the maize, on a dog-trot, springs a battalion. The men dash valiantly along, agile fellows, vivacious as fanatics. Across the furze, leaping over the stubble, they press on, up to the griddle of death." *See "Hell at Port Arthur."*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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HELL AT PORT ARTHUR

Deeds of Daring and Terror at the Siege of the Russian Fortress

By RICHARD BARRY

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author

At the outbreak of the Russian-Japanese war Richard Barry, then on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Bulletin, applied to be allowed to represent that paper in the conflict. The Bulletin's nomination had fallen on another man, and being unable to secure the desired assignment, Mr. Barry determined to go on his own account. His personal funds being insufficient, he borrowed money and set out across the Pacific in the steerage. After the inevitable wait at Tokyo, Mr. Barry was sent out with the Third Army, the destination of which he and his confrères were in complete ignorance of when they left Japan. Landed in Manchuria, the army was detailed to Port Arthur, and Mr. Barry found himself the only American writer before its walls. From the Phœnix, a mountain three miles in the rear of Port Arthur, he saw two naval battles, two tremendous bombardments, and the first grand assault, which lasted seven days, and in which 25,000 men were sacrificed. He lived the life of the army, participated in the regimental mess, and camped with the troops in the trenches on the firing line. When the capitulation became only a matter of days, Mr. Barry left Port Arthur and returned to America with the elaborate articles about the siege which have been published in this country and England. The following is the first intimate story of the great conflict Mr. Barry has written.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

WHERE the end of the Liaotung sticks like a sore thumb from the map of northern Asia, a lonely rock-bound harbor within the year has had the world's eye focused upon it. It is Port Arthur. Before its fortifications, one August morning, appeared two trumpeters and a man on horseback. Along the batteries cordoning the city the man rode, brazenly heralded, until a Russian sentry picked him up, tied over his eyes a white cloth, and led him through winding paths and alleys to the great hall of the regimental commanders in the new Russian town. Here the bandage was removed and the messenger of His Imperial Japanese Majesty confronted the general of His Imperial Russian Majesty. The visitor looked into the blue eyes of a Saxon-Russ, over whose left temple lay a white scar and under his brown beard a grim mouth. It was Stoessel, who, through four years, had prepared for this meeting.

The Mikado's message was read to arrogant courtesy. The man went back on horseback—the brazen trumpeters noiseless. That evening the siege commenced.

The peninsula on which it occurred breathes war; it is dotted with walled towns for which savage tribes have wrangled since before Christ; it is bounded by curved and jagged shores around which war-junks glided centuries before steel-skinned monsters hurled thirteen-inch shells across it, and it is serrated with a great battle-field of entrenched valleys, emplaced plateaus, and embattled peaks, through which foreign nations are fighting for fields as fertile as any the sun shines on. It is the Brittany of Asia. The Chinese call this peninsula the Regent's Sword. To the tip of this sword the Japanese had driven the Rus-

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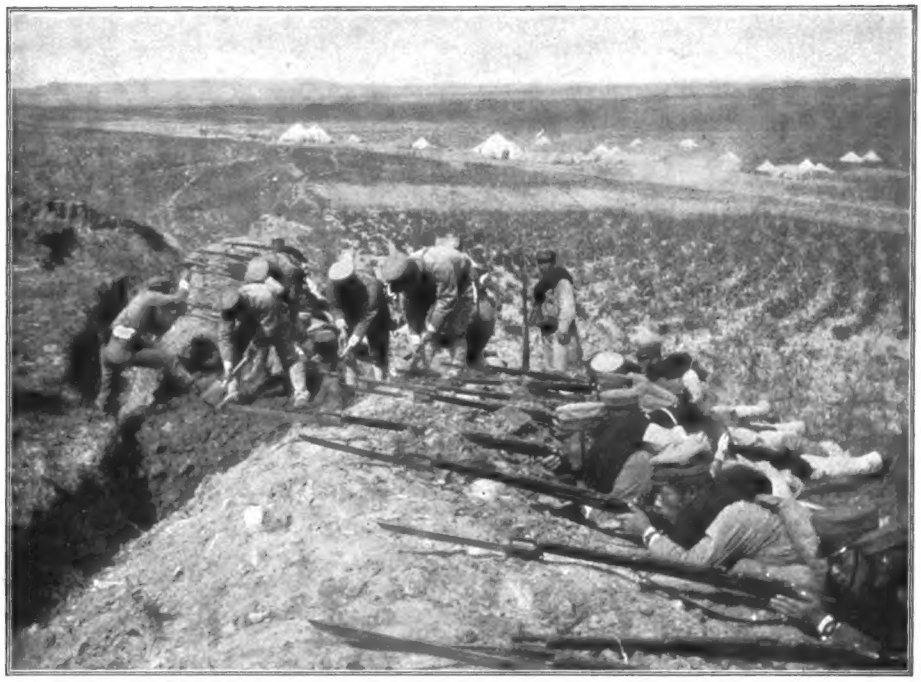

HELPED BY THE ENEMY.

Japanese skirmishers holding captured Russian earthworks while pioneers dig a new trench to face toward Port Arthur.

sians, who stood there waiting, it seemed, for one vigorous push to topple them into the sea.

THE WAR BALLOON.

Carrying the silk bag from the experimental station to observation point on the firing line.

On the August day of the opening of the siege, the panorama—that bewildering panorama, thorough acquaintance with which needs a month's introduction—unfolded itself dazzling, as grand a battle-field as the world has yet disclosed. The line of hills in the rear of the city shadowed half the Shuishiying Valley, along and beyond which lay the eight-and-a-half-mile front of the two armies. On three sides, the sea looked in: to the right, through Pigeon Bay; to the left, beyond Takushan; to the front, beyond the Tiger's Tail and the west harbor of Port Arthur, into the open ocean where lay Togo's fleet. Circling the apex of the height the sea curved at the back through Louisa Bay, and thus there was water on four sides, for the besieging army of the Japanese was nearly in the center of a peninsula, square-jawed like an ass.

Were we at the foot of one leg of a compass at Japanese headquarters, the other could describe a circle taking in the town of Port

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Arthur, the right and left wings of Nogi's army, and would fall half short of Dalny at the back.* To the left of the city, as the Japanese faced it, were twelve permanent land and several sea forts; to the right, seven land and more sea forts; in between, every elevation bristled with temporary batteries; while on the plain before the forts lay the hostile armies. Through all of this, both among forts and encampments, the mountains jutted—circular disks to the heavens, patched in places with furze and heather like the hills of Scotland, in others crowned by igneous rock. These mountains formed two lines circling in parallel. On the inner the Russians built their forts; behind the outer the Japanese gathered for assault.

That Port Arthur would fall on the 21st of August was believed by every man in the Japanese army; the island nation was sure of it; the world thought it certain. And the Japanese did try. They lacked neither the bravery, nor the numbers, nor the skill. They failed because Nature stood in their way. Nature built the mountains, and without the mountains the Russians could not have defended Port Arthur as they did. The forts were so arranged that each was commanded by two or three others, and some by ten or twelve. One taken, the others immediately concentrated fire there and made it untenable. One thing only could be done—take all the forts simultaneously. Since there were seventeen permanent, forty-two semi-permanent, and eighteen improvised fortifications, two miles of fortified Chinese wall, and a triple line of trenches eight and a half miles long, defended by a stubborn foe, this was impossible.

"Impossible?" That is an English word. The Japanese do not understand it. "You are expected to do the impossible things," read the first imperial order their troops received. They have done impossible things. So have the Russians done impossible things. The ordeal has raised the story of the siege of Port Arthur into an epic. Without the perspective of Troy, it has some of Troy's grandeur. The glory to us is that we have touched shoulders with an age that has produced men as willing as any ever have been to fight nobly and die heroically.

With passion for detail and faculty for precision the Japanese general staff in Tokyo outlined the campaign that was to reduce the fortress. The taking of the Big and Little Orphans on August 9th brought them to the first of four grand stages. This first stage included the capture of the twelve permanent forts hung on the shoulder of the eastern mountain range, forming the inner concentric line, together with the old Chinese wall which had been fortified as a permanent line of defense and which made the vertebræ of the fortification. This plan, with its complementing naval features, including Togo's blockade and bombardments, was in detail the scheme of General Baron Kodama, assistant chief of the general staff.

Tiny in physique, Kodama is the brains of new Japan, mobilizer of the Mikado's armies, directing the destiny of his people militantly. For ten years Military Governor of Formosa, for two years chief of the war office, it was he who had perfected the transport service and tied the ends of the army together so well that the phenomenal six months' dash of the troops through Korea and beyond the Yalu startled the world as it has not been startled since Kitchener set out for Khartum. Kodama is the Japanese Kitchener, and he laid

THE FRONT PARALLEL.

Where the besiegers lived; a battalion in the space of a drawing-room.

*Consult the map on page 445.

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CORRESPONDENTS' OUTLOOK.

Beds occupied by James Ricalton and the author on the Phœnix Mountain.

out the reduction of Port Arthur with the grand strategy of a master mind. His first plan, as we shall learn in detail from the story of Nogi's grand assault beginning August 19th, failed, because Kodama underestimated the foe he had to face—a foe great in soldierly endurance, and in this instance allied with Nature. Then Kodama came down from the north one morning, spent two days in looking over the ground, and settled back in the great house of the Russian mayor at Dalny, leaned his elbows on the table, reached forth his clinched fist and, looking into it, said with his lips parted over set teeth: "I hold Port Arthur there." He did hold Port Arthur there and it could escape no more than he could. He saw that, mathematically, the problem was one for time and tactics to solve, but though the master directing the use of both, he could hasten neither.

To execute Kodama's plans, concurred in as they were by the Field-Marshals Yamagata and Oyama, General Baron Nogi had been chosen. Nogi had been a major-general, commanding the brigade forming the left wing of the army that took Port Arthur from the Chinese in a day ten years before. He was regarded as an expert tactician and as a good artillery officer. But the problem now confronting him rose above tactics and above artillery; Nogi arose to it because he is a great character. Before he sailed for Manchuria his first son Shoten climbed the frightful Nanshan Hill, only to get a bullet in the brain as he sabered a Russian lieutenant across the parapet. The corpse arrived in Tokyo the day the General left, and Nogi said to his wife: "Delay funeral services until Hoten and I are brought back to lie with Shoten." Hoten went with the father as a lieutenant in the first division. On December 18th a *Keis-sheitai* (certain-death party) was called for, to make the last assault against the hill known as 203-Meter.

THE EVENING MEAL.

Soldiers warming their pannikins of rice in reserve camp two miles from Port Arthur.

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Hoten led it. The hill fell. Hoten went to join Shoten.

Skill and bravery had their value, of course, but to take Port Arthur a man was needed—a man like Grant, who could fight it out on one line all summer and all winter. This man was Nogi; with a face parchment-crinkled, brown like chocolate, with beard gray, shaded back to brown where it met the skin, so that he seemed a monotone in sepia, with eyes small and wide apart, perfect teeth, tiny, regular nose, and a beautiful dome of a head flaring out from the temples in tender and eloquent curves. He stands five feet ten, unusually tall for a Japanese, showing the loose power of a master in his joints and in that mighty jowl shaded by the gray-brown beard. He has had to weather fierce storms of public indignation in Japan for two reasons: because he did not take Port Arthur as scheduled; and because he sacrificed so many lives. Turn over the pages of our history and read the story of Grant's campaign from the Wilderness, through Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania, to Petersburg and Richmond, and you will read the story of Nogi's campaign against Port Arthur. In northern Virginia the mighty battle-axe cut down the keen Damascene sword. On the Liaotung Thor's hammer smashed the straying fasces of an overripe empire. The North cried out that the man who felt himself an agent of Destiny in conquering northern Virginia was a butcher; just so Japan cried "butcher" against the iron man who reduced Port Arthur.

SKIRMISHERS.

Advancing against 203 Meter Hill. Most of these men were afterward killed.

A WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIER.

This man is being brought from the battle-field on a transport cart.

In 1894 Nogi saw the Chinese besieged and Port Arthur taken by a feint. He saw the big Japanese demonstration then made against the front while the bulk of the army slipped along the coast to the west and south, enveloping the enemy's left wing and driving the silly Chinese into a net where they were caught fast under the great forts, which speedily fell. Again, apparently, the same

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NANSHAN.

Looking toward Talienwan from Nanshan Hill, the scene of the first great battle of the campaign.

strategy was about to be repeated. But instead of making the real attack in the rear of the Russian left flank, Nogi made only a demonstration there, where "203" is on the west, and drove his straight, hard blow into the eastern line of permanent land defense. To pierce the Russian right center, enfilade its left flank, and stand Port Arthur on end — this was the plan. Gloriously it was attempted, gloriously it failed. Regiment after regiment went in, regiment after regiment went down. Corpses lay eight deep in the creek which ran red to the sea.

This grand assault—the first—began on August 19th. For seven days and nights without cessation the battle raged, in the vain endeavor to pierce that right center. It is said that the Japanese are all heroes—that none are cowards. Some are also sensible. There was the Eighth Regiment, which, when ordered into the assault where the regiment before it had been swept down, sent back, through its command-

THE PEAK OF NANSHAN.

Wooden column marking the spot where Shoten, a son of General Nogi, fell in the hardest fight of the siege.

ALLIES.

Chinese coolies cleaning a captured Russian Canet gun for Japanese use against Port Arthur.

ing officer, the word that the way was impossible. This word was so new to the Brigade-General that he ordered the regiment to the rear for fatigue-duty, the worst punishment that can come to Japanese soldiers in an army where there are no guard-houses. Another regiment, the immortal Ninth, was ordered to cross the field to the foot of the slope on which lay, dead and dying, many of the men of the

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regiment which had gone before. The Colonel, Takagagi, surveying the task set for his regiment, sent back a report that it was not feasible. The Brigade-General, Ichinobe, replied hotly that one regiment was enough to take one battery. Takagagi stepped out of the ravine, in which he had been seeking shelter, at the head of his command. Before, he had been marching, as colonels usually do, in the rear, while his line officers led the advance. Now, he leaped forward up the slope, out in front of his men. A dozen paces from the ravine he fell with four bullets through his breast. The Lieutenant-Colonel took up the lead and was shot a few yards farther on. The majors were wiped out. Every captain but one went down. The last Captain, Nashimoto, in charge of D Company, found himself, at length, under the Chinese Wall with seventeen men. Looking down upon the shell-swept plain, protected for the moment from the sharpshooters above, with that handful of heroes, a mile and a half in advance of the main body of the Japanese army, he grew giddy with the success of his attempt. Of a sudden he concluded that he could take Port Arthur with his seventeen men. He started in to do it. There was only the wall ahead—the wall and a few machine-guns—beyond, the city itself—a five minutes' run would have brought him to the citadel. He scaled the wall and fell across it—his back bullet-broken. Eight of his men got over, scaling the height beyond, called Wangtai or the Watch Tower, a place to which the Russian generals formerly rode on horseback to survey the battlefield. On this slope, for three months, in full sight of both armies, the eight lay rotting. The Russians referred to them as "The Japanese Garrison."

This was the high tide of the advance made in August. Nogi paid a frightful price to learn his terrible lesson—that he could not so quickly wipe out a foe thus allied with Nature. The lesson cost him twenty-five thousand men. After the first ghastly assault he sat down with his army and went sensibly and slowly at the enormous task. Instead of storming Port Arthur with his army, he and Kodama saw that he must dig into it. Realizing that Nogi was sure to pass into the fortress through the earth where he had failed to enter above ground, Kodama might well have chuckled as he said that he held the besieged city in the hollow of his hand.

Yet both Kodama and Nogi thoroughly realized what they had to face. The permanent forts of the Russians were built on the advantageous shoulders that projected two-thirds of the way down the slopes. The mountains, fortunately for the Russians, were so situated that, though irregular in detail, yet their line formed a complete semicircle enveloping the city. Making use of these natural advantages, they were able to build a grand fortress with seventeen locks, for every one of which they held the key. The Japanese might spring one of the locks, but the fortress could be instantly closed with any or all of the other sixteen. Each depression between the main shoulders of the mountains was used for the emplacement of a battery. Batteries and forts were connected with barbed-wire entrenchments, and the glaces were made sheer and slippery. Some were formed of concrete, some were built crater-like of a sliding sand, so that a man advancing found himself slipping to the knees and quagmired. Around the great forts moats of unknown depth and width were built. In these moats caponieres were placed to enfilade daring assaulters. Some of the barbed wire was electrically charged, so that men attempting to cut it with nippers were electrocuted. Down the forward slopes of the mountains mines were sunk in the earth; some were exploded by contact with an electric button on the surface, others by direct contact from some tripping man as he passed over the spot. Around two of the forts torpedoes taken from the ships were buried, and their finlike stems were turned into contact flanges projecting from the earth. All these defenses were connected with a network of covered ways; in two places deep tunnels ran from fort to fort, and from all of the principal forts back to the Chinese Wall was a deep tunnel. Behind the wall lay machine-guns, the most deadly weapons in modern warfare, sprinkling bullets as a hose sprinkles water.

The very names of these forts characterized the forms of the granite of which they were and out of which they rose. The Eternal Dragon, the Two Dragons, the Chair, the Table, the Lion's Mane, and that flippant old rooster, who is the grimmest and sauciest of them all, the Cock's Comb, stood out defiant in Chinese hoariness.

To get across the plain, up the slopes, and into those forts by digging trenches and tunnels was the problem, and the Japanese were able to solve it. In those two months one

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hundred men at a time did the job, for only that number could work at once in the tunnels. Often shells found them out; rifle-fire harassed them every hour. The loss was many companies, but they never lacked the one hundred to do the work, always by night, always silently; crawling through the night, pick and shovel in hand, came that antlike hundred, the individuals constantly varying, as figures in a kaleidoscope where death is at the handle, but never quitting its terrible task.

In darkness a company begins its labor in unison. Guided by clever engineers, the picks advance through the blackness; the shovelers smartly after. The Russian searchlight swings menacingly to play upon the little group. A shell hurtles in. A dozen men fall, some never to rise again. Up with the first aid, down with the stretchers, to the rear with the victims. Advance another squad—on goes the hundred. So for two months—and then through the finished trenches the rest of the army walked impudently in the broad sun laughing at those useless bullets singing so saucily overhead.

The plain lay overripe with harvests, but not a living thing was on its surface. The autumn sun hung indolent and golden. Blackened villages were deserted. Among the chain of forts, bristling with cannon, there lay one with its nearest side completely honeycombed. All the other forts were silent and bare on their near sides. That honeycomb was made by the gridironing of Japanese trenches. Between it and the line of mountains, parallel to the Russians on the north, the ground was ridged with mounds of fresh earth, as if some gigantic mole had zigzagged across the plain. From neither army was there the slightest evidence of life, except that between the two lay that telltale fresh earth, as though a huge animal had been busy in the night. Yet, behind the northern parallel range, the distance of a rifle-shot from the Russians in Port Arthur, ominously silent, monstrously at work in preparation, was the Japanese army—siege-mortars cocking their twenty tons of steel on solid masonry as a Mauser pistol cocks on a man's fist; monster naval guns, rakish devils, buried in the earth, with frightful noses menacing the blue; howitzers perched on peaks; lines of transport laden with rice and biscuit; hospitals brilliant as the sunlight and quiet as its stillness; regiments of men receiving instructions—how to escape beri-beri, how to keep night-dews from the rifle-barrels, how to bind a fractured leg, how to scupper an adversary in a hand-to-hand fight—but on the field of battle, on the opposite sides of which the opposing hosts were held like hounds in leash, there was nothing human—only silence, beauty, sublimity.

From September 19th to the 25th occurred what is known as the second assault, although it might more properly be described as a reconnaissance in force. As an assault it failed. Then on the last day in October the war-demon awoke again to his full ferocity. Where the twenty-five thousand had been lost in August, a division could now be poured right up to the parapets of the Russian forts without losing a man. Coast-defense guns had been brought from Japan to battle against the Russian coast-defense guns, which had been turned landward. The Japanese had hauled their guns by hand, eight hundred men to a gun, through mud, up the mountains, in the dark, under fire, and had placed them in silence on solid concrete foundations.

But after they had crossed the valley the Japanese still had a frightful obstacle to face. There was but one way to get to the forts—up the slopes. Every inch of these was commanded by guns trained carefully through three months of actual use against a real foe and through four previous years against an imaginary one. The Russians lay confident and calm above their terrible fortress. They did not have to bluster with bombardments. They knew their strength. They merely waited until the Japanese advance reached a certain spot on the slopes. It was not a question of aiming the guns, as it is where troops are constantly fighting over fresh ground. All that was necessary was to pull the triggers. There was about the proceeding little of the sport of war. The order to advance was as certainly fatal as the hangman's signal in an execution-chamber, and when the Japanese did advance the few who survived the murderous fire found behind those superb entrenchments men just as brave, just as cunning, just as strong as they themselves. If it is ever asked which is the braver, Japanese or Russian, no answer can be given. No one nation distinguished itself at Port Arthur. The glory belongs to both.

It was in the third grand assault, when the final operations commenced, that General Ichinobe, the commanding officer who had ordered the sacrifice of Takagagi and his immortal Ninth Regiment and who had sum-

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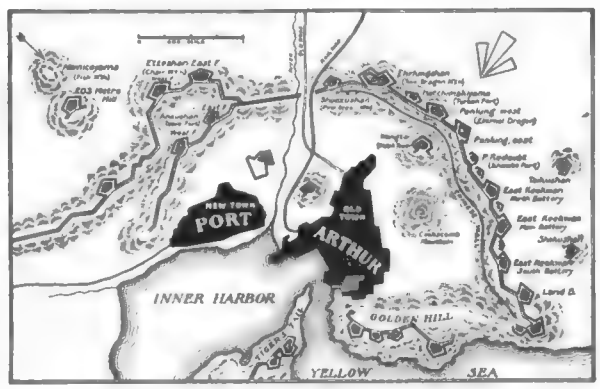
marily sent the sulking regiment to the rear, became the Japanese Marshal Ney. Two battalions under his command succeeded in entering the P Redoubt, an outwork of the great Cock's Comb Fortification. Ichinobe left his battalions after midnight, secure in the conviction that his work had been successful. Toward three o'clock in the morning he was roused by an orderly, who reported that the men had been driven from the P Redoubt. Ichinobe was then half a mile as the crow flies, nearly one and a half miles as the trenches lay across the valley, from the slope of the redoubt. Leaping from his couch, he called about him his staff-officers, issued hurried orders to the reserves, and, at the head of his immediate followers, ran through the zig-zag trenches. Reaching the foremost line, now under the fire of Russian machine-guns, he found his men not demolished, but surprised, outnumbered, and being driven sullenly back. Drawing his saber, Ichinobe thrust the ranks aside, passed through, and charged up the slope, leading his heroes for the second time into the contested fort. With his own hand he killed three Russians. When dawn came his brigade occupied the P Redoubt. His immediate commander, General Oshima, had an account of the exploit telegraphed to the Emperor at Tokyo. That afternoon an Imperial order reached the army, christening the fort "Ichinobe."



THE RUSSIAN FRONT AT PORT ARTHUR.

Direction of the demonstration made by the Japanese during the siege.
Direction of the principal and final assaults made by the Japanese.

In the assault of August 19th to 26th, the few men who reached the parapets had received in their faces storms of what the Chinese call "stinkpots"; that is, balls of fresh dung. This assault wholly failed. The dead were left to rot, and the wounded were shot as they lay, the stench of the corpses being used as a weapon of offense against the Japanese, who, were trying to maintain the advantage they had gained at the foot of the slope. The demonstration of September 19th, which also failed, was met with hand-grenades of gun-cotton. In the third assault, on October 29th, half-way up the Cock's Comb, the advance stumbled over a mine, and the entire lower shoulder of the mountain was blown into the air, taking with it some twenty-five men, heads awry, legs and arms twisted, trunks shattered. Nevertheless, new volunteers advanced through the crater thus formed, up the glacis of the redoubt, until they reached a new and dangerous obstruction. This was a moat so cunningly concealed under the very edge of the parapets that an observer below could gain no hint of its existence even with the most powerful field-glasses. The ditch was so deep that once in, a man could not get out even by climbing over another man's shoulders. To fall in was certain death, for in every turn of the concealed moat was a masonry projection called by the cunning men who devise such traps, a caponiere. These caponieres were built of stone and covered with earth. They were tiny forts, concealing and protecting four or five Russian riflemen and a machine-gun. Consequently, under perfect protection and with their foe in limited area, trapped like wood-chucks in a hole, unable to escape, the Russians merely had to deal out whistling steel at their leisure. The Japanese did not falter. The first men who leaped into that moat knew that they were leaping to certain death, but they knew, too, that the men in the caponieres could be overwhelmed by the force of the numbers to come after. The two caponieres were captured at once.

Under the parapets of this fort, dominated by all the artillery of the two armies, occurred some of the grimmest fighting that history records. It was at midnight of the second day of final occupation. The black mountains lay behind, the black forts in

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front, the blacker plain below. A Japanese lieutenant, Oda, asked for a volunteer *Keis-sheitai*, or certain-death party. Thirty *keis-sheitai* men came forward. Oda put himself at their head and ventured along the bed of the moat toward the rearmost caponiere, with the idea of capturing it. The fort is very long—about one and a half times the length of an ocean liner—so he found room and time for adventure. There was no moon, and the moat was too close to the Russians for them to depress their search-lights sufficiently to illuminate it. In the blackness, half-way down the moat, Oda and his men met a Russian lieutenant prowling with a squad of men behind him, bent on the recapture of the two caponieres which the Japanese had seized. They had it out, not with bullets, but bayonet to bayonet, fist to fist, and even teeth and nails. Oda and the Russian, in locked embrace, reeled back and forth, falling, rising, scratching, first one on top and then the other, each losing sight and control of his men, all of whom were engaged in individual combats just as savage.

The two leaders, grappling for an opportunity that each sought, bumping against the walls of the narrow moat, reached, without knowing it, an embrasure which led to the rear of the fort and into the gorge. Tripping over this, not knowing where they were going, the two plunged headlong down the slope. Above frowned two Russian batteries. Beyond rose the great red-capped sky-line of the Cock's Comb. A hundred yards, scratched by the stones, smashed by the shale, they slipped and writhed, until they struck a tiny plateau half-way down the mountain. Here the two, clinched, stopped as might a dislodged stone toppling from its socket. In the struggle Oda had been able to get his right arm free, which he reached over across his enemy's back, grasping the hilt of his straight, samurai sword. Pulling it half-way out of the scabbard, which was tightly lashed to his waist, he sawed and pulled until the slender, tapering steel had gashed through the Russian's clothing, full to his back-bone.

Late the following night, after the sun had gone, Oda crawled into his own trenches at the base of the mountain. His men had been repulsed by a second party of Russians who had made a sortie to relieve the first. But, still the Japanese held the two caponieres in front and the Russians the two in the rear. Oda got no medals nor applause. Two days later a breast-wound which sent him to a hospital in Japan saved his life, for had he stayed he would have certainly gotten himself killed.

The Japanese during the first two nights hastily dug out approaches and had a partially covered way from the base of the mountain to the moat. This gave them their vital hold on the north battery of the Cock's Comb. So resolute were the Russians in holding every inch of ground, that it was a full month and a half after that before the Japanese could take the complete fortification. And when the complete fortification was taken it availed but little, for it was but one of three great batteries which formed the series known as East Keekwan, which was itself but a portion of the eastern line of permanent defenses.

To see how the rest of the great Northeast Keekwan (Cock's Comb) Battery was taken is to see how Port Arthur was taken, for all the forts were reduced in the same way. 203-Meter Hill, the Two Dragons, the Eternal Dragon, Quail Hill, Wangtai, and the Pine Tree fell as did the Cock's Comb. The only difference lay in incident. It must be remembered that the fight was never over with the taking of the outer parapet. Inside the forts, beyond the parapets, well protected by moats and caponieres, was a sheltering earthwork called the contrascarp, crossing which, storming parties met a close and unerring fire from men concealed beyond, in ways formed of timber-balks and sand-bags, and called traverses. Below these traverses were galleries where the garrison lived; below the galleries were the bomb-proofs protecting the ammunition. Under the traverses, covering the galleries and bomb-proofs, was heavy masonry from two to three feet thick.

To undertake the capture of the whole chain of fortifications by such sacrifices as those which gained a single one of the Keekwan forts might have entailed the extermination of the whole besieging army and of all the reenforcements which could have been sent to its support. But with one fortress in the chain in Japanese hands there was another way—sapping.

Through November the Japanese engineers were busy digging underground from the advantageous hold they had on the north battery. They started straight down through the solid rock. Only a few men could work at a time, and these could dig only while the trench protecting them, which was a few yards in advance, was held by their com-

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rades, vigorously firing, to keep down the Russian garrison, now not more than a hundred feet away. Moreover, sometimes when the Japanese sappers were half concealed in the earth, sometimes when they were wholly underground, companies of desperate Russians would suddenly break forth on them, spurred by Stoessel's promise of the Cross of St. George and a money prize to whoever should break up any Japanese work. Thus at night, hounded by shells, sleuthed by search-lights, and harassed by heroes from across the way, the hole was dug. Forty feet down it had to go to get below the level of the galleries and bomb-proofs, then another twenty feet forward to find a spot under the vitals of the fortification.

Stupendous as the task was, the tunnels were finished at last, and on December 18th, a quarter of a ton of dynamite was placed in two such mines, and the galleries and bomb-proofs of the north battery were blown into the air, with the demolished bodies of some forty-five men of the garrison.

And even this was only the beginning of the end. Already the Japanese had accomplished a herculean task. They had sweated, endured, writhed in agony, died, and they had taken only one battery. Ahead of them still arose, tier on tier, forts and batteries, moats and walls, until the soul grew sick to think that Port Arthur must be bought with sacrifice so vast. But the Japanese did not turn back, did not weep, showed no despair. They came to work, to meals, as cheerfully as ever they had done in the rice-paddies. And this, notwithstanding that winter was on them, that the keen, equinoctial gales blew in from both seas, that the thermometer fell to zero and below. They were surrounded by charnel-houses of their own making, and protected only by miserable, hasty dugouts shielded from cold and wind by a few broken boughs, light shelter-tents, and hastily packed earth. Death was preferred to a wound, for the wounded had small hope of succor; yet life was cherished and fostered.

Meanwhile the Russians were busy. They devised a new scheme of defense. Kerosene was taken through a subterranean gallery of the Two Dragons into a moat, and there poured on piles of straw. Then they waited.

At the fifth grand assault, when the north battery of the East Cock's Comb was taken, the Two Dragons was simultaneously attacked. A company of Japanese headed for the moat. The kerosene and straw were set on fire and the men who leaped into the moat, expecting to find caponieres as they had found them in the Cock's Comb, were caught by flame. Many perished miserably. Some valiantly fought the flames, but few survived. These few—that is, the few who do the work in warfare—the few who accomplish that for which the thousands die—made possible the Japanese advance. Through, over, and beyond these few, the Japanese finally entered Port Arthur.

Science had her say at the siege. The age yawns heavily over its "scientific triumphs" and its "modern marvels." It is startled by the diabolic ingenuity shown at Port Arthur—the hand-grenade lifts, the electrically charged barbed wire, the hyposcope, the dynamite wheel. They were all there—the "marvels" and "triumphs"—the search-light with cyclopean eye, the sinister electric dynamo, guncotton tossed forward by wire springs, machine-guns with their rain of steel, forts sired by eternal granite and dammed by heavy artillery—yes, and generals with duplicity and cunning, and dowered with the wealth of military culture. These had their uses, but all of them would have been but a side-chuckle in hell without the boy in khaki; he did the deed.

Science is well, up to a certain point. Then it becomes useless and cruel. The genius of the engineer helps the soldier across the valley and to the parapet, but there leaves him in an agony of suspense, over electric mines, under dynamite batteries, crisscrossed by machine-guns. If the nerves of this marvelous soldier survive the ordeal, and if his body escapes the flying chunks of steel, he is reserved for the extremity of modern torture—hand-to-hand fighting in scientific warfare. At a moderate distance he tosses balls of guncotton; he closes with stones and stinkpots; he parleys with the bayonet, and finishes with teeth and fists.

By chance, one morning in September, as the dawn came in, there was revealed in a captured bomb-proof one little instance of the hideousness of the conflict. The arm of a Japanese boy in khaki hung limply across the back of a huge blond fellow in baggy trousers. From the hand of the boy had fallen a pistol, which had caught in the blouse of the big one; it had not fallen too soon, for just below the muzzle the blouse was matted thick with the life-stream that had welled out in response to the death-call. The big teeth were

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clinched deep and tight into the little jugular. On the boy's slant-eyed face, good-natured, yet stamped with the strange pathos of a people close to the soil, was written a mute appeal for mercy. To that appeal there was no answer. The boy's dead face stared into the unresponsive block timber of the bomb-proof.

But see him at work in his trenches—this Japanese boy in khaki, smiling, a battalion of him in the space of a drawing-room. Twenty feet from wall to wall he has, and twice that length between cross-trenches. Yet there is room in front for a passage and to stack the rifles. Beyond lies a pile of tools more fatal to the Russians than the rifles—picks and shovels. The boy smiles. Each man has room enough to turn about in—if he stands up. He sleeps, like a child, spoon fashion, to save room; but precious little sleep he gets, for the trench in front is 150 yards away and the Russians make a sortie nearly every night.

Thus, out of the enemy's sight and out of all fire but shrapnel, the boy in khaki lived for months, though three yards to the left or ten to the right meant death. He spread his blanket on the ground and sat cross-legged. He waited his turn to go on the sentry-line or to battle. Death on the battle-field is the height of the boy's ambition. He believes that he will thus win immortality with the fathers. This is not a creed for his odd moments; the idea rules his life.

Yet the Japanese soldier is not, as he has been described, a creature without tender feelings. You should have seen him in the trenches smiling, hospitable, without vice, fondling his womenfolk's letters—a kitten. But send him to the firing-line, to death, and to worse than death—a tiger.

In the bloody angle of the Eternal Dragon, the most fiercely contested zone at Port Arthur, you might have seen these boys any day of those three frightful midsummer months, when the slim wedge was being driven inch by inch into the Russian right center. Everything was covered with the white powder of dried mud. All was wrecked. The path lay through a series of shell-holes, connected rudely with pick and spade. Up to that point the ground had been neatly cut, but here it became rough and crude. No inch of dirt had been unnecessarily touched, because the enemy lay within forty yards on three sides. The *débris* of battle was all about—torn Russian caps, conical and heavy, mingled with the light brown of Japanese uniforms, cartridge pouches half filled, shattered rifles, demolished sabers, a gun-carriage smashed till the wheel-spokes splintered the breech, rocks pounded by bullets as by a hammer, and, over the wall, seen as you stole by the chinks, khaki bags loose over rotting bones.

All through the night when this bloody angle was first taken and after it had been protected with trenches from recapture, Oshima, the general commanding the division, sat in his tent without sleep. He was shaken by sobs, for he had been compelled to order that the entrenchments be made of the bodies of the dead and wounded. Only rock was there and to hold the place a quick shelter was essential. The half-dead men whose bodies were used by comrades to stop the steel hail smiled in approval at the work; they knew it was done for the best, but Oshima could not sleep; he wept bitterly all night.

Along that bloody angle and through all the eight-mile front for many months lay on duty the soldier of the Emperor, the boy who won the victory. He crouched under the parapet, rifle to cheek, its steel nose through a loophole, his finger on the trigger. The tensity of his muscles and his eyes glancing down the barrel in deadly aim, made him look like a great cat pausing for a spring. One leg was drawn up and his cap was pulled viciously over his eyes. The sun beat upon him as he lay, venomous with pent-up passion, cut in silhouette against the trench, a shade darker than the shale. A minute before he had offered tea and cigarettes; now he dealt out hot lead. He might be a university student, or a merchant, or a professional man. Wherever he came from he was the pride of his neighborhood. Physically he was superb—perfect eyes and teeth, digestion hardy and fit as clockwork; this must have been so or he would not have been allowed to enlist. Moreover, he was a veteran of four months' severe campaigning, seven pitched battles, and two months' hard siege. Here he stood, far out on the firing-line, clashed between two civilizations, hurled into the pallor of conflict, tossed by the greed of nations. Yes. Down there in the ditches lived the real besieger of Port Arthur. Not science, nor generalship, nor race bravery reduced Port Arthur; it was done by men who could live and die with the simple heroism of cavemen and vikings

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The Valley of Content

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

Illustrations by Will Grefé

THE wave which once swept over the South, leaving only chaos in its wake, seemed; for no accountable reason, to ignore the little town of Barrows completely. Hidden away among the pines and hemlocks of the Virginia hills, it stands to-day as it stood then. The ravages of war carried away the sons who went to battle and reduced to a state of penury the mothers and fathers who stayed at home, but on the peaceful village itself there remains no scar. When the accounting was made and the great balance was struck, the good people of Barrows, quite heedless of new conditions, picked up the broken threads and continued the old life they knew and loved so well. There were fewer mouths to feed and less to feed them with. The log-cabins and the huts crumbled away from disuse, but the old square mansions with their spreading porticoes and high, fluted pillars stood out white and defiant against the new *régime*.

The gracious formalities and the true hospitality of Barrows still continue. The young men to-day can not boast of the wardrobes their fathers once owned, and perhaps the mahoganies do not groan so loudly as they did in olden times; the output of the farms and the breeding-stables is sold now to the highest bidder, but the old spirit of the old South still runs strong in the veins of the families who live on in the white palaces. The charm of sleepy indolence still pervades the little town—a charm that in recent years has brought many Northerners to knock at its hospitable gates.

Miss Vera Carson and Mrs. Carson—for Mrs. Carson, after all, really only existed as the mother of her daughter—had come to Barrows to spend the month of June, which was in way of reparation for past social excesses and in preparation for future ones. The mind of Mrs. Carson was at rest—her son Bobby had started forth on a spring tour of house-parties, and Mr. Carson had been left with two servants at the town house, filled with its ghostly covered furniture, and every nook and corner redolent of camphor-balls and tar-paper.

"You may ride all day and every day," said Mrs. Carson to Vera on their arrival at Barrows, "and you may jump over stone fences or fall over them and end your life, which has already caused me considerable annoyance, but I am here for a month's debauch of sleep and French novels, and all I ask is to be left completely alone."

"Don't worry, mamma," said Miss Carson, "I'll promise not to break my neck. As a matter of fact, I don't see where I am going to get anything to ride. Mrs. Warner, who seems to regard us entirely as her personal guests, says there is no livery-stable, but is sure that some of her friends will be delighted to give me a mount at any time. Nice prospect. What do you suppose Mrs. Warner's men friends are like?"

"My dear, even if Mrs. Warner does take in boarders," answered Mrs. Carson, "the best blood in Virginia, I've no doubt, flows in her veins."

"Does your lack of doubt extend to the veins of her men friends?" said Miss Carson.

"Surely," answered the mother, "and furthermore, I imagine you can make the same financial arrangement with her friends for their horses that we have made with her for our lodging and meals."

Mrs. Carson was reclining in a low, deep chair and her daughter was perched high on the porch balustrade at her side. At the sound of wheels on the gravel driveway the two women looked up and saw a young man approaching in an exercising-cart.

"Ah!" said Miss Carson, "here comes the fairy prince."

"Do be quiet, Vera," said the mother; "it may be a young Southerner come to pay his respects."

"No doubt," said Vera. "Tales of papa's wealth may have got abroad. But I must say

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he is a good-looking young person and his horse is all right. I wonder if he has any for hire."

The young man drove up under the *porte-cochère*, gave the reins to a colored servant

"A YOUNG SOUTHERNER COME TO PAY HIS RESPECTS"

who was waiting for him, and ran up the steps of the piazza. As he passed the ladies he bowed to them, and then, heedless of the knocker, opened the front door and disappeared into the house.

"Very smart-looking young man," said Mrs. Carson; "evidently a relation of Mrs. Warner."

"Evidently," answered the daughter; "but why do you suppose he wears riding-breeches and boots to go driving in?"

"My dear, you are not at the horse show at Madison Square Garden," answered Mrs. Carson.

"No," said Vera, "I suppose appointments don't count fifty per cent. down here."

In a few minutes the young man returned, in charge of Mrs. Warner.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Dahlgren," she said. "He is very fond of horses and has quite a little stock-farm of his own, just out of town. I thought he might be of service to Miss Carson."

The young lady brightened perceptibly and entered into an animated conversation with Dahlgren about the possibilities of riding during her stay at Barrows.

"I wish you would drive out to the farm with me," he said. "I have several horses there that might do—there is a mare I am almost sure you would like. She is full of ginger and takes a lot of riding."

"Really, I can hardly wait," said Miss Carson. "I noticed the roads as we came along and they looked fine."

"Why not drive out with me now?" he asked. "I have only an exercising-cart, but you wouldn't mind that."

Mrs. Carson overheard the remark and slightly raised her eyebrows in the direction of her daughter. Vera certainly seemed to be making rapid strides in her acquaintance with the young Virginian. But Mrs. Warner seemed to think it quite natural that her nephew should ask Miss Carson to go driving five minutes after he had met her, and accordingly the cart was brought around and the two young people started for the Dahlgren farm.

"You are very fond of horses?" said Miss Carson, as they passed out of Mrs. Warner's gate and started down the broad street lined with grassy banks and rows of great spreading elms.

"Oh, yes, of course!" he said. "When you get to know us a little better down here, you won't ask us if we like horses. We spend the better part of our lives with them. We put on our riding-clothes for breakfast and take them off for supper—sometimes."

Miss Carson glanced at the gray suit of her companion and at his shining russet boots.

"They're very smart," she said, apparently quite serious.

"No, do you really think so?" he asked. "I'll tell you about these breeches. Billy Morton—he's the only man in Barrows who has any money—had a pair made at a very

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good place in New York and I had the tailor in the village here copy them for me. I think they look all right."

"They are *very* becoming," answered Miss Carson. "But don't you ever go to New York yourself?"

Dahlgren turned to look down at Miss Carson and smiled. "No," he said, "I was there once, but that was a long time ago. I think it is better to stay here, don't you?"

"Personally," said Miss Carson, "I like variety—I like it here immensely. I like it for itself and I like it because it is different. The very things I have tired of up North I am sure would interest you greatly."

Dahlgren pulled the horse down to a walk. "Of course," he said, "if I had money, I should like to see the life you have left behind. I should like to see how people live all over the world. But since my circumstances have held me down to one life, I am glad I was dropped into the little one we lead at Barrows."

"Don't think I'm very impertinent," she said, "but the stock-farm? Doesn't it——?"

Dahlgren shook his head. "Not much," he answered. "Sometimes I sell a horse, but we always seem to need the money to bolster up a barn or to shingle the roof of the house or —or to do something useful. You will be surprised when you see it, it is all so very primitive."

Miss Carson had never met anyone just like Dahlgren before. There was nothing about him that was complex—he was as simple and open as the broad fields that lay on either side of them. During that half-hour's drive she talked to him as she might have talked to her brother, that is, as she used to talk to her brother before their present mode of life had carried them far apart. They turned from the main thoroughfare, and for several miles bumped and jolted their way along a road which seemed to lead through an endless forest.

"There are only two places which this road leads to," said Dahlgren by way of apology. "If you could stay here long enough, you would become quite attached to the boulders and roots in the road-bed. A drive to our place has all the characteristics of a good dash across country." With difficulty he grazed a huge stone and the horse splashed through a stream that ran directly across their path. "We call that the water-jump. It is fine at night, especially when the stream is swollen."

"You must tell me when we can first see your place," she said, with, apparently, a real interest in the Dahlgren fortunes.

"I HAVE A PLAN TO INVITE HIM UP TO THE RACES IN THE FALL."

"Here we are now," he answered, as they came out of the woods on to a splendid valley of waving fields. "There is the house over there and up the valley is the Morris place—you can just see the roof through the trees."

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed the girl;

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"I do hope you are friendly with the Morris family. It looks from here as if you and they were the only people in all the world."

"Having the hills all around us does make it look that way, doesn't it?" he said. "I suppose it is lucky we get on so well with our neighbors."

With all its beauty and color, Miss Carson felt that for the first time in her life she had seen complete isolation. That was the one thought in her mind and she remained silent, trying to realize just what such a life must mean. Her own was so very different—it stretched out in so many directions and to such great distances. Had it been her fate to have lived in that fertile valley, shut in by the circle of green hills, she was quite sure that she must have gone mad.

Dahlgren guided the horse through a rushing ford and over the damp green meadows in the direction of the house. An old lady came out and stood on the porch waiting to receive them, and to Miss Carson this seemed the one touch needed to complete the picture. Dahlgren drew up under the *porte-cochère* and his mother came down the steps and welcomed the young girl. They went into the house, and Miss Carson found it all just as she had expected it and had known it must be. There were the winding staircase and the portraits and the gun-rack, and the table littered with soft hats and spurs and crops. It seemed as if she had known the mistress of the house all her life, just as she had the house itself. She and Mrs. Dahlgren sat on either side of a tiny table and drank tea out of white and gold teacups which were slightly chipped at the edges. An old colored maid came into the hall, bowing and courtesying to the stranger, proffered her some hot muffins and raisin-cake, and then backed away out of the door, still bowing and courtesying as she might have done to royalty. In a short time Dahlgren joined them, and when Miss Carson finished her tea the two young people went out to the stables and patted the horses and talked to the grooms, who were surprised and pleased to find a Northern girl who knew so much about horse-flesh, and told her so. Dahlgren showed her the mare that he had chosen for her, and the girl was really delighted, and made one of the grooms promise to bring it to town for her early the next morning. From the stables they walked through the vegetable patches and Mrs. Dahlgren's own flower-garden, and on to some distant clover-fields, where several of the horses had been turned out. And then there came a little chill in the air and the girl looked up to find the sun sinking behind the mountains; and so they returned to the house and Miss Carson took leave of her hostess.

"You will come back to supper, Harry?" said his mother, as Dahlgren picked up the reins. "It's Friday, you know."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Dahlgren, let your son take supper with us!" begged Miss Carson. "It's a long drive back, and he has been so very good to me all day."

Mrs. Dahlgren smiled and pointed to her son as if to leave the decision with him.

"You will stay, won't you?" asked Miss Carson as they started along the grassy road across the meadows.

"I'd like to," he said, "but you see the Morrises always come over Friday evenings. It's a sort of tradition in the families. Mother and I go there Tuesdays and they return the visit on Fridays. It's our only real social dissipation and we always try to live up to it."

"Tell me all about the Morrises," asked Miss Carson. "Are there many of them?"

"No," said Dahlgren, "just two—Mrs. Morris and her sister."

"And so you are the only man in all this valley. What a really great person you must be in the eyes of your mother and your sister and the Morrises."

Dahlgren shook his head. "I don't know how they speak of me behind my back, but I've never heard them express their admiration in my immediate presence."

"And your sister—whom I have not seen," asked Miss Carson. "Where is she?"

"On horseback," he said, "I don't know exactly where. You must meet her and then we can have some rides together."

"I know she rides well," said the girl. "She won't mind my using your mare, will she?"

Dahlgren looked up surprised. "Why, no," he said.

"You know, Mr. Dahlgren," said Miss Carson, "that we must make some business arrangement about the mare, if I am to have her for a whole month."

Dahlgren suddenly pulled the horse up to a walk. "I don't think I understand," he said. "You don't mean you want to—to pay me."

Miss Carson twisted the little lace handkerchief she carried between her fingers. "Now, don't make it hard for me," she said.

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"WELL, I AM HERE FOR MY ANSWER. HAVE YOU DECIDED?"

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"You are just as good and sweet to me as you can be, and already you have placed me greatly in your debt. But please try to look at it from my standpoint. How can I possibly accept the loan of a very valuable horse for a month from a man I hardly know?"

"You know me," he answered quite seriously, "and you know my mother."

"Still, I am hardly your guest," she said.

"Oh, yes, you are! You're stopping in Barrows, aren't you?"

"Do you think if you came to stop for a month at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, an unknown man would drop from the clouds and offer you a riding-horse?"

Dahlgren smiled down pleasantly at his companion. "'We're not in New York' is the answer to that question," he said, "and if you will take my advice, when you are in Barrows you will do as the Barrowites tell you."

Miss Carson nodded her head in assent. "I shall take your advice," she said, "and furthermore I shall take the mare."

They jogged along over the rough, narrow road, talking and laughing with a lack of restraint that to the casual observer would have betokened a friendship of years. During the long drive through the woods they met only one vehicle. It was driven by Miss Dahlgren, who had seen them at a distance and having turned out, waited for their coming—in that primitive forest it would have seemed ungracious to pass with only a nod. Dahlgren drew up his horse and introduced the two girls. Miss Carson was gracious and reserved—the enthusiasm of the Southern girl's greeting and her apparent, sincere pleasure over the fact that Miss Carson was to spend a whole month in Barrows came to the Northerner as a surprise. In a few minutes Dahlgren and his sister had arranged half a dozen little parties for the newcomer, whom they seemed to regard as their personal guest. Miss Carson smiled her ready consent to the numerous plans and wondered at the simple, unselfish hospitality of it all. With a promise to bring her mother to call on the Carsons the next day, Miss Dahlgren touched her horse with the whip, waved her hand, and disappeared down the wooded road.

"I never saw any one," said Miss Carson, "who seemed so much to belong."

"How do you mean?" asked Dahlgren.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said, "just to belong here. She seems to embody the whole spirit of the place, the trees and the sunshine. She's so simple and fresh and I should think sincere. You all seem to have solved the difficulty of skipping the acquaintance period and getting right down to a basis of friendship. Here are you two young people looking after me as if your lives depended on my happiness, and yet, as a matter of fact, you know nothing at all about me."

"We're not very complicated, are we?" he admitted. "It's the life, I suppose. I think it is pretty much a question of treatment. In New York you are suspicious of the stranger, even your neighbor, and so you lock your door against him. We leave ours open and I don't think we are robbed very often. We are foolishly content with our own life here, and all we ask is that outsiders will accept things as they find them."

"That would seem easy," said Miss Carson, "at least from my short experience."

"Not always," he answered. "There are some people who like to fight. We happen to be lovers of peace. Your life is nothing but a continuous battle, after all. The rich man in a big city goes down to work in the morning, and all day he fights the man across the street for somebody else's money, and the clerk fights the man who has the job above his. Your women fight other women——"

"What for?" interrupted Miss Carson.

"Oh, for lots of things—reputation and attention and social position! It's only a question of degree—the battle is always going on. New York is the biggest town and so the fighting is a little more fierce there."

"You seem to have very strongly defined views about New York," she said. "Too strong, perhaps. You must come up there one of these days and perhaps do a little fighting yourself."

Dahlgren smiled and gently drew the whip over the horse's back. "I'm afraid not," he answered. "I haven't got the weapons to fight with. I know a lot of Southerners who have tried it and some of them have won out, too. But they're always aliens after all. They don't belong, and their one ambition is to come back here and restore their great-grandfather's place to its former grandeur. Why, even the Northerners are changing their point of view. It is they who are principally buying up the old places down here. They razed this part of the world once—razed it to the very earth and wiped out the only life that ever amounted to anything in this country. Since then they have gone over to England and seen how the sanest nation in the world lives, and they say: 'Why, we

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had such a life once in our own land,' and now where they once burned they have begun to build. A great many years ago, when the Morrises and the Dahlgrens settled here, they called that little hill-bound basin 'The Valley of Content.' That is a sort of high-falutin name, but they were rich then and the land was very fertile, and although now the money is gone and there are only a few of us left, it is still called by the same name."

"And yet," said Miss Carson, "the Dahlgrens and the Morrises could not have been so different from other people. They had blood in their veins. They had to be sick and to die, to love and to hate, and even to suffer such minor ills as ambition and jealousy. Fresh air and plenty of exercise and a rich soil aren't cures for all troubles. Are they? You must come to New York some time and I shall change your way of thinking. You might grow very fond of the complications and the fight up there. Will you promise to try it?"

"I should like to very much," he said, "but not alone. You would have to help me a lot."

For some reason Miss Carson did not urge Dahlgren to remain to supper. It is possible that she had become properly imbued with the importance of the Tuesday and Friday reunions of the Morrises and Dahlgrens. She assured her new-found friend as he left her at his aunt's home, that she had not enjoyed herself so much for a very long time, and she probably meant it. She would really have been very glad to have him remain; there was a certain dress which she would have liked him to see her wear. Mrs. Warner did not interest her and her mother bored her, and she did not relish them as her only supper companions.

"My dear," said Mrs. Carson by way of greeting, "you look as if you had been entirely made over again. Your eyes are as bright and your color as good as if you had been in the mountains for months."

"Oh, it's fine!" said the girl. "The country is beautiful and the young man is really perfect. We drove through deep forests together, and I admired his riding-breeches, and he took me to his home in the Valley of Content, and I had tea with his dear old mother."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

"Yes, you might have thought they had been expecting me for months. I felt just like Mary Mannering in 'The Lady of Lyons' being carried off to Claude Melnotte's home, only the home looked exactly like the scene in 'The Crisis' or any of those old war-plays. It was fine, and we examined the vegetables—the early corn is doing *very* well—and he has some bully horses. The mare he has promised me is a dear—beautifully gaited and very showy, and can jump, too. Then we met Miss Dahlgren, who seems to be a sort of princess of the Valley of Content, and who suddenly appears out of the forest, without any hat or gloves on and perched up on a high cart. She has lots of light brown hair, that looks as if it were just about to tumble down, and really fine eyes, and she handles a horse as if she had driven on the box-seat with Howlett all her life. She and her mother are coming to call on you to-morrow, so be very nice to them, as we shall probably see a lot of the girl, anyhow."

Miss Carson was quite right. She did see a great deal of the girl during the month that followed. They met other people; in fact, in forty-eight hours Mrs. Carson and her daughter knew all Barrows; but it was the Dahlgrens they liked best and saw most of. Indeed, the young man and the two girls were seldom apart. They rode in the morning and lunched together, either at Mrs. Warner's or at the home in the valley, and rode again or drove in the afternoon, and usually did not separate until late in the evening. They went on long excursions, followed by their mothers in a large old-fashioned carriage, and Dahlgren arranged many hunts for Miss Carson, in which the girl showed her friends how fearless and daring a Northern girl can be when she is sure of her mount.

These days were to Mrs. Carson a vacation of splendid idleness and a total void of care and annoyance. She read her French novels and forgot her French cook, and looked forward with regret to the time when she must once more take up the rôle of hostess and assume the responsibilities of her own summer home. She and her daughter were alone in their little sitting-room late in the afternoon previous to the day set for their departure.

"I hate to go," said Mrs. Carson. "I don't know when I have had such a happy, restful time."

"I know," answered the girl, "but that is past. It's the future we have to consider now. Do you appreciate how much these people have done for us?"

"It's awful," said Mrs. Carson. "I sup-

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pose there are lots of things one might do, but they won't let one."

"There is one thing we can do, however," said the girl, "and that must be done. We must ask Dahlgren to visit us. I have a plan to invite him up to the races in the fall. There will be a lot doing then, and I think we can keep him amused for a week, anyhow. Bobby can take care of him, as far as the men are concerned, and he could probably get him some mounts; or he might bring one of his own horses."

"I'm afraid it would be very expensive," interrupted Mrs. Carson. "Do you think he could afford it?"

"Of course, that's the real objection," said the girl, "but I think I'll ask him, anyhow."

"And Miss Dahlgren?" asked the mother.

Miss Carson pressed her lips together, and for some moments stood silent, looking out of the window. "I have decided not to ask her," she said. "She doesn't know anything beyond this life down here—it seems almost a pity that she should."

"But how about Dahlgren?" asked Mrs. Carson. "He will come up for a week and see the life up there at its very best. Why do you want to enlighten him?"

"I don't," said Miss Carson, "but I want to see him there—under different circumstances than those under which I have known him here."

"It seems to me, Vera," said her mother, "that you may bring down on that young man a great deal of unhappiness, just to gratify a whim of your own. You know he will have an extremely gay time if he comes, and that it will be very different from his life down here. Suppose he should want to stay—you know there would be no way for him to succeed up there."

Miss Carson hesitated. "I—I don't know, mother," she said very slowly. "I have thought lately that there would be one way for him to succeed up there. And now," she said, smiling, "I am going to dress for supper. Dahlgren is coming and we are to have our last drive together."

Mrs. Carson followed her daughter with her eyes until the girl had shut the door behind her. Then she closed her novel and let it fall in her lap. "What a pity," she sighed. "What a pity—I had hoped that we might come back here some day."

It was natural that Dahlgren and Miss Carson should take their last drive around the mountain, because long ago they had agreed that that was the road they liked the best.

"I have a plan to suggest to you," she said, "and you must not interrupt me until I finish. You are coming to visit us next October during the Fairfield race-meeting, and you must bring Bolivar along and ride him in the big steeplechase. I'm sure you would enjoy the racing."

"Poor old Bolivar," said Dahlgren. "I fear he wouldn't be in the same class as the horses up there."

"Oh, yes, he would!" she answered. "I don't know what new horses they may bring on for the race, but I do know all the older division, and Bolivar could hold his own with any of them. I never saw a surer jumper, and that counts for so much in a long race."

Dahlgren remained silent for some moments. "I'm almost sorry you asked me," he said at last. "You don't know how much I want to go and how well-nigh impossible it is for me to arrange it."

"You know you can do it very well," she answered, "if you will only make up your mind to it. Just think of the fun of winning the cup and the purse; and besides, I want you to meet my friends. It's very simple. Send Bolivar on with one of the men—we have lots of room in our stables, and then come on yourself several days before the race and get used to the course. Won't you promise, please?"

While Miss Carson had been speaking, Dahlgren had made a rapid calculation as to the probable cost of it all. There would be the railroad fares and the new clothes and the tips and all the little incidental expenses necessary to such a trip.

"It's just a question of money," he said. "That's an unpleasant way to put it, but it's true. You know that I want to come and that if I came, it would not be to win a steeplechase, but to see you, to know you in your own home. And I want to see the life up there that you have told me about. Don't say anything more about it now, but if in the fall you still think you want me, write me a line, and if it is at all possible, I will come to you."

The races held under the auspices of the Fairfield Hunt Club had assumed a position of much importance among the many similar meetings which took place every fall in the neighborhood of New York. The proximity of the course to the city and the unusual value

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of the purses attracted not only the owners of good horses in the neighborhood, but of late years several of the big stables which were racing at the regular tracks about New York had made entries for the more important events. It was altogether a distinctly sporting occasion, and the attendance had become of sufficient proportions to guarantee even the presence of professional book-makers. The meeting lasted three days. The great event was a two-and-a-half-mile steeplechase for gentlemen riders, and was run as the feature of the second day's card. This was the race that Dahlgren had brought on his hunter Bolivar to win. The horse and his colored groom, Spotswood, had arrived several days previous to the races and were comfortably installed at the Carson stables when Dahlgren himself turned up. There was much interest taken by Miss Carson's men friends in the visit of her *protégé*, but if they had anticipated any amusement at the expense of the young man's manner or his clothes, they were disappointed. Had he devoted his whole life to house-parties and race-meetings he could not have been more at his ease. Miss Carson's brother Bobby thought he was a thoroughbred sport, and said so; and the young women who met him admitted that he was too good-looking to need to bother about being amusing. Indeed, his success from the very start was unusual and most gratifying to Mrs. Carson and her daughter. It was to the latter, however, that Dahlgren admitted his curiosity, if not his ignorance.

"I want you to tell me about everybody," he said, "and we'll begin with your brother."

"Oh! Bobby?" said Miss Carson. "Well, Bobby is just about as you find him. He makes a foolish pretense at working downtown, but the fact that he has only this one life to live seems to worry him, so he devotes himself to seeing just how much pleasure he can crowd into it."

"And his friend, Dallas?" asked Dahlgren, "or is he your friend?"

They were sitting on a divan in the corner of the drawing-room after dinner, and Miss Carson settled herself back in the pile of soft pillows before she answered him.

"I knew you were going to ask me that," she said. "I was sure of it."

"Why?" asked Dahlgren.

"Well," she answered, "because I knew you would wonder just what his position was here. He is a friend of Bobby's, but I suppose he is even more a friend of mine. His people are dead and he has rooms in town and lives at a club, that is, when he is not with us. Nobody knows just how rich he is, but I imagine that he has a great deal of money. He owns two or three race-horses and rides very well. He's going to ride Brackets against you in the steeplechase. If you should ask ten people what he was doing about here as one of the family, nine of them would tell you that he was going to marry me."

"And what would the tenth tell me?" asked Dahlgren.

"Well," said Miss Carson thoughtfully, "I suppose the tenth would say that I was going to marry him."

Dahlgren looked across the room at Mr. Carson, who was sitting under a lamp calmly reading the evening paper. He wondered if the old man knew that the household was apparently waiting for him to die that they might divide his hard-earned millions. Then he looked up at Miss Carson. "And suppose I asked *you?*" he said.

The girl looked up at the ceiling and then straight at Dahlgren.

"I don't know exactly how to answer you," she said. "You see, nobody ever asked me that question before."

"But even," said Dahlgren, "supposing that no one ever should ask you that question, the time must come, and it must come very soon, when you will have to ask it of yourself. Of course, you know why I am here; why I left my home and my mother and the place and came on to see you—something which, leaving out all the other considerations, I could not really afford to do. You must know that good old Bolivar is only an excuse after all; you knew that when you asked me to visit you here six months ago. You wanted time to think it over and then to bring me on here and see if I should stand the transplanting?"

Miss Carson, who had been looking away from Dahlgren, slightly inclined her head as if in assent.

"You knew," Dahlgren ran on, "that I should wait; that you had filled my heart and my whole life; that all I could do was to dream of you every night and every day and just wait until you said that I might come for my answer."

"Yes," said Miss Carson, "I suppose my instincts or my training or—or something told me even that."

Dahlgren moved very close to the girl and

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looked searchingly into her eyes. "Well," he said, "I am here for my answer. Have you decided?"

Miss Carson put her hand over her eyes, as if to shade them from the lamp above them. "I'm sorry you asked me that now," she said, "very sorry."

Dahlgren looked dully at the rug at his feet. Then after a few moments: "I suppose you mean it is 'No'—that you have decided against me?"

The girl put out her hand quickly and laid it for a moment very gently on one of his. "No," she said, "but you must wait just a little longer. I know it is not right of me to ask you this, but it is for all my life—all of both our lives. You must know how it is—I am sure you, too, must have thought of it. You see, your life there is so simple and good and quiet and so different from our life here. I went to Barrows when I was ill and tired of everything and everybody; and it was all very sweet and pure; and I met you and your sister and you treated me as I don't think I had ever been treated before. You brought me back to my old self again, and I thought that you had given me a love for a new kind of life and a new kind of a man and for a girl I had never known."

"Well?" asked Dahlgren.

"Well, then I came home, and in a few days I dropped back into the old habits and the old way of looking at things, and my old friends seemed to be all right after all. It was only natural—you see they had been my friends for so long a time before I knew you. And we live so fast here it seems as if we could never stop. We are forever on the move and we demand something new all the time. We must have sensations, if you want to call it that, and we must have money—money and, oh, so much of it!"

Dahlgren smiled. "Money?" he repeated. "At least I have been fair. You know my home down in the valley, and the stable. Well, the house is the same as you saw it, perhaps a little worse on account of this trip, and there are just as many horses in the barn as when you were there. And yet, talk as you may of your life here, I still have more faith in you than you have in yourself—I still think that we could make you happy there. Money is not a pleasant thing to talk about, more especially the lack of it, and of course it has hurt me just as you knew it would hurt. But what's the use? You have asked me to wait and I have promised to wait, even after what you have said about money, until I must go back home. You will tell me then?"

"Yes," she said, "I will tell you then."

At six o'clock the next morning Dahlgren walked over to the race-course, where Spotswood had Bolivar saddled and ready for him at the starting-point. It was clear and crisp and the grass was sparkling with dew, and the smell of the clover filled the air.

"If I was you, Master Harry," said the groom, "I would give him a good work-out. He's been acting a bit sluggish and the race is two days off yet. I'd take him over the whole course and give him his head. It'll do him good."

Dahlgren threw himself into the saddle and looked over the great stretch of green sward in front of him. The hedges seemed to rise to an absurd height in the clear air and the white posts which marked the course glistened defiantly in the early sunshine.

"All right, Spotswood," he said. "I'll let him out and we'll have a race all to ourselves." He settled himself in the stirrups and as he did so, glanced over in the direction of the club-house. "No, we won't," he added, "there's Dallas over there. He's going to ride Brackets for Mr. Wilson in the steeplechase. He's got his watch out, too. Do you suppose we're worrying them a bit?" A moment later Spotswood was standing in open-mouthed admiration as his young master and his favorite Bolivar went sailing over the first hurdle.

Dahlgren finished the course and pulled up with his mount still fresh and full of running. He looked over at the club-house just in time to see Dallas disappear around the corner of the porch. "I'd like to know what we did that in," said Dahlgren, "but I wouldn't ask Dallas. Did you see him dodge, Spotswood?"

The groom nodded. "That's a great horse he's going to ride—that Brackets."

"I hear he is," answered Dahlgren. "He's favorite and I guess that's about the way it ought to be. I don't believe he jumps any better than Bolivar, but they say he is very fast on the flat."

Dallas did not speak of the trial to Dahlgren, and the Virginian was careful not to mention that he had seen him on the club-house porch. Miss Carson took her guest driving after breakfast, and the afternoon he spent at the club-house with Bobby and his friends, drinking Scotch-and-sodas and talk-

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ing horse. As a matter of fact, he did not find it very amusing, and he was glad when Mrs. Carson and her daughter came over for a cup of tea. It was not a mile to the Carson place, and he asked the girl if she would not walk back with him.

"You're very silent," she said on the way home. "What is it? I'm afraid you don't like us."

Dahlgren smiled. "Oh, yes, I do!" he said. "That is, I like some of you, but it is all so new to me. I'm just finding my way about."

"I'm afraid it was something I said last night," she said. "I suppose I should have told you about Dallas before, but really there was nothing to tell."

"Why should you have told me?" he asked. "After all, it is your affair, not mine."

"Yes," she answered. "As you say, it is my affair, but whatever else we may have been, we have surely been honest with each other. Even though it be only a rumor, I thought perhaps you would rather hear it from me."

Dahlgren nodded and walked on in silence. For the first time in all the days he had known her he felt a certain constraint which he could not account for nor shake off. Down in his heart he was miserable and tired and sorry that he had come. It had cost him more than he could well afford and he was, after all, getting very little for it. With all the kindness that had been shown him he recognized that he was only an outsider, and he was glad that in a few days it would be over. And yet he owned to himself that he should feel very differently if he could really be of this life which seemed just now to be so far beyond his grasp.

Two afternoons later he put on his riding-clothes and drove over to the track with his young hostess.

"Are you nervous?" she asked.

"Why, no," he said. "Why should I be? The course really isn't very difficult. Bolivar is used to much stiffer jumps at home."

"But I should think the crowd, and the fact of having so much money bet on you would make a difference."

Dahlgren smiled. "Oh, I don't mind the crowd!" he said, "and the money is all on Brackets. There are only five horses in the race and they were offering ten to one against me at the club yesterday; moreover, nobody seemed to care to take a chance even at those odds."

"Well, you know that my wishes go with you," she said.

"What, even against Dallas?" he asked, smiling.

"Even against Dallas," she replied. "He has won so many races and you are new at the game and have come so far. It would be very spectacular if you won, wouldn't it?"

Dahlgren nodded. "Very—even dramatic, but I don't think the spectacular nor the dramatic often happens, do you? I shall be quite content if I don't disgrace you entirely."

When they reached the course they drove into the infield, where they could get the best possible view of the races. There Miss Carson was joined by some of her men friends, and Dahlgren, having promised to return, started off to look after Bolivar.

"Well, Spotswood, how is he?" Dahlgren asked.

The groom shook his head ominously. "He didn't warm up right this mornin', sir. He seems stiff and I'm afraid we worked him a little too strong on that trial."

"We've got to start in any case," said Dahlgren, "and if they don't make the pace too stiff, we'll be in the money anyhow. See that you keep him moving before the race, and don't let him get stiff."

The negro shuffled back to the stable and Dahlgren walked off in the direction of the club-house. He had not gone far when a man whom he recognized as one of the book-makers approached him, and with a great show of servility asked him if he could have a few minutes' conversation with him. Dahlgren nodded his assent.

"You see, sir," said the book-maker, "it's like this. We don't know nothing about these horses out here and we've got to let the public make the odds, and we couldn't make a round book if we tried. We've got to take all the money offered on any horse and take a chance. Now, here's this horse of yours. It's never raced before, and yesterday nobody seemed to think it had a chance. There was nothing doing at ten to one. This afternoon they've backed it down to eight to five. By the time you start he'll be at even money. I took on an awful big bet at tens and I'm scared. For God's sake, Mr. Dahlgren, if you know anything, won't you tell me so I can hedge?"

"Are you quite sure about the odds?" asked Dahlgren.

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"Of course I am," said the man. "Ask any of the book-makers."

"Do you know who it is who is backing my horse?"

"Never seen him before," answered the book-maker.

"Well, then," said Dahlgren, "I don't know any more about it than you do. My horse has been over the course only once and he wasn't timed then." Dahlgren hesitated. "Yes, he was," he said slowly, "but I didn't hear what he did it in."

"Perhaps the man that clocked him is the guy who is doing the betting," suggested the book-maker.

"Perhaps," answered Dahlgren, and turning on his heel, walked away in the direction of the paddock. For a time he wandered about among the horses and then over to the lawn back of the club-house, where he was quite alone. For the moment he had no desire to rejoin Miss Carson. He was quite sure that there was some crooked work going on and he believed that Dallas was in some way connected with it. Just how he could not tell, and even had he had any definite proof he would not have done anything, on account of Miss Carson's friendship for the man.

The time came for him to weigh in, and afterward he stood out on the lawn by himself and listlessly watched the hurdle-race that preceded the steeplechase. On the way to the paddock he stopped to ask one of the book-makers the odds on Bolivar. He found that his horse had been backed down until he was equal favorite with Brackets at six to five.

At the sound of the bugle he mounted his hunter, and with the other four horses filed out of the paddock and up the track past the grand stand. He heard the clapping of hands and the murmur of excited voices on both sides of him; he did not look up, but kept his eyes on the horse directly in front of him. And then he saw the horse that led the procession suddenly wheel and gallop down to the starting-point and he turned his mount and followed him. Bolivar had the outside position; next to him there was a bay called Trumble; then Prince Royal, Timber-Top, and Brackets next the rail. They lined up and approached the starting-point at a slow walk. Dahlgren heard someone shout "Come on," and saw the red flag of the starter swish through the air. Bolivar sprang forward, but Dahlgren pulled him back and ranged alongside of Brackets, who was under restraint. The three other horses were bunched close together, and Dahlgren knew they were setting too strong a pace to last for so long a race. He watched the horses in front take the first hedge as a team, and then he steadied his horse, and Bolivar and Brackets flew over the green bushes at the same moment. Before they had gone a mile Trumble stumbled just as he was taking off for a hedge on the back-stretch, and the horse and rider came down together. As Dahlgren took the hedge he saw the rider scramble to his feet.

"Now there are four of us," he said to himself and glanced back to find Brackets still running easily and but a scant two lengths back of him. They were on the second lap now and were nearing the water-jump for the last time. He was at least six lengths behind the two leaders, but their fast pace had begun to tell on them, and they were coming back to him. Prince Royal was ahead, tiring fast, and Dahlgren knew that he had little to fear from that quarter. He saw the horse take the bushes of the water-jump, but his hind feet failed to clear the ditch on the other side, and he and his rider rolled over together on the turf. The man on Timber-Top saw the danger and tried to pull his mount to one side, but it was too late. The horse cleared the jump easily enough, but his forefeet struck the pawing hoofs of Prince Royal, and he turned almost a complete somerset before he finally fell prostrate by the side of his late rival.

Dahlgren on Bolivar and Dallas on Brackets had time to change their course, and sailed over the ditch well to the left of the confused mass of the fallen horses and their riders. There was but one more hedge now and then a straight-away dash of two furlongs on the flat. Bolivar had about a length the best of it, but Dahlgren knew that the pace and the distance had begun to tell. As he approached the last jump he slowed up, so as to be sure of clearing it, and as he did so he saw Dallas fly past him, a length ahead of him. As he lit on the other side it seemed to Dahlgren that Dallas had for the moment lost control of his mount. Then he saw Dallas take a double wrap on his reins and pull his mount back until he was on even terms with Bolivar. Dahlgren knew that he was beaten. His own horse was tired and continued solely on his nerve, while Brackets was apparently as fresh as at the start and still full

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of running. There were no more obstacles and no more chances for an accident. Brackets could pass him whenever he chose, and it was only a question of by how many lengths he would win. The pace was absurdly slow now, and the crowd down at the finish believed that both horses were exhausted. Dahlgren glanced at Dallas, who was not five feet away from him, and saw that his teeth were clinched and his face was quite white. In the same glance he saw his rival choking Brackets to a standstill. In a moment the whole situation flashed through his mind. It was Dallas who had bet on Bolivar, and he was pulling Brackets so that Dahlgren's horse should win. The Virginian smiled comfortably and looked up at the head of the stretch, which was black with thousands of men and women waving their arms, shrieking the names of Brackets and Bolivar, beseeching them to "come on." He glanced toward the grand stand, which was just ahead of him, where he saw a blurred sea of carriages and horses, and women in bright-colored dresses. Somewhere among them he knew Miss Carson was standing, and he wondered what she would think of it all. For an instant his mind went back to Barrows and his people down there in the valley. Then with the wire but a hundred yards distant he turned his head to Dallas.

"Now, you dirty blackguard," he shouted, "go on and win."

Loosening his feet in the stirrups, he dropped his reins, slid slowly off Bolivar's back and fell easily on the deep turf. A great cry arose from the grand stand which suddenly turned into a wild shriek of laughter, for Bolivar, finding himself riderless, wheeled about and returned to his master, who was sitting on the ground waiting for him. Dahlgren climbed into the saddle and cantered slowly under the wire. Dallas was returning to the judge's stand to get permission to dismount and as they passed each other the Virginian smiled at him genially. Spotswood, with tears running down his cheeks, led Bolivar back to the stable, and Dahlgren put on a long overcoat which covered his racing costume and walked over to the infield in search of Miss Carson.

Of all the crowd at the races that day there was none who seemed more thoroughly to enjoy Dahlgren's mishap than the small circle of men that surrounded Miss Carson's carriage. Their laughter was inspired not only by the humor of the situation, but probably by the fact that they had backed Dallas's mount and did not fancy the idea of the principal race going to an outsider. But with Bobby Carson it was different. He did not join in the laughter, and he leaned, as if for support, against the wheel of the carriage with his teeth clinched and his face turned to the color of chalk.

"He threw that race," he muttered to his sister. "Your friend Dahlgren is a fine sport to bring on to the races."

Vera turned on her brother with her eyes flashing the words she dared not speak. "Be careful," she said, "Bobby, for my sake, be careful. He is coming here now."

At his approach the men who were with Miss Carson walked away, smiling. Bobby alone remained.

The girl's face was scarlet, and she could not keep back the tears that forced themselves into her eyes.

"I am very sorry," said Dahlgren; "I suppose I have disgraced you entirely? That was such an ostentatious place to come a cropper, wasn't it?"

"Can you tell me why you did that, Mr. Dahlgren?" she said—"why you should choose to drop off a horse after riding the kind of race you did and showing these men here the best horsemanship they ever saw?"

"Yes, I could tell you," answered Dahlgren very slowly, "but I won't, because it doesn't make any difference now. I was just telling Bolivar as we jogged under the wire over there that we wouldn't do any more steeplechasing together. Hereafter we are going to devote our time to some low stone walls I know of and a few of those snake fences you find in Virginia. We're leaving this evening for the South."

"Well, it's time," interrupted Bobby Carson.

Dahlgren glanced up as if he had noticed Vera's brother for the first time. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I don't think I understood you."

"I said," answered Carson, "that it is quite time you left. We don't care for gentlemen riders up here who throw races."

"No?" answered Dahlgren quietly. "Well, where I come from we don't care for gentlemen riders who bet against their own mounts."

"What do you mean?" muttered Carson.

"I mean," said Dahlgren, "just what I said, and I'm afraid what you already knew. If there is any doubt in your mind, I'll tell all

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I know to the stewards, and I'll ask them to take up the book-makers' sheets. There's where the inside story of a race is written."

For a moment the two men stood looking into each other's eyes, and then Carson, his face still white and his lips hard pressed, turned on his heel and strode off toward the club-house.

Dahlgren looked for a few moments after the retreating figure and then up at Miss Carson. He smiled and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you see it must be good-by now."

"Do you mean that?" said the girl.

"Oh, yes!" he answered simply, "I think I've disgraced you badly enough for one visit. Besides, that jolt I got when I fell off Bolivar seems to have cleared my mind a bit. I think my brain has been a little twisted for a time."

"But you are coming back?" she asked.

Dahlgren shook his head. "I'm afraid not for a long time. Good-by, and thank you."

"Do you think that is quite fair to me?" she asked.

"I want to be fair to you, Heaven knows," he said, "and I want to be fair to myself. You asked me to come and try to see things up here through your eyes, and I've tried and I've failed. The leopard, I'm afraid, can't change his spots. I had a foolish idea that this leopard could if he had the money, but I'm wrong. And I had another foolish idea, and that was that I could make you happy down in the valley. Why, even after that talk the other night, when you told me how it was in your very veins to go the pace, and how much money, and again money, it took to satisfy you, I still pictured you as the new mistress of the old place. But that picture is gone now and forever.

"It seemed to me at first that you were all having a wonderful time up here, but I knew even then I didn't belong. Your ways are not my ways—that is, your friends' ways aren't, and that is pretty much the same thing. I'm an alien. I'm going back home, but I hope that you will come and stay with us, because you ride fair, which your friends don't."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean just what I say. I mean that your friend Dallas backed my horse to win and it might have come off just as he had planned it, only Brackets got away from him at the last jump and Dallas had to choke him nearly to death to pull him back to me. I saw what he was doing and so I fell off and he had to win. It was a hard thing to do and I got a good bump, but that was nothing to the jolt I gave his finances, even if he is as rich as you believe he is. I'm glad of it, and I'm glad it came my way to do it, but it won't be an easy thing to explain at home. Good-by and good-luck to you, Miss Carson, and please take the advice of a man who knows what real happiness you deserve. If you do go in for the marriage-race, don't hitch up with a man that would cheat a horse."

Once more Dahlgren held out his hand, but Miss Carson was leaning back, her head resting against the cushions and her eyes closed. For that moment they seemed to be quite alone—the hum of chatter and laughter from the club-house and the grand stand across the field had suddenly died away. Dahlgren heard nothing, saw nothing—nothing but the girl leaning back against the cushions in the carriage at his side. Then with her eyes still closed the girl put out her gloved hand toward him. He took it and bowed very low.

"Come, Harry," she whispered, "come here and sit beside me, and you may tell the man to drive us home."

Dahlgren took the vacant seat, and Miss Carson, her eyes still closed, put out her hand and rested it for a moment on his arm, just as if to be quite sure that he was really there. She uttered a little sigh and settled farther back among the cushions.

"Home," she said, "home—but that's not the real home, is it? The real home is down there in the valley. We'll bump over that old road again that's all filled with rocks; and your sister will ride out of the woods on her pony with her hair all flying in the wind, and wave a welcome to us; and then quite suddenly we shall come out into the open, and away across the valley we shall see your mother waiting for us at the head of the steps between the white pillars. You won't believe me, Harry, I know you won't, but the first time I saw that valley I knew that that was my real, real home!"

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Maxim Gorky

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Do not be afraid, do not cry out, for life is good. I came from low down, from the cellar of life where darkness and terror reign, where man is half beast, and life is only a fight for bread. It flows slowly there, in dark streams, but even there gleam pearls of courage, of intelligence, and of heroism, even there beauty and love exist. Everywhere that man is found, good is; in tiny particles and invisible roots—but still it is there. All these roots will not perish; some will grow and flourish and bear fruit. I bought dearly the right to believe this; therefore it is mine, my whole life long. And thus I have won yet another right, the right to demand that you, too, believe as I do, for I am the voice of that life, the despairing cry of those who remain below, and who have sent me to herald their pain. They also long to rise to self-respect, to light and freedom.—From Gorky's suppressed novel "The Peasants."

LATE one autumn, a young man, clad in the tattered garb of a Russian tramp, presented himself at the freight department of the Gryazi-Tsaritsin railway and asked for work. The weather was cold and he was pitiably shabby, but there was a note of rugged earnestness in his manner, so he was given a position as watchman. Receiving a small sum in advance for the purchase of a more suitable costume, he appeared later dressed in a short sheepskin coat, a pair of felt boots and a cap. All that was now needed, he jovially remarked, was a good strong club, on receiving which he started up the line to his post. The new watchman quickly proved he was made of the right stuff, and from time to time jotted down rough notes regarding his progress and sent them to a friend employed at headquarters.

"I live here," he one day wrote, "comfortably, as heretofore; have made friends with my colleagues, my duties I have learned to perfection, and am performing them with accuracy. The station-master is satisfied with me and as a mark of his good disposition toward, and confidence in me, he entrusts me with the task of emptying the kitchen slops every morning. Please let me know whether it is part of my official duties to carry slops from the station-master's kitchen?"

For pathos and for picturesqueness, for dismal obscurity and dazzling publicity the career of Maxim Gorky is without parallel. No story he has ever written can compare for a moment with the simple narrative of his own experiences. It is small wonder that the new watchman grew cheerful and philosophic while performing his duties, however menial, for there were days when he had neither a crust of black bread nor a roof over his head. He was earning a pittance for the time being, but often he had begged and even stolen, had slept in roadside ditches, or at best in filthy hovels. For years Gorky wandered over the face of Mother Russia a member of the *bosiaky*, or barefoot brigade. Like his comrades he worked when he could find aught to do, and like them he tramped the highways when there was no work. A burning desire to tell what he saw and what he had suffered led him to publish his first story in a provincial paper, and before he realized it, he had become famous from one end of Russia to the other.

The man who has achieved such notoriety, who has been arrested numerous times, and who was lately flung into the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul for participating in the recent agitation for reform in St. Petersburg, is but thirty-six years of age. He was born March 14, 1869, at Nizhny-Novgorod, the son of a poor upholsterer. His real name is Alexis Maximovitch Peshkov; Gorky, which means bitter, being merely a pseudonym he chose at the outset of his career, and which has always clung to him. Left an orphan while still a child, Gorky was cared for by his grandfather, Kashirin, a hard-fisted old bigot who taught him to read from the Psalter. He attended school but five months, and at the age of nine was apprenticed to a cobbler. While boiling cabbage soup for the cobbler's family the boy was severely scalded, and in consequence, was discharged. He next secured employment with a mechanical draftsman,

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and later with a painter of *ikone*, or sacred pictures; but being restless and unhappy ran away and became cook's boy on board a Volga steamer. The cook, who was named Smurny, proved his first real friend, and encouraged Gorky to read whatever he could lay his hands on. Treatises on Freemasonry, Lives of the Saints, Gogol, Dumas, etc., were thus indiscriminatingly devoured while plying the river between busy, gold-domed towns. Fired with enthusiasm for further advantages, the boy left his steamer and attempted to enter the University of Kazan, but was laughed at by the authorities and was forced to accept work in a stifling bakery at three roubles a month.

The utter misery of his life, coupled with an unquenchable desire to wander, again caused Gorky to go forth; so by turns he peddled apples on the streets of Kazan, was a gardener, a railway porter and watchman, and sold *kvass* on the Fair grounds of his native town. For a time he was a clerk in the office of Lanin, the well-known attorney of Nizhny-Novgorod; but the call of the road proved too strong, and for months he now tramped about Southern Russia, Little Russia, and Bessarabia. His wanderings finally led him through the Crimea and the Kuban District to the Caucasus, and it was at Tiflis, where he worked for a while as a navvy, that Gorky published his first story.

It is impossible not to feel that the bitter privations of this forlorn and shabby Odyssey, the ceaseless heartache and bodily anguish, were precisely those factors which contributed most to Gorky's development. The young man who blundered into the office of the Tiflis *Kavkaz* in soiled smock and mud-stained boots knew little of literature, but a vast deal of life. During all those years of hopeless, baffled effort, when he tramped over the sun-scorched or snow-driven expanse of Russia he had been studying human nature at first hand. It was not merely observation, but experience, for he himself knew the blackest misery and despair. On one occasion he even tried suicide, but was unwillingly nursed back to life on a crude hospital cot in Kazan. The bits of color and of character which caught his eye or burned themselves into his brain formed the raw material of each story, each sketch that now flowed so freely from his pen. In its outward traits, Gorky's work is a reflex, a record of the life he has lived. Within it is a passionate protest against the conditions, social and economic, of his native land. Because only the strong can exist among such rigorous surroundings he almost deifies strength—sheer brute force and cunning. The relentless creatures who surge through his stormy, tortured pages are invariably rebels. They all show the savage hatred, the implacable irony of the dethroned. They are outcasts and are the enemies of those who have cast them out. You may call this individualism, you may call it anarchy, but, whatever it is, it appeals powerfully to the Russian masses. They have long been looking for their savior, their strong man; he has not yet come, though he seems at times on the way.

Hence it is not so much because of what are known as literary qualities that Gorky's writings have attained such vogue, as because of their social significance. His heroes are not the heroes of Turgenev and of Tolstoy. They have never frittered away their superfluous lives in Baden, in Paris, or on their vast estates. Gorky takes us by preference into the haunts of thieves, paupers, cripples, and lepers, he shows us without shame the hearts of the forlorn and fallen. Every page throbs with humanity, every story is a cry, a cry that finds instant echo in the confused aspirations of his fellow countrymen.

Although the Tiflis editor accepted his first story without hesitation, it was some time before Gorky emerged from darkness into light. Yet from that day onward he realized his mission, and soon retraced his steps along the gleaming Volga toward Kazan, where he began contributing to the local papers. The fantastic flavor of "Makar Chudra" was shortly followed by the more rational tone of "Emelyan Pilyai," to which the *Russkya Vedomosty* now extended a chance welcome. In 1893, while living in Nizhny-Novgorod, Gorky made the acquaintance of Vladimir Korolenko, Russia's tender, humane prose-poet, and it was under Korolenko's guidance and inspiration that he published "Chelkash," his first indisputable masterpiece. Story now succeeded story, each stark and brutal in its setting, yet each an apotheosis of pity and of poverty All Russia quickly rose to the new author, the big reviews opened their doors to him, and the followers of Marx engaged him to write regularly for their organ *Zhizn*. He was hailed as a champion of the downtrodden, the friend of poor Ivan, who had known so few favors, who had so long been friendless.

Though it can not be said that Gorky followed specifically the counsels of his friend

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and patron Korolenko, it was mainly under Korolenko's influence that his best work was produced. "Konovalov," "The Orlov Couple," "The Steppe," "Malva," "Comrades," and "Twenty-six and One" stand almost alone, even in Russian literature, for vigor of characterization and an always beseeching natural beauty. The author of so many primitive and powerful sketches naturally sought to enlarge his canvas, and in "Foma Gordyeev" Gorky essayed the novel form. This narrative of life among the merchant class along the Volga, who are still as ruthless as the river pirates of old, is a masterful attempt, conceived with genius, but marred by defects of proportion and construction. Though surpassed by its successor, "The Trio," and by his suppressed work "The Peasants," they each prove that as yet Gorky is unequal to the task of sustained production. The great, throbbing pictures which Dostoyevsky painted with his heart's blood seem beyond the scope of the younger school. Like his friend, the late Anton Chekhov, Gorky recently turned to the drama, a field in which he has achieved undoubted triumphs. For the Artistic Theater of Moscow he has already written three plays, "The Bourgeois," "The Night Refuge," and "At the Bottom."

Though recent events have seriously curtailed Gorky's literary activity, his stories continue as popular as ever, the collected works, entitled "Razskazy," or "Tales," having gone through numerous editions. It must not be taken for granted that these pictures of tramp life, of life in foul tavern or filthy doss-house, are in any degree complete. Wolfish Chelkash, vodka-crazed Orlov or roaring Ignat Gordyeev are both real and ideal. Such types unquestionably exist, but it is they, not gentler and more submissive spirits, whom Gorky deliberately chooses.

Despite his gloomy coloring and his grim humor, despite the raw, hideous actuality of his stories, Gorky is at bottom a romanticist. What he seeks in agony and in anguish he makes others seek. When he puts the fierce denunciation of Nietzsche into the mouth of some poor vagrant, it is Gorky himself who denounces. The purely physical strength of Emelyan Pilyai is the sort of strength he most admires. The stormy restlessness of soul which is Konovalov's curse is also Gorky's curse, and the solace that Foma can not find in work, or women, or wine is that same peace which Gorky himself is powerless to divine. Deep in their defiant souls his characters are gods in exile, are symbols of exile. Their natural rights have been denied them, so all they can now do is to wander forth and rail against fate. They rave as did Lucifer, they roam eternally as Ahasuerus. One and all they are but the old heroes of legend and fable gone wrong. The prince has merely become a pauper, the fairy princess a prostitute.

There should be little difficulty in defining Gorky's literary physiognomy. A blind worship of brute force, a bitter contempt for existing conditions, and a tremulous, almost secret tenderness for the submerged, are its essential characteristics. With Gorky the publicist and reformer, matters are somewhat different. It may as well be understood at the outset that Gorky became a social figure more through coincidence than through conviction. Directly his stories appeared they were pounced upon simultaneously by the three leading political parties, the Nationalists, the Marxists, and the Conservatives. Each faction in turn used his relentless revelations as a club with which to beat the other two. The Nationalists claim to have discovered him, but through natural affinity he drifted over into the camp of the liberty-loving Marxists. Here, they said, was the fearless spirit who would redeem the peasantry, who would better economic conditions, and who would lighten, or perhaps throw off, the yoke of autocracy. They made much of their new prophet, they persuaded him to write, and to make speeches, and they paraded him through the streets of Moscow and St. Petersburg. His articles were spread broadcast, and thousands of his photographs were sold to ecstatic admirers. No man in the history of Russia has been more lionized. On one occasion when he dropped into the theater at Moscow to see a play of Chekhov's the audience began cheering him and entirely forgot about the piece. The ovation lasted so long that Gorky finally rose angrily and blurted out: "What the devil are you applauding me for? I'm not a dancing girl or a Venus of Milo. All I do is write stories, but that's no reason why you should bother me. You'd better pay attention to the stage and leave me alone!"

This simple, rugged man who made himself a great writer, and who has been proclaimed a reformer and a prophet, finds it difficult to comprehend his new position. It is certain that he was far happier when, after

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the heartache of those lonely, errant years, he settled down in humble lodgings at Nizhny-Novgorod with his wife and boy. He had married a widow, a former actress with a baby son, and they rented rooms from an old *staroverka*, a quaint, religious mystic. Dressed in a plain gray blouse and a black leather belt, his brown hair tumbling about his brow, Gorky used to spend most of the day writing. Without flowed the twin rivers he so loved and within piped a dozen or more birds kept in cages around the house. The garrulous landlady objected continually to the birds, but Gorky adored them, just as old Pertchikhin afterward did in his play, "The Bourgeois." Often when busy with his books and papers he would go over to the cage to feed or watch some favorite songster flit about.

Since those days the scene has shifted constantly. In 1901 Gorky was arrested for participation in the student troubles, but was released later on account of broken health and permitted to recuperate in the Crimea. The following year his election to the Imperial Academy was rescinded by the Government, and the details of his subsequent arrests and recent imprisonment and trial are intimately known to the world at large. Though he has flung himself into the present struggle with unexampled fervor, it can not be said that even in Russia is Gorky considered a significant reformer. He is idolized by the populace, and his name has become the watchword of the Socialists, but for serious minds his ethics remain too primitive. He professes no specific doctrine, he offers no valid panacea. He can record life, but he can not interpret, and much less can he adjust, life.

The regeneration of society is the avowed aim of every Russian writer, but it will not come through any one man nor any single group of men. The fight for right and for redemption will be a long and bitter fight, for in Russia man is his own enemy, and Nature, too, is his enemy. Apart from the sad monotony of the steppe, apart from those long, stupefying winters and short, caressing summers, are other, deeper, elements of distress. Back of all looms a confused inheritance, both racial and religious. They who sigh for higher, better things are held to earth by countless obscure atavisms. They who seek peace and transfiguration must forever gaze into the imploring eyes of the Iberian Virgin, the child in her arms, her cheek bleeding from the wound of a Tartar spear.

The Road of Shame

By MAXIM GORKY

Translated from the Russian by E. J. Dillon*

According to Gorky's explicit statement the following episode is not fiction but sheer, brutal fact, transcribed without a touch of fancy or a trace of literary alloy. Known in the original as Vyvod, "An Exposure," it first appeared in 1896 *while each detail was still fresh in the author's mind. In his own words Gorky says: "I have written this sketch not as an allegorical account of the persecution and scourging of a prophet who found no recognition in the country of his birth—no, I am sorry to say it is not to be construed as such. It may be called 'An Exposure,' and it is thus that husbands chastise erring wives. It is a picture of popular manners, of a local custom. I witnessed it myself in the year* 1891, *on July* 15*th, in the village of Kandybovka in the Government of Kherson." It is hardly necessary to note on reading this revolting record of inhumanity, that there still remain places where ferocity is stronger than forgiveness, where punishment is more important than pity.* C. B.

IT is a strange procession that is now wending along the village street between two rows of white plastered mud huts to the accompaniment of a long-drawn, unearthly howl.

A crowd of peasants is marching forward, a dense throng moving like a huge wave, and in front ambles a sorry little horse, comically rugged, its head hanging down dismally. Whenever it lifts one of its fore feet it shakes its head at the same time in an odd way, as if endeavoring to thrust its shaggy muzzle into the dust of the road, and when it displaces its hind foot, the haunch and thigh

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sink down toward the earth and seem on the point of collapsing.

Bound with a thong to the front of the cart is a woman, small and almost wholly naked, a woman who might still be taken for a mere girl. She is limping along in a strange fashion, sideways, her head covered with dense tresses of disheveled chestnut-colored hair, held aloft and thrust a little backward, her eyes starting out of their sockets, and fixed as it were on some invisible point in the distance with a dull, insensate gaze wherein is naught of the human being. Her whole body is one continuous tissue of dark blue and purple spots, oval or round; the left breast, plastic and virginal, is slashed open and welling blood is trickling down it. The gore forms a dark purple streak along the belly, and farther down along the left leg as far as the knee, where it loses itself in a brown coating of dust. From the woman's body there has seemingly been torn a long narrow strip of skin, and her abdomen looks as if it had been beaten with a log of wood; it has swollen to monstrous dimensions, and its hue is uniformly, horribly, livid.

The woman's legs, well turned and small, move forward with difficulty through the thick layer of dust; her entire body is fearfully twisted, and totters as she walks, and one wonders how she still succeeds in keeping on those legs, which, like her body, are a mass of livid bruises: one wonders how it happens that she does not drop to the earth and hanging on by her pinioned hands is not dragged by the cart along the warm, dusty ground.

On the cart stands a tall peasant in a white blouse and a black sheepskin cap, from under which, cleaving his forehead, hangs a tuft of red hair. In one hand he holds the reins, in the other his whip, and he methodically administers a cut with it now across the back of his horse and now across the body of the slender woman, who is already disabled and disfigured out of all semblance to the human image. The red-haired peasant's eyes are bloodshot and glisten with malignant triumph. The sleeves of his blouse, turned up to the shoulders, lay bare his strong sinewy arms thickly covered with reddish hair; his mouth is open, showing two rows of sharp white teeth, and now and again he shouts in hoarse accents: "Well now, hag! Ha! ha! That's one! ha! Isn't that right, brothers?"

Behind the cart and the woman tied to it, the dense throng sweeps on shouting, howling, whistling, crying Tally-ho! and egging on. Little street boys scamper about. Sometimes one of them runs ahead of the rest and yells vile words into the woman's ears. Then a peal of laughter drowns all other sounds and with them the sharp whiz of the whip in the air. Women, too, march with the procession, women with flushed faces and eyes glittering with pleasure. Men walk by and shout disgusting remarks to the Thing that stands in the cart. He turns round to them and bursts into laughter, opening wide his mouth. Another cut of the whip across the body of the woman. The whip, long and thin, curls itself round her shoulders and gets entangled under her armpits. Then the lash-giving peasant pulls the whip toward himself with a violent jerk. The woman utters a piercing cry and throwing her body backward, drops heavily in the dust. Many from the crowd run across to where she has fallen, and bending over shut her out from sight.

The horse stops, but a moment later starts onward again, and the woman, her body beaten all over, follows the cart as before. And the wretched beast of burden, trudging slowly along the road, keeps ever tossing his shaggy head, as if he would say:

"See what a vile thing it is to be a brute! One can be forced to take part in any abomination."

Meanwhile, the sky, the soft southern sky, is unspeakably clear, no cloudlet anywhere to be seen, and the summer sun deluges all things with its scorching rays.

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Experiences of a Nursery Governess

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

IV

MY fourth position was with a family who boarded in a pretty village on Long Island. As I stood on the veranda, waiting for an answer to my ring, I looked with approval down the quiet, shady street that sloped to the shimmering waters of the bay. It seemed a pleasant place to live.

Mrs. Rose herself, in answer to whose advertisement I had come, opened the door, and invited me into a garish little hall, which was divided from the sitting-room by bead curtains. The furniture consisted of cheap and inharmonious imitations of more expensive fashions: there was imitation marble around the fireplace; imitation Oriental rugs on the floor; imitation leather on the chair-seats; and imitation cut-glass vases on the mantel.

Mrs. Rose's questions were so perfunctory that I knew she would engage me if I would take the place. She endeavored to make a good impression, representing her children to be of quite an ideal goodness, and painting my duties as an attractive combination of sitting on the veranda and walking on the seashore.

There were three children: Harold, seven years old; Gladys, five; and a baby boy of four weeks. "They're dears," she told me, "so loving and sweet! Of course, they have their little faults and tempers, but it's easy to control them by affection. I never whip my children. It isn't necessary if one is wise, and I think it's likely to make them resentful; I know it would make me feel so. But I am sure you will be fond of them and they will love you to death."

I had almost to force my references on Mrs. Rose's attention, but she read them obligingly, commented on their commendatory tone, and announced herself ready to engage me. I carried away a mental, not an actual, picture of the little Roses from this visit. Allowing somewhat for maternal bias, I nevertheless believed them to be what their name indicated: fresh and sweet in body and mind, charming, fairy-like creatures, who had not shed their "trailing clouds of glory" on coming to earth.

At noon, a few days later, I arrived with my bag and bundles. My new mistress bade me leave them in the hall and sent me at once to the dining-room, where Mrs. Fischer, the landlady, was to give me my lunch. I seated myself at the family lunch-table, from which the crumbs had not been brushed, nor the used dishes removed. The cloth was stained, thin, and very dirty, and the only viands the table boasted were bread, butter, water-cress, and cheese. Mrs. Fischer tossed a butter-plate in my direction, slammed a plate before me, and invited me to "help myself." Being very hungry, I did so plentifully and began, but went little further, for the bread was about the consistency of a rubber bath-sponge; the cress had not been washed and was sandy; the cheese was hard and dry, and the butter, though harmless, was hardly satisfying as an entire lunch.

After my unsuccessful struggle with the food had ceased, I dragged my baggage upstairs, at Mrs. Rose's suggestion, to unpack. My room was on the third floor—a pleasant little place, with a window overlooking a wide stretch of ocean, dotted with white sails and needle-masts in the distance. An iron bed, a little chiffonier, and a wash-stand comprised the furniture. The bed, on examination, proved to be spread with clean, new sheets, a fact I was glad to ascertain, as nothing else in the room was clean, nor in order. My room, indeed, appeared to be the place of accumulation for the unseasonable clothing of the family; piled high on the chiffonier, thrown in the corners and filling the drawers, I found hats, coats, shoes, shirts, and rubbish of all sorts. The baby was the only one who had not some last year's garments among the *débris*, and that was probably due solely to the fact that he had had no last year. I disposed of the collection in the adjoining closets as best I could, and when I got down to what might be called the bed-rock of the room, I saw that it was much in need of cleaning.

Among the important things lacking in my room were soap and a chair, and these omissions I promptly reported to Mrs. Rose.

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"Oh, dear," said she; "well, I'll see about it—there's a chair in the library you might take—well—wait till Mr. Fischer comes; perhaps he'll take it up for you. No soap? Dear me—and I haven't any either! Well, I'll buy some when I go out—you can wash in the bath-room for the present."

These articles were never officially supplied, but I robbed the children's room of one of its chairs, and brought up a piece of soap from the laundry; else I might have stood, unwashed, during all my stay.

It was late in the afternoon before the young Roses appeared, and I could hardly believe the evidence of my eyes when a ragged, dirty little boy rushed, screaming, up the stairs, followed by an equally ragged, dirty, and noisy little girl. Could these be the angel children of Mrs. Rose's rhapsody? If so, the language of heaven had become remarkably like that of the gutter; the voices once attuned to heavenly melodies now shouted and whined alternately; judging by the grimy faces, the celestial atmosphere must have been full of earthly smoke; and, on the testimony of their torn clothes, the clouds over which the children descended were sharp at the edges.

They had evidently not been accustomed to dressing for dinner, and my efforts at even washing their faces and hands and brushing their hair—a task I had undertaken quite on my own responsibility—both astonished and enraged them. They fought me like little animals.

The mother did not present any marked contrast to her children, when she appeared at dinner in an untidy red wool wrapper, trimmed with soiled and frayed white lace. The comparatively fresh white shirt-waist she had worn on the day I first saw her must have been donned with a view to making a favorable impression on whoever should answer her advertisement. I did not see her dressed with the same degree of neatness more than three times during my entire stay.

Mrs. Rose had been born of Irish parents, in a small Western town, and her husband was a Jewish traveling salesman. She was tall, blond, and handsome, but "slack" to an extent that would have put her outside the pale of respectability in any New England village. For a short time after their marriage she had kept house in New York, but before the birth of their first child she had given it up, and the family had joined that strange branch of the human race known as "boarders."

"I can't do the sort of cooking Mr. Rose is used to at his mother's and I won't try again," I heard Mrs. Rose say to the landlady.

For more than seven years their furniture had been in a storage warehouse, and they had drifted from one boarding-house to another. Sometimes they were in the city, sometimes in the country, but always amid furniture and decorations expressing other personalities than their own.

For more than a year they had been in this little suburb, and Mr. Rose had come out every few weeks to see them. He made two short visits during my stay, but showed no marked fondness for his wife and children, though they all spoke of him with a sort of subdued awe.

During his visits I could put clean aprons on Gladys or brush Harold's hair, without fear of their usual echoing screams, for he brooked no disturbance, and was very severe in his corrections. As far as my observation went, however, his severity was based solely on a selfish desire for his own peace, and could never be mistaken as discipline designed for the children's good. His commands were all of a negative order; and if the children were quiet or out of his sight, he showed no further concern as to their behavior. I have noticed that parents who make much more pretension to training their children carefully than Mr. Rose ever did, frequently give themselves credit for a wholesome and judicious severity which is nothing more than irritability and selfishness.

As for the mother—she delegated none of her authority to me, for the simple reason that she had no authority to delegate. She advocated adherence to the Law of Love, because adherence to any other law would require some sort of exertion on her part—not from any conviction; Mrs. Sartain, my last employer, relied on love in dealing with her children, because she was temperamentally too weak to oppose them; Mrs. Rose, merely because she was too lazy.

It was evidently her theory that Love, unassisted, would care for her children, prevent their quarrels, guard them from the immorality of the streets, wash, dress, and train them. At least, in each of these particulars she neglected them wholly and with perfect placidity.

Presumably, a nursery governess is expected to improve the minds, morals, and manners of her charges, as well as relieve the mother of certain mechanical services. This seemed to be Mrs. Rose's idea of my function,

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when she engaged me, but from sheer laziness she required me to perform so many tasks which were altogether for her own benefit, and which did not belong to my position, that my higher duties to the children were quite crowded out. I had been engaged to care for the two elder children—the baby was put in my charge; I was to have done the children's mending—I made clothes for the mother; I should have attended to their manners—I cooked the mother's breakfast; I was to help with their lessons—I swept their room; I should have washed their bodies—I washed the baby's clothes instead!

Every newly discovered ability of mine was an excuse to deprive the children of my care, and shift to my shoulders the duties that she had hitherto not been able to escape—and numerous others that she had paid to have done or had left unperformed. I doubt whether Mrs. Rose even realized that she was forcing me to neglect her children, owing to the fact that I gave them as much care and attention as she ever had.

And for what purpose did she want this additional leisure time? That she might lie longer in bed each day; lounge in her room in a bath-wrapper, or on the veranda with a novel. After my coming she slept when she should have cared for the baby, and read weak literature when she would once have sewed. Leisure meant to her only an opportunity for idleness. She was determined that she would do nothing, and would take trouble only to that end.

To speak of any phase of the children's life is to illustrate their mother's criminal neglect.

Harold was in school, but the mother had no idea what his studies were, nor what was his standing in them. She had sent him to school to get him out of the way, and had then shifted the responsibility of his education upon the State. In this particular instance her confidence seemed to have been well placed, for he was a bright boy and quite up to the average in his studies. To be sure, he spoke of his teacher with opprobrious epithets, but that was a thing of little moment in his mother's mind compared with the fact that he went to school regularly and without coercion.

Harold had a certain instinctive appreciation of color and form; he loved to study such pictures as the house afforded, and would sometimes amuse himself by making drawings of things around him. Considering his age, these sketches were good, and he might have found some refining influences along this line, had he been given any encouragement.

Gladys, on the other hand, cared nothing for art, but was very fond of music. Her mother could bribe her to be good, by playing on the piano; and the child would sit silent and rapt while the mother stumbled through "Narcissus" or "Salome" with wavering, unskilful fingers. Yet Mrs. Rose never devoted any of her abundant leisure to improving her own ability nor to instructing her daughter. To her credit be it said that she was not pleased with the child's repertoire, which was composed of coarse drinking-songs and ditties relating to the adventures of gay cavaliers who kissed other men's wives; and to her shame—that she cared so little as to do nothing more than suggest my teaching Gladys some "more childish" songs. It was enough to make any stranger of the most ordinary sensibility shudder to hear this child of five innocently giving voice to the worst vulgarity, picked up on the streets, where she and her brother ran at will. Their ordinary language was that of the gutter and the slums, and while it was not actually profane, was coarse and vulgar beyond belief. Mrs. Rose exercised no supervision whatever over the selection of her children's playmates; she never inquired where nor with whom they had been. As a result, by the time I made their acquaintance, they had been quite ostracized from the companionship of the better class of children, who might have exerted a good influence upon them. Careful mothers had forbidden their children to associate with Harold and Gladys, on account of their vulgarity, and they were forced to form a part of the crowd of bad boys and girls who kept the neighborhood disturbed by their noise and mischief. Can there be any question as to who should bear the blame and the punishment if, as is all too likely, society must in later years protect itself against these two children, grown to man and woman?

I said they were debarred from the company of good children by their vulgarity; I should add, also, by their intolerably bad manners, and still more by their untidiness. They had never been taught the simplest words and actions that make for courtesy. I have known parents who wisely refused to make little toy men and women of their children by undue insistence on etiquette; but I never knew a parent of any pretension to respect-

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ability—except Mrs. Rose—who seemed to consider a "Thank you," or a "Please" too great a check on simple, childish naturalness.

In spite of the fact that their father made a comfortable living, the children had no clothes good enough to wear. It was no wonder that our few excursions on the beach were lonely in the midst of company, for Gladys appeared in a grease-stained, shabby velveteen cloak, pinned together down the front because the buttons were missing, with a torn and dirty white lace collar, a lop-sided straw hat, and worn shoes; accompanied by Harold in torn trousers, with knees protruding through his stockings. The children skipped stones or dug in the sand, but no other little boys and girls came to play in the forts that they made, nor invited them to walk in the streets of their own miniature sand villages.

We were isolated—we three—in that well-clad throng—I as well as they. No one of the clean, properly dressed children nor their equally properly dressed mothers could imagine that such little ragamuffins as my charges could boast a nurse, and I was conscious that I was thought to be their mother. I could not but feel that an incompetent mother was a more unlovely figure than an incompetent nurse, and so writhed under the implication of their glances. As the children's presumptive mother, I could not associate with nurse-maids; and as a nurse-maid, I could not expect any other nurse would be willing to be seen with one whose charges looked so ill cared for.

One day Gladys ran in to tell of a May party, to which the neighboring children had gone, and ended with: "But they wouldn't take Harold."

"That was odd," said the mother. "Why wouldn't they?"

"They said he was so dirty," replied the little girl.

Mrs. Rose said nothing, either not realizing or not caring that she alone was responsible for Harold's disappointment.

Naturally, Harold and Gladys had not the slightest idea of order; their clothes were flung on the floor or the nearest chair; and their playthings strewed the house, stairs, and yard. I was expected to take care of them, and there being no adequate store-room, I was forced to pile quantities of cheap and useless toys in the corners of their rooms and stow them under the beds.

In vain I tried to find time to clean their rooms, though the necessity for it was not seen by the mother. When I first made their beds, I was horrified by the condition of the sheets, and thought some one must have forgotten to change them. Accordingly, I inquired where I could find the clean ones.

"Mrs. Fischer will give them to you when it is time to put them on," said my mistress placidly.

I asked the same question in regard to the towels, and received a similar answer. The table napkins were used for weeks without any interference from me—but only because they were not in my province. It is a comfort to remember that almost my last action in that house was clandestinely to abstract clean sheets, pillow-cases, and towels from the sideboard where they were kept, and to spread the children's beds with clean things, dumping the soiled linen in the corner that served as a clothes-hamper.

The incident that I am about to relate illustrates Mrs. Rose's hit-and-miss method of living, as well as her total lack of thoughtfulness for me. I think I was the first servant of any kind that she had ever had. If she had been accustomed to the limitations of the serving human being, she would not have expected so much of me. Even a fifteen-hour day can be endured if there is some consideration for the weakness of the flesh on the part of the controlling power. Mrs. Rose never asked herself: "Is my servant a twenty-horse-power steam-engine, that she should do this thing?" Without meaning to be unkind, she seemed never to think that I might be tired.

One afternoon Gladys came to me, saying: "Mamma said you should put on my red dress."

"Where is it, Gladys?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't she tell you where?"

"I don't know."

I came down two flights of stairs to inquire of Mrs. Rose, who was on the veranda, where it was.

"Why," said she, "I told Gladys it was in the closet! You'll find it there, Anna."

Ascending the two flights, I searched the closet. Failing to find it there, I descended again and stated the fact to Mrs. Rose.

"Not there? Well, now, I wonder where it can be—my sister-in-law put some of Gladys's things somewhere. Look in the cellar, Anna. There's a big packing-box there where it might be."

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I descended to the cellar—searched the packing-box mentioned, and incidentally two other boxes, and found a miscellaneous collection of useless things, but not the dress. Again ascending, I informed Mrs. Rose.

"Oh, dear me! I have to look after everything myself! Well, Anna, look in the hall-closet."

Two flights up again; a hunt with a candle did not produce the red dress, and I went down the two flights to tell Mrs. Rose so.

"I don't understand this at all!" she exclaimed fretfully. "Are you sure you looked thoroughly? You are? Well, there's a pink gingham somewhere that I would rather have her wear anyway. Find that and put it on."

As the pink gingham had positively obtruded itself on my attention for the past two days, I went back up the two flights of stairs with Gladys, who, on seeing the pink, was most unfavorably impressed, remembering the charms of the mythical red, and wept with vigor.

Fourteen flights of stairs I had uselessly climbed or descended.

Despite her platitudes on the Law of Love, I saw no evidence that Mrs. Rose really loved her children. She lacked even that primitive form of natural affection which shows itself in anxiety for the health of the offspring. Gladys had had a cold for some days, and it developed into a sore throat with a troublesome cough. At my insistence, Mrs. Rose unearthed some medicine supposed to be efficacious in such cases, and I administered it at bed-time. After a restless hour Gladys fell asleep, only to wake at midnight with a fit of coughing. I did what I could with hot water, cough-sirup, and throat-tablets, and succeeded in getting her to sleep again by three.

The next morning when I carried up the mother's breakfast, I waited in vain for an inquiry about the child, and at last volunteered information as to her condition and the bad night she had spent. "Yes," said Mrs. Rose calmly, "I heard her coughing for a long time."

Inhuman as such conduct appears, it was not in reality so serious as her indifference to the bad quality of food she allowed her children—and herself—to eat, simply because she was too indolent to prepare or secure better. A mother who indulges her children in all the rich food they want may do their stomachs quite as much damage as did Mrs. Rose, in permitting hers to eat the pasty, lumpy cereals and hard bread that Mrs. Fischer's table afforded. But as a mother she is a more pleasing spectacle; she may at least be credited with affection, however foolishly displayed.

Mrs. Fischer, herself almost as untidy as Mrs. Rose, kept no servant, and had simplified the cooking to an astonishing extent. The bread she supplied I have never seen matched for durability; the human tooth made little impression upon the so-called soft part, and the crust was of the hardness of granite. How the children could absorb such food was a mystery to me, and I watched the destruction they wrought with silent wonder. Emerson may be right in his advice to "cast the bantling on the rocks"; but surely no one would advocate casting rocks into the bantling. This sort of training would be valuable to young goats or ostriches; stomachs that could digest that fare need never hesitate before a poster or a tin can; but the young of the human kind should not be reduced to such extremities.

The pasty complexions of the children, which not all their outdoor life could improve, I have no doubt were due to this poor food, and to the cheap candy which they were permitted to eat between meals.

I am strongly of the opinion that their irritability, their continuous whining and crying, were also largely owing to the same cause—the lack of proper nourishment and a consequent diseased condition of their stomachs. The food provided was filling merely, and I found the fare quite inadequate in nourishment for the fifteen hours of work that I had to do every day.

An apparently paradoxical, though natural result of Mrs. Rose's perversion of the Law of Love was the fact that the only authority which her children recognized was that of Physical Force. In spite of their mother's theories, their home life gave them no true conception of love; it must have been to them almost synonymous with indifference. They had never been appealed to through reason, and did not understand that method of approach. On the other hand, they saw—in their life outside the home—that Physical Force actually could and did attain its ends, and they respected it accordingly. Like all the rest of the race, they appreciated performance rather than theory.

The manifestation of Physical Force of which they knew most was of the lowest type—without intelligence. With the crowd of

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little boys and girls that ran the streets and played in the dirt together was Eddy, a half-witted boy of seventeen—tall, strong, and agile. His face was heavy and bestial; his speech thick and unintelligible, like the noise of an animal. Physically a man, mentally he was on the level of a child of five. By right of his bodily strength alone, he ruled his playmates, and the side which he advocated in a quarrel was certain of success. To gain his championship was the aim of the children. They bribed or persuaded him, and then used his strength as a weapon against their rivals.

"Bobby," I heard Harold say one day, "you give me that string. If you don't, I'll make Eddy hit you! Eddy, you hit Bobby."

Bobby fled precipitately, the great man-like animal at his heels. They rounded the corner of the house, but I judged from the ensuing sounds that Eddy had carried out Harold's commands.

Harold ruled Gladys by blows and pinches, by pulling her hair, and treading on her toes; and though she screamed and cried, she took it all as a matter of course, and would have yielded to no other persuasion. Nor did either of them often follow any of my instructions unless enforced by my good right arm.

Because of his previous training, I failed utterly in my attempt to show Harold the impropriety of his treatment of his sister. If he was stronger than she, why shouldn't he make her do as he told her? He was forced to do what he didn't want to do by some one stronger than himself.

The Right of the Strongest is sometimes rather trying to the strongest—which was the principal reason that Mrs. Rose did not exercise it. Bribery is much easier. "Gladys," I heard her say repeatedly, "if you will take your medicine like a good girl, I will give you a penny," or, "There, Harold, don't hit Gladys, and Anna shall read you a story before you go to bed." Early in my stay I gave up trying to bathe the children; but I still struggled to wash their ears. One evening as this process was in progress with its accompanying uproar, Mrs. Rose appeared at the bath-room door.

"Harold, what is the matter? What are you crying for?" she demanded.

"A-a-anna's washing my ears!"

"Well, you mustn't make so much noise. I thought you had fallen out of the window."

"But Anna's putting soap in my e-e-ears!"

"Well, Anna, never mind about doing that. He won't let you, and I can't have all this noise."

I can not balance the good and the evil in the up-bringing of these children as I did even in the case of the Sartain children, who, in spite of the example of drunkenness and profanity, had a mother's love, genuine, though unwisely manifested, and whose persons at least were cared for. In the lives of the young Roses there seemed practically nothing of good—from parental example, care, training, or surroundings.

The father stood for indifference to his family and a general disregard for public morality. This was not yet appreciated by his children, but they could hardly grow up blind to his lack of interest in them and their mother, nor deaf to the various scandalous stories current in the neighborhood.

The mother showed a serene indifference to them from every standpoint—physical, mental, and moral. She was a parasite as truly as any woman of the harem, but neglected the first duty of the harem woman: to keep herself beautiful and clean.

She did nothing of benefit to any human being; even bringing her children into the world must be counted to her as a crime rather than a credit, in view of the fact that she was rearing them to become worse than useless members of society.

These parents had given their children existence and the means—poor though it was—to continue it. For aught beyond this, the children owed them no duty, no debt of love nor gratitude. They did not give them physical care; they gave them no home life,—not even that element of it which consists in permanent objects endeared by association; they gave them no better weapon with which to fight the lions in their path than Physical Force; they gave them no wholesome training of any sort for body, mind, manners, nor morals. On the other hand, they burdened them with an inheritance of bad temper, they allowed them to acquire bad habits, and forced them into bad company. In a word, they set them a bad example, and left them to develop as chance directed. It is possible that they may become good and valuable citizens, but the odds are all against them, handicapped at the very beginning of their lives by those who should set them far on their way.

The "Experiences of a Nursery Governess" will be continued in the May number.

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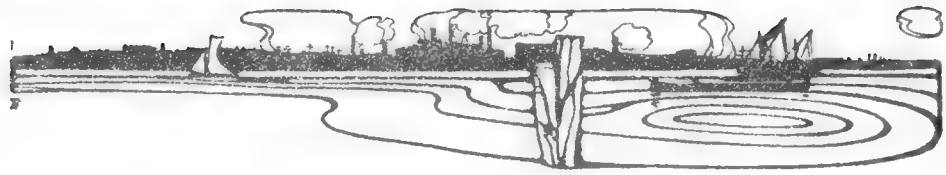

HOOLIGAN

The Slum as a World Power

By JOHN DENNIS, Jr.

Illustrated with Photographs

ONE day in London last summer when the sun happened to shine clear, four wretched men warmed themselves in the rare geniality, clinging to the railings of Leicester Square. Misery in London has its uniform familiar as the Horse Guards'. These men wore it. The soiled cap, the ragged cloth folded about the neck, the sorry rags of raiment, the transparent devices to conceal the absence of shirt, were parts of it; but hollow cheeks, leaden pallor, flat chests, sunken and inert eyes, the hopeless faces, and the listless attitudes were the surer badges of the great tribe of Hooligan.

The street tides flowed past, unnoted and unnoting. There was presently a stir on the sidewalks; people stopped and turned, necks were craned, a buzz went through the throng. A man was driving by in a carriage, a clean-shaven man, elderly, erect, with firm, keen face and cold, steady eyes. In front of the Hooligan squad a stout, florid person, who somehow seemed to have stepped from a Cruikshank drawing as he in the carriage from a Punch cartoon, raised a clinched fist and shook it.

"Chamberlain!" he snarled, "Chamberlain! 'E's no good!"

Some of the crowd laughed, some jeered, some looked shocked at the departure from London decorum. The men against the railings did not laugh, nor jeer, nor rouse from sodden lethargy, nor heed aught, but only stretched animal-like in the sun.

And yet if the man in the carriage had alighted there, if he had taken one of these creatures by the hand and cleped him brother, if he had stood there side by side with him in the face of London, the spectacular requirements of a great world-drama would have been complete. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Hooligan, the Hooligan and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, side by side in Leicester Square, as side by side they stand on the world's stage to pull down its vast commercial fabrics, to overturn national conditions, to build empires, affect destinies and change maps.

We shall have cause, soon or late, all of us, to take note of these portentous figures working together, one in the broad light of public affairs, one in the subcellars of the East End. It will be strange and we shall be lucky if, soon or late, we do not think their extraordinary partnership far more momentous than battles and sieges, and in its effects farther reaching than any war we are likely to see in this generation.

You know your Hooligan well if in London you have strayed from the beaten American highway of the Strand, Piccadilly, and Regent Street. You know his shambling gait, dreary rags, feeble form, his dull face, his vacuous air, his expression of unimagined misery that is not despair because it can never have known hope. You have seen him on many corners, skulking in archways, dozing in Trafalgar Square, drifting derelict in the pavement currents. If you have been in the East End you have seen him and his kind swarming in the side streets, the bottom of

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AGRICULTURE, WHICH HAD BEEN THE BACKBONE OF ENGLISH CHARACTER AND ENGLISH STRENGTH, WITHERED AWAY.

the human funnel, the offscourings and outcasts of a commercial civilization, too spiritless to be menacing, too numerous and too sinister to be ignored. And not him alone, but the women of his kind; the sad-eyed, hopeless women, crushed to the earth by an infinity of woes; and the joyless children with old men's faces and misshapen bodies and hunted looks. And perhaps you know the dreadful region where most he is to be found, the hideous filth and corrupted air, the black cloud of utter misery and infinite evil that darkens everything. Perhaps you have been able to imagine some more sickening

THE MEN THAT STORMED SEBASTOPOL ARE NO MORE, AND IN THEIR PLACE STANDS HOOLIGAN.

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and awful spectacle, or some more oppressive indictment of modern civilization, or some inferno fuller of anguish and ruined lives, but I do not know what it can be.

So far the world has heeded little of Hooligan. He casts no vote, he pays no taxes, he plies no trade; often he has no haunt, however wretched, that he can call home. He lives as he can, feeding upon bits as the dogs of Constantinople feed, the lowest of human creatures, the man least like a man, the thing that seems to have in him neither ape nor angel, the last slag of an exhausted human furnace.

Photograph by Gunn & Stuart, London, England.

THE HONORABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Sometimes with a half-score of his tribe he summons courage to rob a drunken man; once with a hundred thousand like unto himself he startled complacent London by marching in procession through her streets. Otherwise he has merely existed; otherwise he has crawled from his lairs and back again unheeded and unheeding. And now this melancholy, feeble creature, the titular sport of the unthinking, the type of all that is weak and fatuous in mankind, suddenly stands forth the most portentous figure on the world's horizon; now he thrusts forth a flaccid hand, and the farmer of America, the starving peasant of India, the cattle-herders of Australia and the Pampas, the builders of empires and the lords of war, and millions that never heard of Hooligan will feel his clutch around the world. Is it not something to make us all stop, half-appalled, to think that from the slums we have tolerated and neglected should issue, in a moment, vengeance in this fantastic shape and threaten to pull our houses about our ears?

Why? Because for the sake of Hooligan the whole economic policy of the British nation is to be overthrown. For him the British free trade by which America has thriven is to be destroyed, the wisdom of Cobden and Bright is to be made foolishness, the one feature of British policy that for more than fifty years has been held to be fixed and immovable is to be reversed; the circle of British possessions is to be brought into a new and compact commercial empire; conditions, trades, commerce, industries, international relations, treaties are to be changed. The slum has overcome the palace, the dweller in the subcellar of Stepney has proved more powerful than the millionaires of Park Lane, and Hooligan, rags, dirt, neck-cloth, hunger, and all, arises in this extraordinary fashion a triumphant world-power.

He has stood thus before in history when the triangular steel was busy in the Place de la Concorde and the Seine rolled heads seaward. Forms change, and tools; work and ideas remain the same. The slum does not use the guillotine now to avenge itself, nor force, nor bloodshed; but in the fulness of time its day seems to come as certainly.

For there is nothing in the tariff proposals of Mr. Chamberlain now convulsing Great Britain, nothing but Hooligan. They know in England the useful art of phrase-spinning.

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THE YOKEL HAS BECOME A HOOLIGAN.

Much they say in this tremendous discussion of fair trade and equalization, of "dumping" and unfair competition, of cheap food and dear food, of colonial brotherhood and British expansion. But back of all the neatly woven webs is Hooligan alone, steady, insistent, starving. All the ways of thought and discussion lead back to Hooligan, child of the slums. No one mentions him, no one refers to, nor hints of him; but all men that think at all, think of him with a growing sense of the awful question he compels, What shall we do about Hooligan?

Do you know what forced him upon the reluctant attention of reflective statesmen? The Boer war, that big-little struggle that has already meant so much in so many ways to British greatness. A few thinkers had taken note of him before and uttered unheeded warnings. They had said repeatedly, "This can not go on, this overcrowding and starving; this slum-living and alley-swarming; this is the sure road to trouble." They might as well have cried to stones. Their statistics meant naught to those that read only object-lessons; their remedies were bread-pills to a man with a perilous fever. So many remedies the industrious souls put forth! There was the "jam-cure," by which the people in the overcrowded cities were to be enticed into the deserted rural regions to grow small fruits. There was the scheme to make live-stock-raising popular and the scheme to revive dairying. There was the scheme to build suburban cities and the scheme to build model tenements. There were fresh-air schemes, and settlement schemes, and loan art-exhibits, and people's halls, and county-council projects, and fancy faints to imagine all the rest.

But all availed not. Hooligan would none of the jam-cure; the live-stock farms failed, in spite of royal approval, to revive drooping agriculture; dairying declined to live again; the suburban cities and settlements and Toynbee Halls were indiscernible oases in the illimitable desert; the model tenements were so much better than the average London dwellings that they were seized by the well-to-do; and it even appeared that the ineffable misery of millions was not essentially to be bettered by admirable loan exhibits in Whitechapel.

For in spite of all, Hooligan multiplied amazingly, and in spite of all, Hooligan lived and bred in places and conditions fatal to health and strength.

He came from the country; that was the double-edged harm. He had been coming from the country for more than fifty years. In the silent revolution that followed upon

THE TRUTH DAWNED ON THE NATION THAT THE TRAINED REGIMENTS WOULD NOT BE EFFICIENT IF HOOLIGAN PREDOMINATED IN THEIR RANKS.

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the abolishing of the Corn Laws—upon Free Trade, if you will—agriculture, which had been the backbone of English character and English strength, withered away. Vast areas devoted to the growing of wheat became hunting-fields, meadow-lands, moors, nothing. The stout yeomanry, their country's pride, ceased to exist. England turned from agriculture to manufacturing; the country and the country town and village began to dry up, and a steady stream of indigent men and women poured into the great cities. The yokel became a Hooligan.

THE COUNTRY AND THE COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES BEGAN TO DRY UP.

In America we can not well understand the "housing problem" as it confronts and overwhelms English statesmanship, because when people pour into an American town the town spreads farther over the prairie and all is well. But London and Bristol and Birmingham have no prairies to spread over. The outlying land is, and has been for centuries, owned by a few great estates; the estates can not or will not sell, and can not or will not utilize the land to erect such homes as the poor can occupy. A suburb like the Brownsville of Brooklyn is as impossible in or near a great English city as it would be in the Arctic circle.

Caught in this iron trap, therefore, a trap without door, or window, or any other way of escape, Hooligan had no recourse but to multiply himself within it. Presently it became crowded to suffocation; eventually he was living in unlighted attics and noisome cellars, and from these dreadful places emerged in time a race of children physically vitiated and mentally inept.

Not in London alone; every large city infolded, without regarding it, the same disease. Hooligan swarmed in Leeds, Sheffield, and Manchester as he swarmed in the metropolis, sinking lower in each generation, often too feeble of body and mind for industry, if there had been industry for him; steadily increasing, steadily piling up the terrible account that he was some day to present to the nation.

The blow that the wise men had foreseen fell with the Boer war. It was the first serious struggle that England had confronted since the Crimea, almost fifty years gone; the first war not with inferior peoples. Enlistments were called for to supplement the regular troops that had been invulnerable against Ashantis and Louis Riel's half-breeds. In a day, as it seemed, the nation awoke to the fact that its physical vigor was sapped. It had no material for soldiers. The percentage of rejections at the enlistment stations appalled every reflective mind.

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The standards were lowered, the tests were conveniently made easy; the rejections continued to be most alarming. Regiments were patched together of boys and anemic youths. They were food for the hospitals, not for powder. Once in South Africa, enteric swept them off like flies; they were only the shells of men.

There were other things equally disturbing. Men gathered from the despatches that, as a matter of fact, the war was fought on the British side by the Colonials, Irish, and Scotch. Otherwise the immense army poured into South Africa seemed strangely idle. Presently the truth dawned upon the nation that even the trained and veteran regiments were not efficient if Hooligan predominated in their ranks.

This was bad, very bad, but I do not know that even this is all the story. Something always seemed untold. The numbers of rejections before the standards were lowered are enigmatical. England stands in a position so full of peril before Europe, there is so much in her "magnificent isolation" inviting to attack, that she has mastered, perforce, no doubt, the problem of doing her laundry-work out of her neighbors' sight. There have been hints of worse revelations than those I have mentioned. A London newspaper asserted that of 11,000 men examined for enlistment in Manchester nearly 10,000 were rejected. The statistics and facts about the physical condition and services of the recruits in South Africa are not available. Doubtless it is well that they should slumber in the archives of the war office. But while the able statesmen of England continued to front, with smiling and contented faces, the jealous eyes of Europe, it is certain that they saw clearly the grave significance of the situation. If this were the real military strength of the nation when pitted against a handful of raw peasants, what would be the disclosures should England face the trained and iron squadrons of Germany? What if Fashoda should threaten again? In the English sky there is always a war cumulus somewhere on the horizon and usually it has a fancied shape very like the features of the war-lord. Suppose it should blow up now?

JOYLESS CHILDREN WITH MISSHAPEN BODIES AND HUNTED LOOKS.

And the English people had always trusted so implicitly in their traditional physical stamina. Of the 185 British campaigns between the accession of Queen Victoria and the justly celebrated foot-race from Dundee to Ladysmith, 184 had been against naked savages or ignorant races. No doubt, sufficient allowance had not been made in the popular mind for the inferior quality of the opposition. Victory, in spite of Cabool and some other things, had grown to be regarded as permanently perched upon the British banners. And meanwhile, a change, tremendous, but unnoted, had gone on in the habits and stamina and physical type of that class of men that must ever make the rank

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IN SPITE OF ALL, HOOLIGAN LIVED AND BRED IN PLACES AND CONDITIONS FATAL TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

and file of armies. The men that faced the Malakoff and stormed Sebastopol were no more, and in their place stood Hooligan, and of carving Hooligan the finished product of European militarism would make but holiday sport.

The conviction staggered the country. That way they have in England of not showing their hurts, knowing how closely they are scrutinized by malignant eyes, now stood them in good stead. The newspapers said as little as possible about the painful discoveries; to this day they will not discuss the subject. But there were the inevitable facts, absolute, certain, incontrovertible. England, alone in the world, bayed by continental Europe, perpetually threatened by Russia in the East and Germany nearer home, found herself leaning on a broken reed—and the reed was Hooligan.

She set to work in ineffectual ways to cope with the peril. Commissions were named to investigate the physical condition of the children of the poor. Efforts were made to stimulate athletic exercise and healthful living. The London County Council, a body singularly overpraised and overestimated, redoubled its efforts to increase the housing accommodations. Many men quietly agreed that compulsory military service was certain in the near future. Physicians and medical writers suggested plans for improved sanitation.

But one man saw or believed he saw the road of light. Hooligan was the product of decaying agriculture. When the farm-lands of England had teemed with wheat and oats he was unknown. When the typical Englishman of the class that went to war—the John Bull of tradition—was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, a ruddy-cheeked giant, then the brawn and endurance of the Englishman were a proverb. Against him Hooligan, anemic, neurotic, emaciated, too often degenerate, dull of wit and feeble of will, showed like a figure of fright. Yet John Bull had vanished and Hooligan cowered in his place. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain believed that the only way to bring back John Bull and remove Hooligan was to restore agriculture, and by making it profitable and largely followed, draw the teeming millions again to the country. The way to do that was to place import duties on foreign agricultural products. In other words, to abandon Free Trade and return to Protection.

And that, in naked terms, is the Chamberlain proposal and the reason for it. No one knows better than its projector the enormous difficulty of the task he has undertaken.

FROM UNLIGHTED ATTICS AND NOISOME CELLARS EMERGED A RACE OF CHILDREN PHYSICALLY VITIATED AND MENTALLY INEPT.

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THE WOMEN OF HIS KIND.

Change is abhorrent to the English mind; change from an established national policy is infinitely hateful. Mr. Chamberlain has therefore applied much gilding to his plan. He has thrown in the idea of admitting colonial products free of duty, the idea of an imperial customs union, so to speak, to catch the imperialists. He has added duties on manufactures to please the mill-owners oppressed by German and American competition. He has held out vague suggestions of an old-age pension to catch the socialists and the working men. He has emphasized the desirability of being self-feeding in wartime to appeal to the timid, and the necessity of commercial retaliation on Germany to catch the music-halls. But the real beneficiary of all his scheming is—Hooligan.

The warfare is waged fiercely throughout Great Britain. Since Chartism, the country has not been so excited over any political question. The Free Traders fight hard. A flood of tracts and counter-tracts, of books, cartoons, and leaflets pours from the presses of the factions. The Free Traders invoke the shade of Cobden and dwell upon the rise of English prosperity (statistical) under Free Trade. Facts and figures are strewn knee-deep. Great meetings are held nightly in every city and province. Parliamentary elections turn upon the one great issue this bold man has forced. Very many of Mr. Chamberlain's own party have deserted him. The Cabinet has been disrupted and the Government threatened with imminent ruin on his account. Parliament is torn by acrid debate over him; new alliances and new antipathies are strangely changing the party alignments. A majority of the newspapers, Conservative as well as Liberal, strenuously oppose the proposed change. Mr. Chamberlain has lost most of the tests in the by-elections. Apparently he has two-thirds of the nation against him. And yet, if he lives, he is absolutely certain of winning, and if he dies, his idea is absolutely certain to win after him.

Why? Hooligan.

Thin, stooping, hungry, feeble, multiplying, perilous, he sweeps away all arguments, theories, sophistries, and leaves visible only himself. Free Trade may be good or bad, it may be scientific or nonsensical. The gentlemen that argue about it with such learned research and labored effort do but waste time. The most imposing of their rhetorical structures collapses before the one question always returning: "What are you

YOUNG HOOLIGANS ON THE WAR PATH.

going to do about Hooligan?" And it grows more insistent, and more troublesome, and more apparent every day, as daily the tribe of Hooligan swells and swells and his misery increases.

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Am I exaggerating the facts about the starving, the overcrowding, the frightful conditions in which millions are born, reared, and die? Only by understating them. Let me refer you to the cold truths of census reports. So far back as 1891 these showed that there were then in London 174,500 tenements (homes for families) that consisted of only one room. Of these more than 29,000 held three persons, more than 16,000 held four, more than 7,000 held five, more than 2,500 held six, more than 850 held seven, more than 250 held eight. The others held each nine, ten, eleven, twelve, or more.*

This was in 1891, thirteen years ago. Since then all these conditions have grown infinitely worse because of the increasing flood from the country and that vast immigration from the basin of the Baltic that Parliament has tardily undertaken to stem. Read the frigid reports of East End coroners, and police-court hearings printed in odd corners of London papers. In one case lately before the coroner at Stepney it was shown that a family of nine persons lived in a subcellar used in the daytime as a carpenter-shop. The only light came through a grating at one end, under which the carpenter had his bench. Father and mother and seven children slept on the shavings. The place was horribly damp and foul. There was but the one room, and above it, if you will believe me, was a school!

At the close of 1903 there were 124,000 recognized paupers in London in receipt of Poor Law relief, and the number was steadily growing. Not fewer than 200,000 people there are without anything they can, by any stretch of the imagination, call home.

On the night of January 29th of last year, medical officers and inspectors of the London County Council took a kind of census of London outcasts. Between one o'clock and five o'clock in the morning, from Hyde Park to Whitechapel and Holborn to the Thames they counted 1,609 men and 188 women walking the streets without a place to sleep, or sleeping in doorways. On the basis of these figures gathered in four hours' observations the officers estimated that one person in every 2,000 in London was a homeless outcast. And among the 1,797 wretched wanderers thus counted, fifty were little children!

When Mr. Jack London investigated these matters two years ago he found that twenty-one per cent. of the people of London were driven to the parish for relief, that there were in London 1,800,000 persons that were destitute or lived on the imminent edge of destitution, that one person in every four in London died supported by public charity, that in the United Kingdom, with 47,000,000 inhabitants, there were 8,000,000 constantly in danger of starving, "and 20,000,000 more are not comfortable in the simple and clean sense of the word."*

It is the same in all the cities. In York, with only 75,000 inhabitants, official investigation shows that six per cent. of the population live in most unsanitary conditions. The slums of Liverpool, Bristol, Edinburgh are great breeding-places for disease, physical decay, and mental inanition. Investigation of the "board schools" (the public schools, which in England are used only by the children of the poor) shows frightful percentages of degeneracy and deformity.

Dr. Robert Jones, an eminent London physician, engaged in hospital work for the insane, lately wrote to the *Times* that not only was insanity among the masses constantly increasing, but it tended to assume worse forms, and that in 1,000 consecutive male cases between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five years the average weight and stature were so far below the normal that he concluded that there was an "alarming impairment" in national physique. He put his finger unerringly upon the cause: "overcrowding in ill-lighted, insanitary houses and in poisoned air, conditions which favor the social plagues of drink and disease, all of which cause a lowering of manly vigor and physique." Dr. Robert Farquarson, another eminent physician, certified to the absolute truth of these conclusions and told worse things. The President of a Manchester Improvement Association testified that there were large districts in Manchester in which there were "no well-grown children or men and women except those who have been born in the country."

Am I exaggerating about the military phase of Hooligan's problem? The evidence taken by the Royal Commission of Physical Training shows that of 12,292 recruits examined by Lieutenant-Colonel Donn, of the army medical staff, in 1901, thirty-two per cent. had to be rejected for physical defects even after the standards had been lowered, and that most of the rejections were for

* Quoted from Charles Booth.

* The People of the Abyss.

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under weight, under chest measurement, and under height. And of those that were accepted, as Dr. Jones had pointed out to the *Times*, the majority promptly fell ill of cholera and enteric, and the expense of taking them to South Africa was wasted.

Or am I exaggerating about the cause of these calamities? In 1852 Great Britain produced nearly all the food it consumed; now it imports seventy-five per cent. of the food it consumes. In 1876, according to a very able writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, the yield of British wheat was 18,000,000 quarters, valued at £45,000,000; in 1901 the yield of British wheat was 6,500,000 quarters, valued at £9,000,000. In twenty years there has been a decrease in the cultivated area of British green crops of not far from a million acres. And meantime the normal population of the agricultural regions has decreased by half a million souls.

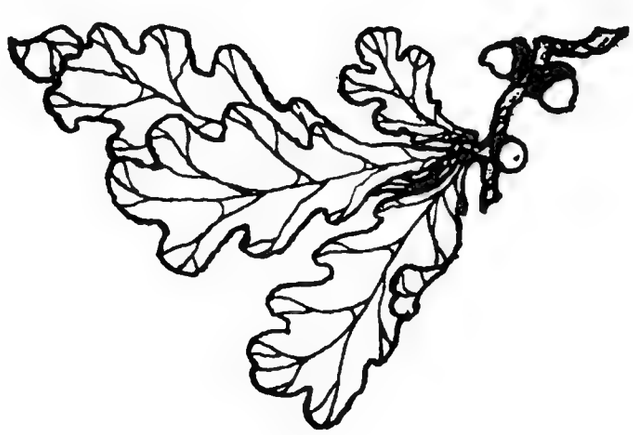
Yes, Mr. Chamberlain and Hooligan will win; soon or late they will win. And when they win, and Mr. Chamberlain stands premier in the full glory of the most astonishing achievement in modern politics, how about us? How about the rest of the world? At present Great Britain takes forty per cent. of our total exports. How will it be when a tariff-wall shuts off this enormous business? What about our wheat-growers then? Over in Manitoba, across the border, the farmer will be sending his wheat free of duty to our old customers, cut off from us by a preferential tariff. What will Dakota wheat-farms be worth then?

How about our manufactures, deprived of their largest and most lucrative foreign markets? What will Canada be when all her products are admitted duty free and ours are excluded? And not ours alone, but all the non-British world's. Those enormous supplies of raw and finished material that England now draws from us, from Germany, France, Russia, South America, the ends of the earth—the bulk of these must then come from the British colonies, chiefly from Canada and Australia. At one bound Canada, which we have never regarded as a serious rival in anything but lake-yachting, will become the busiest region on the continent. Industries that we are now building with pride and profits will simply move over the border-line. How will it be with us then?

Germany, that now floods England with cheap and excellent goods to the terror of the English manufacturer, where will she turn for a market? What about the iron-workers of Belgium, the dairymen of Denmark and Holland, the lace and silk weavers of France and Switzerland? How about the wheat-growers of Russia and Argentina?

Germany is now steadily pushing England to the wall in commercial competition. What will be the attitude of Germany when she finds herself crippled by this tremendous blow? What will be the effect upon world politics when the entire circle of British possessions around the world is drawn into one solidarity of empire? When the same tariff-fence shuts all in? When the remotest British island has an advantage in British markets over every land that does not fly the British flag? What will Germany do with her idle factory hands? What will India, Canada, Australia become when this golden era of prosperity dawns upon them?

And all this for Hooligan; all this for the gaunt, shrinking, wretched creature; all this for the reeking slums that Great Britain has neglected so many years. Is it not a monstrous price to pay for slums and slum products? But so was the price monstrous when the heads rolled into the Seine. Where is wisdom and what nation learns it?



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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART II

In this instalment the author describes the process of accumulating the copper properties which went to the making of Amalgamated. The tremendous excitement the movement aroused in Boston, the market battles waged over coveted stocks, and the various vicissitudes of a spirited campaign, are set forth in a vivid and picturesque narrative. A crowning exhibit of the "System's" method of possessing itself of other people's money is presented in the story of how the stockholders of Utah Consolidated, including a great corporation lawyer, were tricked out of stock worth millions of dollars—one of the most extraordinary performances of Frenzied Finance. The details of this marvelously profitable piece of financial legerdemain are frankly exposed, and afford a fresh example of the "System's" insensate greed for the dollars of others and the lengths it will go to grab them.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

CHAPTER XII

THE AVID "SYSTEM"

AT last I found myself equipped to carry out the great project which had so long inspired and absorbed my dreams and my thoughts. A real exultation seized me as I thought over the splendid task Fate had hewed out for me. To organize "Coppers" into a great investment security; to weld the score or so of mines into a monumental institution, the stock of which should be for solidity and stability as a United States bond; to found this institution so deep and strong that it might defy all the winds and waves of speculative aberration, gave aim and scope for the most soaring ambition. The very thought was stimulating. To realize this gigantic design I had unlimited money and the right to use the magic name of "Standard Oil." No man could ask more. I set to work with a will.

Though the tools and the means were ready to hand, the task itself was of such great physical proportions that its execution required all my resources of energy, foresight, and patience. There ensued a long period of preparation. For months it was night and day farm-horse work, ploughing the ground, pulling stumps, loosening up and digging out buried boulders. There were collisions and accidents to the machinery. Once again I proved what I had long before discovered, that power and will are only the infantry and cavalry of accomplishment, and that possession is seldom gained without siege and battle. Of fighting there was soon a plenty—when my campaign began—of skirmishes, ambuscades, and raids. To relate all the details of these minor encounters would take too long, so I shall skim through and around them, touching here and there on main points and exciting complications as the narrative requires. In order that my readers may more easily follow the story from this stage to the commission of the first great crime—the flotation of the first section of Amalgamated—I shall not attempt to present events in the order of their occurrence nor to give exact dates. The period covered will be from November, 1896, the date of the court scene in Delaware, to May, 1899, when the "Stand-

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ard Oil"-City Bank crowd so deftly flim-flammed the public out of the first $36,000,000 and circulated the knockout drops which made possible the abstraction of the other millions later.

In the ensuing narrative the great capitalists and bankers of the United States will be revealed practising the mean devices of confidence operators in their schemes to add other men's millions to their own vast hoards. There will be exposed the most gigantic conspiracy to defraud ever organized, but after all the knavery and dishonor have been laid bare, one redeeming feature will be disclosed—it was a great stake that these men sought, the biggest that crooks ever played for—$36,000,000. The average man is prone to lose sight of perfidy in magnitude and to say, when he hears all the facts: "At least these rascals hunt big game." I wish to say here that such distinction is undeserved. The "System" is omnivorous. Its insatiable maw yawns as greedily for the ten-cent pieces of the people as for the thousands of the larger investor. It is as avid and relentless in devising ant-traps as elephant-snares. There fell into my hands recently certain valuable documents in the meanest of contemporary swindles, which reveal the connection of the National City Bank, certain of its officers and other important financial interests, with a plot to fleece the fag ends of the public. The details of the Munroe & Munroe-Montreal & Boston conspiracy have been widely published, and the world is well aware now of the two Munroes, graduates of a gents' furnishing goods shop in Montreal, introduced into high finance in New York, organizing with the assistance of the great Rockefeller-Stillman-Rogers bank a copper corporation with shares at a par value of five dollars. There never was such barefaced exploitation as was used on behalf of this proposition. It was advertised as a bonanza; investors were guaranteed against loss by an agreement that their stock would double and treble in price, and that the company stood ready at all times to buy back shares at cost. The intention was plainly to entice into the Montreal & Boston people of very limited means, who could ill afford to lose their savings.

The sudden panic, brought about by the warning to the people of the traps that were being set for them, caught napping many of the "System's" votaries, large and small, and before they could get their different devices even-keeled from the shock caused by that single blast of truth, the public got a peep 'tween decks into the machinery. Among those whose port-holes were blown wide open was the Munroe & Munroe-City Bank-Montreal and Boston outfit, whose scheme went down like a card house in the blow. A receiver was at once appointed to take care of the débris. This mishap revealed an amazing condition of affairs. With only $2,000 capital, Munroe & Munroe had arranged with the great National City Bank to honor their checks for immense sums every day, the proceeds being used to carry on a series of fictitious transactions in Montreal & Boston stock for the purpose of beguiling the public into purchasing it. The affair was a ten-days' wonder, and was finally squelched by the great Bank throwing over its vice-president, Archibald G. Loomis, who had bravely shouldered the responsibility for the transaction. At writing, two professional gamblers, who seem to have been the principal victims of the underwriting end of the swindle, are being settled with, and the whole affair will soon be buried from public gaze.

The episode was, on the whole, so foul in its revelation of greed that even Wall Street was horrified — not at the arrant double-dealing exposed, but that the "System" should descend to such vulgar malpractice. The documents now in my possession, which I shall publish later in my story, include the original underwriters' agreement, which, at great cost of time and money, has so far been kept from the public, and they show some of the greatest bankers in the land deliberately planning, by the use of fraudulent papers and bogus agreements, to beguile investors to adventure their money in a scheme the sole purpose of which was the enrichment of its organizers. The whole performance reveals a depravity so profound and a greed so heartless, that the people may well tremble for the safety of their savings entrusted to the custody of men of this type. It also proves my contention that the "System," while depending on burglary for its largest returns, does not despise the small profits of the pickpocket.

CHAPTER XIII

THE COPPER CAMPAIGN OPENS

My plans for the great copper campaign were most carefully diagrammed, then spread before Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller, who,

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before approving, tested every dot and detail of them. The formal scope of our action decided on, it was agreed that I should be free to work in my own way, and it was understood that I should, as far as possible, carry the campaign on my own shoulders, using to the limit my personal capital and credit. "Coppers" was to be a Lawson operation on the face of it, and I was determined, for many reasons, to avail myself of "Standard Oil's" aid only in taking care of completed transactions and not at all in the preliminary negotiations. This was not always possible, but the condition, and my desire to make a brilliant showing, explain the straits I was sometimes put to in conducting some of my deals. From the start I had a big personal stake in the success of my campaign, for when I showed Mr. Rogers my hand in the beginning, I had 46,000 shares of Butte & Boston, and my following among the public owned as many more. They had agreed that the profits on this stock, when it was taken into the consolidation, should be mine entirely in payment of my own work and risk.

There was another transaction I had in mind which also fairly belonged to me. As defined in the March instalment of this story, I had undertaken to dispose of Bay State Gas stock, and by this time I had succeeded in placing a large number of the shares. The proceeds, $2,300,000, were in the treasury of the company. Now the charter of Addicks's company permitted it to buy, sell, and deal in anything and everything, and I saw here a good opportunity to enable Bay State to earn the balance of the money necessary to relieve its indebtedness to Mr. Rogers—between four and six millions of dollars. So I explained to Mr. Rogers that as soon as our copper deal had progressed to a point where there was absolutely no risk, and a large gain was assured, I should make a bargain with Bay State, whereby for a part of the profits I would pilot the investment of the company's cash in Butte & Boston. This proposition he considered fair, and he agreed that neither he nor Mr. Rockefeller would consider themselves "in" on that bargain, save as indirectly profiting by it through the successful winding up of their Boston gas investments.

It is impossible for any great move to be begun in the stock-market without some suggestion getting into the air which notifies "the Street"* that "something is up." Not long after my alliance with Rogers had been formally arranged, the atmosphere of State Street grew thick with rumors about "Coppers." Some of these announced that I had hitched up with "Standard Oil"; others denied it; but among them all an influence was wrought, and the leading stocks became very active and increased rapidly in price.

We had agreed that the first companies to go into our consolidation should be Butte & Boston, Boston & Montana, Calumet & Hecla, Osceola, Quincy, Tamarack, and any other of the long-established properties of which we could get hold. It would be difficult, we knew, to purchase the control of the Calumet & Hecla, for its owners thought too highly of their investment to part with it, but it was safe to buy whatever was offered, and if we accumulated less than a majority of the shares we could easily resell at a large profit. I began my operation with Boston & Montana stock, buying cautiously and obtaining it at fair prices, and this transaction, though conducted quietly, added fresh fuel to the rumor blaze. Finally Boston became so excited over the situation that I came out with a public statement in which I frankly showed what I was trying to do. In all such affairs, however, the explanation of any man known in his business as a stock speculator or manipulator is never accepted as true. It is assumed that such announcements are merely blinds to disguise his real purpose; that they are feints or manœuvers in his campaign. So when I declared that I was working out plans for the consolidation of all good Boston "Coppers," and that associated with me were the strongest capitalists in the world, a laugh went up from a goodly portion of "the Street"—a laugh similar to that which was heard nine months ago when I said in the Foreword to my story that the work I was about to attempt was for the benefit of the people. The hireling News Bureaus shrieked at my presumption and the absurdity of my combination, and when after a hot day's operations I was quoted in the financial press as telling my followers that it was "Standard Oil" money which was to back "Coppers," Barron, whose News Bureau molded opinion for the opposing copper magnates, came out with a statement:

* "The Street" is a general term used to designate the stock operators, the fraternity in New York being known as Wall Street, in Boston as State Street, and in Philadelphia as Broad Street; these streets are the center of the financial districts of these respective cities, the Stock Exchanges being situated on them.

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"Lawson is spreading in his peculiar underground ways that the Standard Oil crowd is looking into Coppers. Just enough countrymen swallowed his yarns to enable him to boost prices over six points to-day, but by to-morrow, when the Rockefellers or Rogers of Standard Oil put their foot down on his transparent lies, those who were foolish enough to listen to his ridiculous fakes will find they must sell at a loss. We can say, on a high authority in Standard Oil, that they have never bought nor contemplated buying a share of any copper stock."

My enemies were numerous and powerful, and there were many other announcements of the same character as Barron's tending to cast ridicule on my movement and expose me as a falsifier. Indeed, notwithstanding the merits of the plan and the benefit it must confer on all copper properties, I was assailed as fiercely as though I had advocated anarchy or had prepared a scheme of wholesale plundering. In stock affairs innovations are resented and resisted even more fiercely than in other walks of life, and the Boston money crowd fought me tooth and nail. The titles I acquired in those days were varied and startling. For one set I was a "charlatan," "wizard," "fakir," an "unprincipled manipulator"; in another I was a "copper king" or a "prince of plungers." Feeling ran high, and prices rose and fell in the most erratic and extravagant fashion. Certain stocks advanced or receded from five to ten points in as many hours or minutes. Fortunes were made and lost daily. Some of the public, confused by the conflict of opinions and announcements, sold their holdings, and that added to the immense burden I was carrying. So fiercely was I attacked that it almost seemed at times as if my enemies might prevail in spite of the great powers at my back. Indeed, there were tense moments when my fate as well as my plans trembled in the balance. Several times I was sent for by Mr. Rogers for a war council, and as I detailed to them my lines of defense and enumerated my resources, I sometimes suspected that even these storm-beaten warriors were tiring of the fray.

The fiercest fighting at that early period centered round Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana. Many a spirited engagement we fought on the floor of the Exchange. Perhaps the fiercest of these began when, after a strenuous rush one morning, I rapidly carried the price of Butte up. This exploit so enraged my adversaries that they got together and organized a powerful combination against me. This included several of the leading banks and trust companies of Boston that held large amounts of stocks as collateral for my loans. At a given moment it was arranged that all these loans, aggregating millions of dollars, should be called; and further to intensify the complication they expected to bring about, a strong mutual friend attempted to scare Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers by informing them that the titles to these particular properties were defective, and that a man, then unknown, named Heinze, who had made himself very strong with the Montana courts, was about to make a move to confiscate them. There was a hurry call for me from New York, and this time the explanations had to be very full, for "Standard Oil" had an impression that while my general plan might be meritorious, it was possible that I had the details "skewed." However, I satisfied them as to the facts and then tackled my own problem, for these individual engagements I handled myself, using my own personal resources to take care of them. The emergency that had developed thus suddenly was so serious as to be alarming, and it devolved on me to do something at once. I was reminded by the situation of a yachting experience I had gone through not so long before. We were broad-reaching down the New England coast, close in, with a 20-knot sou'wester blowing. Suddenly, without apparent reason, my skipper put the wheel down hard and brought the craft up all standing. A second later a "twister" from the hills struck down upon us, and adroitly he headed her into it.

"How in the world did you know that was coming?" I asked.

The old sea-dog replied, "I smelt her, sir, just smelt her."

For those unacquainted with the freaky ways of our New England coast winds it may be explained that when a "twister" off the hills gets ready to do business in a 20-knot sou'wester it sends no messenger boys ahead to distribute handbills of its intentions. You hear one shriek and the blow is upon you; and woe betide the unthinking skipper who attempts holding his craft to her course or paying her off till she catches it full. He is likely to have mourners at home if a married man, and "cussing" owners if the craft is not his own. As my old sea-dog afterward wisely observed, "When you smell a land 'twister,' act first and think afterward, or your widow will get blear-eyed watching for you to make harbor."

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In the stock-market on this particular morning it was decidedly a case of "act first and think afterwards." The "twister" was a fierce one, for not only were my stocks assailed, but the rumor machines were turning out all sorts of yarns affecting my credit, as the knowledge gradually filtered through the market that my loans had been called. My stocks broke badly, and when the market closed it really seemed as though I might have to verify the rumor that they would wind me up the next day.

It was at this particular stage that the Bay State was let into the deal. I had a long consultation with Addicks that night and showed him my hand. He agreed that with what I already had of the stock and "Standard Oil's" backing, the venture came as near being an absolutely sure thing as could ever be found in stocks. My proposition was that I should secure for the Bay State Company 50,000 shares of Butte at an average of 20 to 25, and that I should have half the profits of the venture provided they aggregated over two millions of dollars. Coming to Addicks in this emergency was cold-blooded business on my part, and, it goes without saying, was frozen-blooded business on his, for he evidently saw then what I did not until later, that there was an excellent opportunity to practise his pet game—make money and double-cross his partner while doing so. We clinched the deal that night, and next day in the market I turned the tables, for I took every share my opponents offered for sale, and the stock, instead of dropping out of sight, became firm, then began to mount, and never after fell again.

The Bay State's venture showed a profit afterward of four millions of dollars, but of my share of this large sum I was deprived, as I will detail later.

There come in all active men's lives times of crisis, and in these periods happen things strange and unforeseen. It is then a man feels himself a feather on the ocean, helpless and adrift, and that powers far beyond his own determine his way and rule his course.

At this juncture there occurred one of those strange and sad fatalities which with its attendant circumstances helps to explain why those of us who play with stock-markets grow superstitious. I have spoken of my secretary, Mr. Vinal, a man of admirable discretion and absolute loyalty, who was my right hand in executing the minutiæ of the various operations I then was engaged in. In such affairs the fidelity of one's aides must be beyond all question, for if the merest detail of one's plans leaks out at the critical moment, one is undone beyond recovery. After my talk with Addicks I had laid out the campaign for the next day's engagement and called in Vinal to explain to him his own part. He was to attend to taking up and transferring the loans that had been called, and I armed him with my power of attorney and blank checks, instructing him to put these matters through without further consultation with me, for my entire time must belong to my brokers during the battle of prices which I knew must inevitably come with the stroke of the gong that opened the Exchange at ten, and which would rage until its close at three. As I had anticipated, the assault was fierce. It was give and take, charge and retreat, all day. A few minutes after twelve Vinal pushed through a crowd of brokers to me and said, "I'm about half through my shifting, but a telephone has just come from Mrs. Lawson saying that something has happened at the school and would I at once get a carriage and bring your daughters home. It will take half an hour. Shall I go at once?" I replied, "You had better, but get back as quickly as possible." A minute later a thought occurred to me, and I sent a boy to call Vinal back. He reported that my secretary had jumped into "Ben's" cab ("Ben" was a cabman whose stand had been in front of 33 State Street since my boyhood days). I returned to the fray. Fifteen minutes later the appalling message that startled all Boston at the time came over the ticker tape, "Terrible Explosion! Boston Gas Company's pipes in the Subway have blown scores to death." Then there floated in to me a rumor, vague, indefinite, that Vinal was a victim. I jumped into a cab and in a few moments was at the undertaker's to whose place the corpses were being removed. The undertaker stepped up to me and said, "Poor Vinal! Don't look at him, for it is frightful. He was on the very apex of the explosion, and he and 'Ben' were both instantly killed and are frightfully burned. The only thing recognizable is this envelope, which I found among the rags that were left of his coat." He handed me over the large envelope in which I had seen Vinal that very morning depositing the various documents, checks, and securities which he required for his day's operations. It was burned round the edges, but the contents

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were uninjured, and among the papers was a carefully prepared memorandum showing to a dot just where my secretary had left off in his exchanges. He had evidently just finished making notes, for so carefully arranged were the contents of the envelope that all that was necessary to complete the business was to turn it over to Vinal's assistant. No further explanation was required. That envelope represented two millions of money and securities.

Poor Vinal! Another victim of that soulless corporation hag, Boston Gas, to prolong whose life he had spent some of the best years of his own. Vinal was very dear to me. He had filled my canteen, held my ammunition, and carried my knapsack through many a hard-fought battle, willingly allowing others to do the cheering in victory, but reserving to himself the right to suggest and console when the clouds lowered and we were left alone on the field of defeat or the dusty road of retreat. Poor Vinal! He was worth a hundred copper deals or corporation hags.

Between death and life, success and failure, what a hair's breadth, after all. If Vinal had stubbed his toe, or had been able to take the first cab he found; if he had heard my call which would have brought him back; if he had tarried a moment longer in the Young Men's Christian Association where he had stopped to deliver a message, he would have escaped. The thought did not occur to me at the moment, for Vinal's death was too keen a personal sorrow to allow me to estimate my own narrow escape, but if that envelope, so miraculously preserved, had been burned as were the other papers in my secretary's pocket, there might have been no Amalgamated. "Coppers" must have dropped back to the lowly place from which Rogers had lifted them, for I should have been financially ruined.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BUNCOING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF UTAH

THIS was veritably a period of financial delirium in Boston. No one talked or thought of aught but "Coppers." The air was full of mysterious yarns and the Stock Exchange was hung with Aladdin lamps. From every nook and corner of State Street, from the chinks between its sedate old cobblestones, came forth copper mines—mines undreamt of before and unheard of since. Innumerable devices were rigged to take advantage of the prevailing intoxication. The prices of the strong properties leaped up with breath-taking rapidity. The copper epidemic spread over New England and began to extend in constantly widening circles through the rest of the country, while from England, France, and Germany came daily news of symptoms which proved that the infection had crossed the ocean. I, with my hands full, kept two secretaries busy shooing away industrious promoters who came at me in armies with old and new copper properties, which I might have on my own or any old terms.

In the midst of this excitement I had my first real demonstration of the "System's" method of making dollars from nothing. Well, as I thought I knew the game I'll admit that I looked on open-mouthed, like the veriest novice, at the magic wrought by the simple use of the name "Standard Oil." Even now I can hear myself as I gasped, "Heaven help the people if this sort of thing can be done in America, for Heaven alone has power to help them."

The Boston and New York brokerage house of Clark, Ward & Co. had promoted the Utah Consolidated Mining Company of Utah. It was less than two years old, and its 300,000 shares had been kicked from gutter to curb at from $2 to $4 per share. Samuel Untermyer, the astute corporation lawyer who, on his own account and as the representative of a large European clientele, had long been interested in "Coppers," had taken hold of Utah, and believing it a good thing had bought large quantities of its stock for himself and his European connections. Under the stimulus of my campaign the price of this stock had leaped to 17 or 18, and rumor had it that Utah was a prospective factor in my consolidation. One day Mr. Rogers asked me if I were in any way responsible for these rumors, and I replied that I knew nothing more about them than that they were in circulation.

"Good," replied Rogers. "Do this, then—send word that we propose to issue a denial that we are to have anything to do with Utah Consolidated, and bring me their answer."

I carried the message in person. The Utah people were absolutely panic-stricken. Such an announcement meant destruction to the pretty price-fabric they were rearing, and they begged to be allowed to make a proposition to Rogers before he should declare himself. This was their proposal: That Mr.

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Rogers should admit their property to the consolidation provided he found it good enough; that every facility should be accorded his experts to examine the mine; and that if the report was favorable, and they were convinced that it would be, and he decided to take hold, he should be given an option on a block of stock way below the market.

This offer I took back to Mr. Rogers, who smiled one of his thin, easy smiles, and questioned me closely about the genuineness of the market for this stock. Could 50,000 shares be sold readily? I assured him that when it once became known that we were even looking at Utah it would be easy to sell 100,000 shares and at constantly advancing prices.

"All right," said Mr. Rogers, "if you're sure of this we'll go ahead. Tell them we'll take a sixty-day option on 50,000 shares, no liability to us, at—well, we'll be liberal, say at 15, and when you mention the price impress upon them that I am well aware it cost them but $2 to $4."

I returned at once and began negotiations, but, as is usually the case, the fact that "Standard Oil" was nibbling leaked before I had clinched the option, and before we had even begun to examine the property, prices had advanced until there was a profit of $500,000 for us in the transaction. To look over the Utah property Mr. Rogers sent his son-in-law, Broughton, and in a short time I got word to feed out the 50,000 shares on the market at the best prices obtainable, and to borrow it for delivery in such ways that the Clark-Ward-Untermyer contingent should suspect nothing about it. No information was given me as to the expert's report, and I was absolutely ignorant whether it was good, bad, or indifferent, though from the fact that we were to sell the stock I inferred that it was unfavorable. The public took the 50,000 shares at between 32 and 36, much as an elephant takes in water after a thirsty tramp across sandy deserts—the shares were just sucked in without a gulp or a gasp. I did not know until long afterward that the purchasers were the English holders who had contributed the greater part of the 50,000 shares to meet our option—in other words, were buying back from us their own stock at more than twice the price we were to pay them for it, and that their eagerness was due to confidential information that the expert's examination had disclosed such richness that the price would surely jump to over $100 when "Standard Oil" assumed the management. Just where they acquired this information or how it was put in their path was a matter I never found out. As I have previously demonstrated, "Standard Oil" has its own system of wires and underground passages and rumor bureaus. It works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

This section of the deal was soon wound up, and the transaction showed us a profit of $1,000,000. That is, we had sold 50,000 shares which we did not possess, but which were ours on demand, for $1,000,000 more than we should have to pay their owners for them. When I reported my success to Mr. Rogers he expressed complete satisfaction, and ordered me to inform the Utah people that another 50,000 shares must be added to the option, as he could not think of tacking the great name of "Standard Oil" to an enterprise in which he had less than a third interest; indeed, he was not sure he would consider less than a one-half ownership. This second request was a bitter pill to the Clark-Ward-Untermyer crowd, who hated to surrender for such a low figure this tremendous parcel of a stock that was now selling fast at forty per share. There was no gainsaying the soundness of Rogers's reasoning, however: "Who made it worth forty? Who but 'Standard Oil'? And what will happen if 'Standard Oil' declares that it will not take Utah into the consolidation?" The bare suggestion threw the Utah contingent into one of those hundred-in-the-shade, twenty-below-zero sweats, which resemble the moisture upon steam-pipes that pass through cold-storage boxes. They succumbed. At the moment the option was signed over to us it represented a profit of $1,000,000 more, and when we sold it, it netted us $1,250,000, for the market was still climbing. This latter phenomenon was not surprising, for it should be borne in mind that when our demand for the second 50,000 shares was made, the heavy Utah stockholders were called together and it was explained to them by their own managers—not by "Standard Oil" or by Mr. Rogers, mind, for "Standard Oil" never makes false statements—that the expert's examination had developed such wealth that "Standard Oil," the mighty of mighties, had insisted on having at least 100,000 shares; but that, of course, "Standard Oil" could not be asked to pay over twenty for stock which had cost its original owners but $2 to $4. What was there to do? The stockholders just gave up, and then once more climbed

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over one another in the market to get back their precious shares as best they could.

Just to keep the conditions of the transaction at this stage before my reader's mind, I'll repeat that the Clark-Ward-Untermyer people had now given us the right to buy of them 100,000 shares of their stock (*at a price* $2,250,000 *less than we had already sold it for*), with the understanding—not in words or in writing, of course, because "Standard Oil" never makes a promise in writing, but implied as sacredly as though it had been set down and attested under oath—that we would take and pay for their stock and engage with them in their enterprise, giving them the benefit of our experience, our capital, and our prestige. I say they had every reason to assume that we were acting in absolute good faith, and no ground to suppose that there was any ulterior motive behind our negotiations. It must be remembered that this occurred some years ago, before the "System's" perfidy was a calculated contingency.

The knife was now in, but the "System" had still to corkscrew it in the wound.

CHAPTER XV

THE TRAP IN FINANCE

AFTER "pulling off" such a big "trick," as the professional crooks put it, and getting away with such a fat bundle of "swag," you, my good reader, might naturally suppose that this shining light of the "System," contented with his profits, would pass on to new victims; or, if you have derived a mistaken impression of Mr. Rogers's sense of humor, for really he has a keen sense of the ridiculous—after five o'clock on week-days and all day Sunday—you might think he would take the opportunity to order me to tack up his card on the Utah office door, inscribed, "We will return when you recoup," and transfer his milking machine to other udders. No, that is where you, old-fashioned reader that you are, have "sized up" Mr. Rogers inaccurately. He had not yet finished.

Utah was not yet exhausted as a wealth-producer for the "System." After a brief lull, representatives of Clark, Ward & Co. came to me requesting that they be allowed to see "Standard Oil's" report on their mine. It was most important for their financial arrangements that they be told what was in store for them. That was what they thought. I told Mr. Rogers. He instructed me to report to the Utah people that Mr. Rogers had looked wise and said nothing. The double-perfected "look-wise-and-say-nothing" is one of "Standard Oil's" pet business devices. Whoever tries to penetrate its secrets is always welcome to his inferences, but no one in "Standard Oil" is ever on record in case the inquisitive one guesses wrong.

"Lawson," Rogers said, "just tell those people that our way of doing business is to send out reports when we decide it is time for them to be seen."

In the meantime Utah kept booming. A week before the expiration of our option, the price being then forty-five, I heard from Mr. Rogers again. He gave me the most mysterious order of all: "Sell 50,000 more." Up to that time I should have declared to any one that I was up in all the quirks and kinks of the stock game, but this move puzzled me. However, I sold, and at the very top. We had now "out" 150,000 shares of Utah, had sold that number "short," in fact. Clark, Ward & Co. were bound to deliver us 100,000 shares when we called for them. These 100,000 shares had been contributed by the large stockholders to Clark, Ward & Co. at the price we had agreed to pay. Assuming that "Standard Oil" control of Utah would immensely enhance its value, the stockholders naturally desired to replace the holdings of stock they had contributed, and instructed Clark, Ward & Co. and other brokers to buy them back in the market. So Clark, Ward & Co. were carrying all one end and much of the other end of the deal, paying for the actual stock which our option called for as it came in, and carrying their customers for the new stock purchased for them at vastly higher prices; BUT, as we had not taken up our option and paid Clark, Ward & Co. for our stock, the money necessary to finance the whole transaction had to be borrowed from the banks. It is evident that, at this phase of the game, Clark, Ward & Co. must have been, as the phrase goes, "tremendously extended."

While the operation had been in process, during the life of the option in fact, money at the "banks" became as "easy" as an old haircloth rocker for whoever desired to borrow on Utah Copper collateral. The fact was much commented on at the time by the "Street," and Clark, Ward & Co. often gratefully remarked to their customers: "After all, 'Standard Oil' is good to its associates."

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The day before the option matured, Mr. Rogers briefly said to me: "Lawson, I've been thinking that Utah matter over and have made up my mind that it is not safe to go ahead unless we have the actual control of the company, 151,000 shares. Tell them so, and that we must have 51,000 shares in addition to our 100,000."

At last the plan was plain to me. I gasped. "But, Great Heavens, Mr. Rogers," I said when I had caught my breath, "those people won't stand it. There's a limit to all things, and this is over the limit. They surely will not stand it."

"They won't, eh?" he said. "You look it over more carefully and I think you will agree they *must* stand it even if I make it another 100,000. This is the situation: They are sure we are going to take and pay for 100,000 shares, and in anticipation have borrowed millions on call at the banks. For fear they may not see all the nice points of their position, you can show them that if they refuse, the banks as well as every one else will know that we not only are not going into Utah as investors, but would not—in fact, could not—become connected with the management, because our thorough examination of the property shows that the mines are not as valuable as they affirmed. Now, when they grasp the fact that they have all the Utah stock they had, to start with, and 150,000 more which they have bought since, they must realize that in a slump the price of their shares will go lower than the $2 or $4 it started from. Have no fear. Clark, Ward and Untermyer will do just what we ask, and, in fact, if it was not for the stir a lot of failures would make and the bad effect these would have on our plans, I'd refuse to take up that option anyway, for there would be more money in buying back in a smash what we have sold than in taking it from them at our own price."

This was my first real experience of the "System's" machine. The situation staggered me. These people had completely fallen into a trap. They had even conspired their own undoing. They were now in the "System's" crusher, amidst the flywheels and cylinders, and the vast engine was poised over their prostrate bodies. They had no redress. No one had done anything to them, but they were as helpless as sheep in the shearing pen. As I grasped the perfection of their entrapping and the utter impotence against "Standard Oil" of men even as smart as they undoubtedly were, I began to have visions, and faintly there came over my mind the realization that however good my great scheme for the redemption of "Coppers" might be in itself, in the hands of these men it could easily be perverted into an instrument of torture for extracting money from the helpless. Visions had no place, however, where I was then. Mr. Rogers had no patience with visions or any such foolishness. On the contrary, he was concerned with dollars—and *his rights*. Mr. Rogers is keenly alive to *his rights*—so keenly impressed with their supremacy that he has lost all sense of others' rights. He has a passionate conviction of what is due to him, and his due is —all he sees that he can take. An insensate greed for others' dollars possesses him, and there is no length or depth to which he will not go to lay hands on them legally. Withal, a sense of his own righteousness pervades Henry H. Rogers, and he is quick to resent criticism of his methods. The implication in my suggestion that he was going too far in the Utah deal stung him. He said:

"Lawson, Americans who have accumulated great fortunes get no credit; on the contrary, they are unfairly treated. Instead of being honored for our splendid efforts as evinced by our wealth, the people howl as though they had not equal chances with us. Take this very case: we did not ask these people to give us options; we did not ask them to allow us to become associated with them We have done nothing but take what they have thrown upon us, and yet if we refuse to exercise the option we did not ask for and there comes a smash, we should never hear the last of how 'Standard Oil' robbed them. The more I see of the fool way Americans look at such things the less sympathy I have for their losses and what they entail. There was a stage once when I allowed myself to waste time on such ideas as you seem to entertain, but, thank goodness, I have outlived it."

The job cut out for me was one I hated to perform. I could refuse, but what then? Some one else would carry out Rogers's mandate, and where should I and my great copper structure be? If I balked here, they would go no farther with me—and remember, we were just at the beginning of our association. Had I foreseen the misery and ruin with which the future was fraught, I should have stopped then and there; but the future was hidden, and I was expectantly reveling in

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a glorious and delightful period in which I and all who were following me into "Coppers" should be gloriously successful and rich. So I looked at the situation in a practical business way, and I said to myself that even if we did insist on having the 100,000 shares Rogers had mentioned instead of the 50,000 we had decided to demand, the Clark-Ward-Untermyer combination would still have remaining more of value than their whole property could possibly have been worth without our association. Therefore I tumbled into their midst and dropped Mr. Rogers's bomb —and bomb it was.

At once they realized that they were looking into the cold steel muzzles of 45-caliber revolvers, for there was no concealing the money-or-your-life inference of the message. I had honestly tried to soften the blow as well as I could, but all they could see was 50,000 shares more at something like a million dollars less than its market value—or in twenty-four hours a panic and no market for their stock at any price. What could they do? With perspiration streaming in big beads down their foreheads, they declared that if their people were willing to submit to the knife, it was impossible in the brief time available to get to them. At least would I not beg Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller to take up the 100,000 shares pending their negotiations for the balance? Would I not, because they had made all their financial arrangements for big payments of loans next day which they could not renew at such short notice—I must!—I must! "Think of it, Lawson! It is absolutely safe; they have only to pay us $2,000,000 less than the stock is actually worth and selling for to-day. Of course, they would never let such a chance go by. In the name of God, Lawson, show Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller the predicament we have put ourselves in because of our confidence in 'Standard Oil.' Show them—you can, if you will, and they will do what you ask them to do."

As I listened to the pleadings of these men there flashed into my mind a conviction of the malignant humor of my situation. Here was I, father of a plan in the successful execution of which I had figured myself out as a benefactor to all concerned, turning the torture screws of "Standard Oil's" new dollar rack—fashioned from my structure—and I was powerless to stop or rescue the screaming victim. "But why," ask my readers, "did you not denounce the men and renounce the work, instead of profiting by it, as you undoubtedly did?" You have never—you who ask that question—sat in at the great game of millions; you know nothing of the excitement of the dollar chase, of the terrible joy of hearing, "A million while you wait." I am not, in telling this story, setting myself up as a three-winged angel, nor posing as better than others. My experience of business has demonstrated to me long before this that rapacity rules in the modern dollar game, and that in wholesale dollar making many of the laws of men and more of the laws of God are inevitably violated. But he who can not or will not play according to the rules of those who are making the game is disqualified. He should go elsewhere. Hitherto in my life I had followed the code of a smaller game, in which we seldom pressed an advantage to the limit or cut our pound of flesh from out a vital part. Now I had voluntarily associated myself with other men in a venture I believed was big, fair, and square, and I was learning that the rule of their game was thumbs down—give nothing—take everything. I might have retired, but I was already deep in, with resources pledged to the limit; and what would my reluctance to press our advantage with Clark, Ward & Co. be considered but fool sentimentality? If I insisted on my view, what would happen? The people who had followed me so far, as well as I myself, would be surely ruined. If I went on, at least I could care for those I had brought along with me. I looked at the complication fairly and squarely, weighed my duty with such powers of judgment as I possessed, and decided, wisely or unwisely, that it was best to go on. Wisely or unwisely I made up my mind to accept the responsibility of acting as fireman to the engine—and to bide my time. That time, thank God, is here now.

I reported to Mr. Rogers. His fox-trap jaws, with their bone- and heart- and soul-crushing teeth, came together with a snap, and when they relaxed his lips parted into one of his marrow-chilling smiles.

"I thought so," said he. "Those able gentlemen are loaded, Lawson, loaded, and without a by-your-leave have made up their minds that Mr. Rockefeller and myself are only in business to draw their load to some convenient safe deposit vaults, from which they can from time to time take it out to pay for palaces, yachts, fast horses, and society crowns. Lawson, don't tell me of their plight. Don't, do you hear—don't! Don't

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take my time with their pleadings." The tiger was awake, his cage rattled; it was raw-meat time. I watched. Presently he snapped: "What do you suppose they would do were they in our position?"

I looked at him. I did not answer—I could not. Perhaps my thoughts were miles and ages away to scenes where Cæsars, Napoleons, and Bismarcks looked out over fields strewn with corpses oozing blood. "To the victor belong the spoils," I remembered; but there also wandered into my mind the memory of a good mother's knee on a Sunday afternoon, and of a voice which repeated, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Perhaps the keen, penetrating eyes of the great trapper of men traveled where my mind wandered, for with his imperative, revolver-click voice he repeated, "Lawson, what would they answer if they were in our position? This: 'Give us the additional 50,000 shares we have demanded quick, or take the consequences.' They are able business men, so what they would do is just good enough for us to do. Take back this answer: 'You have the only proposition we will make; decide at once!'"

As I left him Mr. Rogers said:

"You had better sell 10,000 shares more of Utah. Sell them quick and sharp, and perhaps they will read our answer on the tape before you get to them."

I looked back. I imagined the tiger smacking his lips and playfully rolling a small piece of raw meat between his bloody claws.

I sold the 10,000 shares. The price dropped two to three points, and, sure enough, by the time I got to Clark, Ward & Co.'s office I found them poring dazedly over the ticker tape. They knew my answer before I stated it, and were trembling with nervous apprehension. I wondered if they, too, saw the tiger, his bloody chops and claws and his piece of raw meat. I said what Mr. Rogers had told me to say in so many words, and then I talked frankly to them about their situation, and advised that they meet "Standard Oil's" demands. I called their attention to the tape: "They told me to throw over only 10,000 shares," I concluded.

"Great Heavens!" said Armstrong, the negotiating partner of Clark, Ward & Co., "they are likely to follow it up with 90,000 more. They have it; at least, they can demand it of us, and if they do we are ruined. What can we do, Lawson? What *can* we do?"

"Lay the situation by telegraph, and cable if necessary, before your large holders who are involved, strip the dangers down to the bone, and tell them that at any cost they must come to 'Standard Oil's' time. Make the picture vivid. There is nothing your imagination can conjure that will overdo it, for you are in a frightful position."

They nodded meek assent. I went on:

"Frankly, I'd help you myself if it were in my power, and that without any particular love for any of you, for this is a pretty cold-blooded business. I've not the say-so, though, and the people who have will not budge a hair. That's sure. Once you come to time I can induce them, I believe, to make a public announcement that they will take the open management and control of the Utah Company, and you know that will surely make the stock jump—enough, perhaps, to offset what you people lose on the extra 50,000 shares you yield up."

I advised them to the best of my ability as to their only way out. If I had revealed to them that we had sold every share of the stock they were to turn over to us, it would have served no good purpose, for it would have made business impossible between us, and a crash would have occurred which would have ruined Utah, inflicted destruction on their price structure, and only enriched "Standard Oil." When I concluded, they started in to do as I had suggested, and the way they burnt up time and annihilated space was marvelous to behold. Though the thing was almost a miracle, they met the condition within the time limit, and we had turned over to us 150,000 shares of stock.

The moment Mr. Rogers saw the deal was a "go," all his hardness melted as the snow upon the mountain sides under the April sun. Nothing could be softer, kinder, and fairer. The blood had disappeared; the tiger was a great, purring house-cat, intent only on catching naughty rats and mice for the good of the household. Why, he would do anything to help out these good gentlemen; certainly, the world should know of his great interest in the Utah properties, and as the millions of golden dollars clinked into his golden bucket the next day, the world did learn of the great value of Utah, for his private counsel was made president, and certain other gentlemen who bear the uncounterfeitable "Standard Oil" tag were appointed as directors. There was a

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general jubilation—I had almost said, a killing of the fatted calf; but that part of the ceremony had been most ably attended to by Mr. Rogers in the preliminary stages of the entertainment.

CHAPTER XVI

LAWYER UNTERMYER DISCOVERS THE "NIGGER"

I HAVE dwelt on this Utah episode because it shows phases of the "System's" methods never heretofore made public, just as episodes which are to follow in the narrative will develop other startling and ingenious deviltries. But, before going on, the sequel to the Utah affair deserves a place in the story. A sequel there was, and my readers will agree, I think, that it has a mordant humor quite its own. To-day, after the years that have gone by, I can not think of this tremendous bunco game, in spite of its cruel and tragic phases, without a laugh at the manner in which the smart gentlemen who composed the Utah Consolidated crowd were "outwitted." Bear in mind that Clark, Ward & Co. were among the "flyest" operators in Wall Street's juggle factories. They asked no odds of any one in shuffling and dealing their cards, and with them was the eminent Samuel Untermyer, surely the head of his class of corporation counsellors, and himself a master in the fine arts of copper financiering. On the conclusion of the deal, these gentlemen and their partners in Utah assumed all the airs and graces they conceived proper for associates of "Standard Oil," and at once enlarged their hatbands and let out their waistcoats. Some of them, I believe, went so far as to be measured for copper crowns. The stories they set afloat about the richness of Utah, as proved by "Standard Oil's" determination to have its 150,000 shares, would have made the creator of Aladdin's palace look to his laurels as a treasure-house creator, and the stockholders of the corporation felt so good over their prospects that in London and New York two large banquets were simultaneously given at which the prospective millionaires tossed cable congratulations at one another across the Atlantic and toasted in vintage champagnes the brilliant promoters who had worked such wonders. At these entertainments there was no question but that Utah was destined to be the foundation company in the coming great copper consolidation.

With this roseate view Mr. Rogers did not entirely coincide. His diagnosis of the situation had all that whichever-way-the-cat-jumps frankness I had learned to look upon as characteristic of the man. He said to me:

"Lawson, this is the situation: We are in absolute control of the Utah property. If it were good we could do great things with it, but it's bad, very bad; there is nothing out there but a bunch of ore which is rich enough, but which can not possibly last longer than six years, and then—then there is nothing but a hole in the ground. Of course, there is a possibility of our finding other bunches, but with all the machinery in our hands it looks to me as though we could play a very safe game. If we find things that will make the stock valuable, we can keep the good news buried until we shake the price down and get whatever we want. If it is all bad, we can sell the stock and buy it in at big profits. I think, on the whole, it is safe to call this deal completed and mark it a success."

With this understanding we left it, and for some little time I paid no attention whatever to Utah. One day I was surprised to notice on the tape that the price of the stock was declining. I was puzzling over what could have happened, when I received a sudden call from the Machiavelli of the New York Bar, Samuel Untermyer. The set glare of his eyes, the fervor of his hand-shake, told me that I had a volcano to deal with.

"Lawson," said he, "something came up the other day that led me to investigate, and do you know, I have got to a point already where I can put my fingers on people, outside of any one connected with 'Standard Oil,' who own over 200,000 shares of Utah. If this is so, how can Rogers and his crowd own the 150,000 shares they took away from us at millions below the market? It seems impossible, but it looks as though we had been buncoed—buncoed as no one outside a crazy-house was ever buncoed before."

That steely imperturbability which is alternately the pride and pleasure of Mr. Untermyer's friends, the glittering surface of which it is said no cloud has ever shadowed or no gale disturbed, was fast losing its distinction under the influence of the excitement that welled up in the heaving bosom of the eminent cross-examiner; and excitement and he were so remote, so studiously antagonistic, that I looked on and listened in wonder for the outcome. An interesting situation was evidently fast developing, and to grasp its pos-

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sibilities one should know the attitude of Mr. Rogers toward Mr. Untermyer. For this astute lawyer the "Standard Oil" magnate has something akin to terrified admiration. Mr. Rogers has said many times to me and to others among his associates that there is but one lawyer in the United States whose cross-examination on the witness-stand could afford him anything but amusement and recreation; and this extraordinary exception is Samuel Untermyer. The bare thought of being subjected under oath to the remorseless questioning of this astute dissector and analyst of motives and actions brings him to the verge of rippling chills. And here was this legal Nemesis on the war-path and headed directly for 26 Broadway.

"What does it mean, Lawson?" His voice was in a court-and-jury key.

The opportunity was too good to miss. I could not help it. I said, "Untermyer, you have another guess coming."

"Do you refuse to tell me anything about it?" he snapped.

"Tell you about it?" said I. "What could I possibly tell you about your own scheme? You flatter me; you are getting excited. Let me ask you a question, What do you say it means?"

"I say it means," he fairly yelled, "that we have been buncoed—swindled!"

"If that is a fact," I said, "you are the best man on earth to tackle such a proposition. Introducing swindlers to justice is your specialty."

"Lawson," said he, "let's you and me talk it out. I don't see wherein you are in any way to blame, but I tell you if I find true what I now suspect, there will be music in the copper world that will set copper investors by the ears."

I saw there was no use trying to dodge the issue, and we entered executive session. He had gathered most of the facts, he told me, and to ascertain the balance, proposed at once to call a meeting of Utah Consolidated stockholders. Also he had men out examining the transfer agencies to find who got the shares of Utah delivered to Rogers.

I said to him, "What do you think has happened, Untermyer?"

"I think you people have sold the bulk of that stock," said he.

"Suppose we have," I said; "there is no crime in that, is there?"

"No crime," said he, "but it is a piece of dirty double-dealing."

"All right, suppose I admit it," said I, "what of it?"

"Well, did you do it? Did you sell that stock after we delivered it to you?"

"Not a share," said I.

"Do you give me your word for it?"

"I give you my word, we didn't sell a share of that stock after you delivered it to us."

"When did you sell it?" said he.

"Every share before we secured it of you."

At this the distinguished impassivity faded finally away and Samuel Untermyer was actually and absolutely flabbergasted. The sight of him dumfounded, confused, was too much for me. I laughed. It is seldom one gets the laugh on Mr. Untermyer.

"Do you mean to tell me you were short the whole bunch?"

"Short every share of it, and 10,000 besides," said I.

"And where do you stand now?" he pursued.

"Still short of it, and before you can get fairly to work kicking up a rumpus I should not be surprised if we were short the whole capital stock. Rogers, as you know, does play a great game, that is, when he has all the cards, owns the table, the room it's in, and has control of the doorkeeper."

There was an interval of tense silence. Untermyer was making a noble effort to swallow his fury. I began to figure the degree of my responsibility if he should burst a blood-vessel or have an apoplectic stroke. Finally he said:

"Lawson, if I don't blow this thing to pieces and shake 26 Broadway to its foundations, I'm not Sam Untermyer."

The time had come to reason with the heated legal gentleman, and in plain language I proceeded to show him where he stood, the position of the property, the public's relation to it, and his own duty to the clients whose money he had invested in it. Under the logic of my argument he cooled. He saw the net, and that he and his friends were absolutely enmeshed. He even admitted that he and his friends had unknowingly aided in what had happened to them and were mostly to blame for their present position; but while he acknowledged all this, he reiterated over and over again that in all his experience —and in Samuel Untermyer's professional position he has either prosecuted, defended, or had an inquisitorial finger in every sword-swallowing, dissolving-view, frenzied-finance game that has been born or naturalized in

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Wall Street within the decade—he had never met the equal in high-handed bunco of this deal in Utah. "I tell you, Lawson," he declared, "it's sneak-thieving, and you know it." We did not differ on this point.

Finally he said, "There's one thing I can do, if I can not get even with Rogers; and that is, I can 'fire' the present management of this company, and I'm going to do it now, this very minute, and incidentally I'm going to state what I think of them and the whole dirty business."

I called up "Standard Oil" on the telephone and told what had happened. Mr. Rogers said, "Cool him down at any cost, but particularly try to show him I had little to do with the deal; that it was largely the outgrowth of what the Clark-Ward people thrust upon us, and that I left the details to you and the lawyers."

Again I had visions of what would be the cost of making "Coppers" a success.

Within an hour Untermyer was back visibly relieved and glowing after his encounter. He had the resignations in his pocket, and he began joyously to detail the specific opprobriums he had cast upon the management.

I interrupted him. "What are you going to do now?"

"Put in an entirely new management," he proclaimed triumphantly.

"You have positively made up your mind to that?" said I.

"You bet I have," he answered.

"Excuse me for a few minutes, then," I said; "I want to give my brokers orders to rip out 50,000 or 60,000 shares of Utah. Rogers and Rockefeller would take me to task if I wasted a minute."

"Hold on there, Lawson," he said.

"Not a minute," said I; "you know the game well enough, Untermyer, to realize that there are a few millions hanging very low on the boughs at just this second. I want to get my hat under them before you and your friends have an opportunity to roll in your own hogsheads."

It was no time for diplomacy, and I set forth in plain, dog-eat-dog terms to Mr. Untermyer exactly where he was "at," and that no one but himself and his associates would be the sufferers by a public explosion. Reluctantly he agreed with me that under no conditions must the "Standard Oil" management be changed, but he was bound to have one victim to show.

"You have the resignations of the present board—why not put in new men, the strongest 'Standard Oil' men you know?" I suggested.

"I'll do it," he said, "but I'll throw out the present president, blame him for all that's happened, but—whom shall I put in to replace him? How about Rogers himself?"

Knowing Mr. Rogers's cross-purposes I was sure he would never become officially responsible for the company; so I told Untermyer this was impossible, but I continued, "The next best man and the closest I know to Rogers is Broughton, his son-in-law. There's your president."

Whereupon Broughton was elected president of the Utah company. The stock has since dropped from 52 to 22, gone from 22 to 37½, dropped to 18½, with frequent repetitions, and is now 43; and all the drops have been preceded by tremendous short selling, followed by stories of the absolute worthlessness of the property; and all the rises, by tremendous buying and stories of the mine's fabulous richness. Some one has made millions. At this very moment the air is full of stories of the great values of Utah, and these rumors, which come from a hundred different sources, are accompanied by a steady selling of stock. Before this chapter is much of an old story doubtless Utah will be making one of its old-fashioned dives for 18 or 20, or, perhaps, this time, 5 or 10, when again there will be enormous buying followed by new tales of new ore deposits.

"Standard Oil" is ever ready to forgive and forget those it has injured, but it has power and place for those who have made it tremble. Its associates to-day are often yesterday's enemies. As one looks back upon the Utah episode from over the divide, it helps accentuate its humor to contrast the present attitudes of the parties engaged with those they then held to one another. We now see the virtuously indignant Samuel Untermyer shoulder to shoulder with his wicked betrayer, Henry H. Rogers, whose counsel he is against the original ally of the same Henry H. Rogers, Thomas W. Lawson, historian of "Frenzied Finance." And the talented expert most trusted of "Standard Oil" mining emissaries—Broughton, whose unfavorable report on Utah Consolidated was the instrument of the plundering of the Clark-Ward-

This instalment of ***Frenzied Finance*** is continued on Page 65 of the ***Advertising Section***. It is followed immediately by ***Lawson and His Critics***.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

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FATHER GAPON.

The simple Russian peasantry have found in Father Gapon the leader who has always been lacking in previous revolts against the Czar. The young man comes from the working class, with whose cause he is allied. He got his early education from borrowed books which he studied while herding pigs, and his father almost starved in order to send him to college. From his seminary days his boldness in advocating Socialistic doctrines has kept him in hot water, but his lovable disposition and remarkable powers of persuasion have heretofore saved him from punishment. The officer in the photograph is Chief of Police Foulon.

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Photograph by Smith.

HENRY W. GOODE.

The duties of President have recently been added to Mr. Goode's responsibilities as Director-General of the $5,000,000 Lewis and Clark Centennial and Oriental Fair which opens at Portland, Ore., in June. Mr. Goode was unanimously elected to this position by his fellow directors, on the resignation of Mr. H. W. Scott. Mr. Goode has been for many years conspicuous in public movements in the Pacific Northwest, and under his administration the Portland General Electric Company, of which he is President, has become one of the most powerful corporations of the Pacific Coast.

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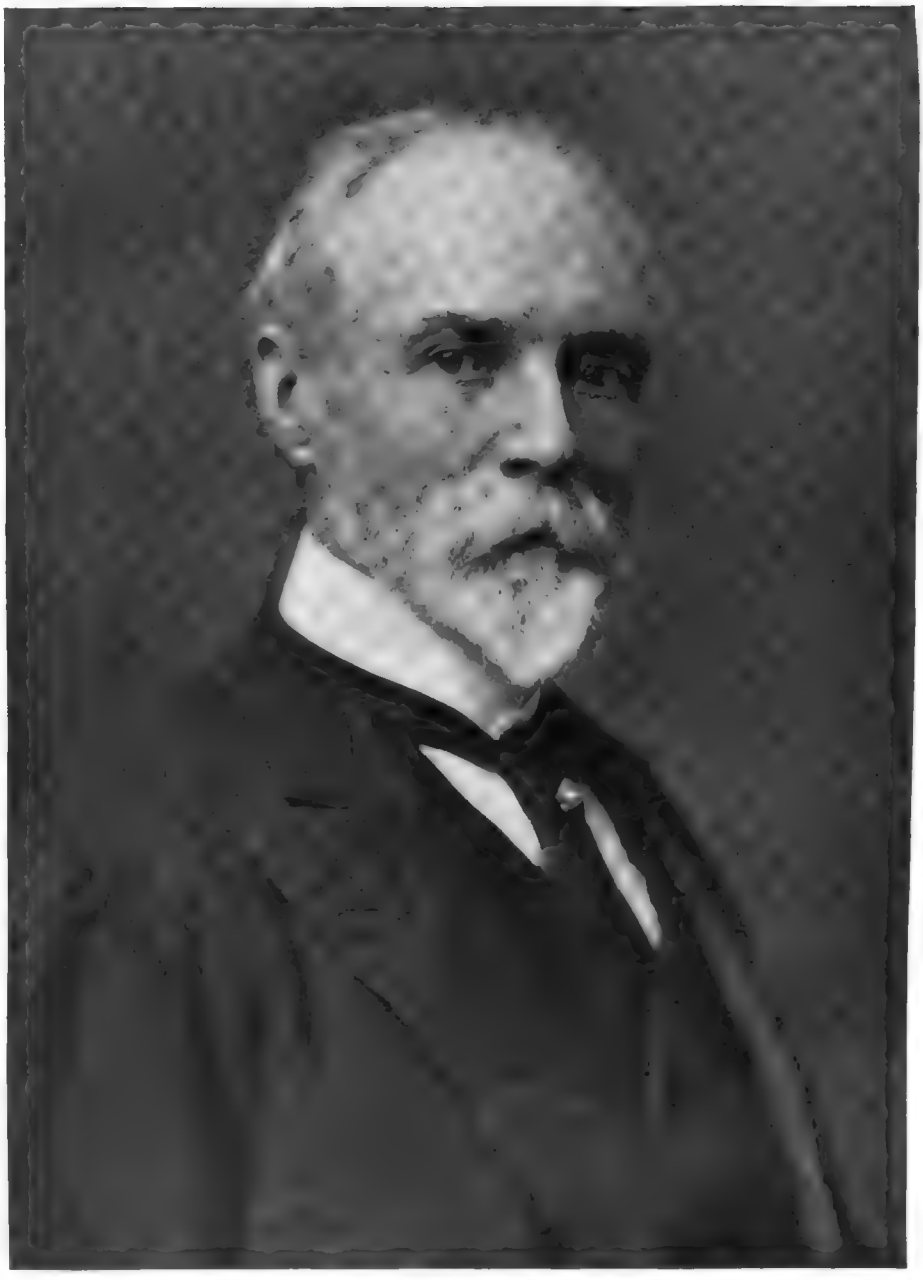

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WHITELAW REID.

His activity in national affairs, his experience in diplomacy, and his gracious personality admirably fit Whitelaw Reid to become Ambassador to the Court of St. James; while his prominence in Republican politics makes him an ideal representative of the present administration. Mr. Reid succeeded Horace Greeley as editor of the *New York Tribune* in 1872. He was Minister to France from 1889 to 1892, returning to the United States in the latter year to be defeated for Vice-President. He was a Special Ambassador of the United States to Queen Victoria's Jubilee and a member of the Peace Commission after the Spanish War.

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MAXIM GORKY.

The most picturesque and stirring figure in Russia to-day is Maxim Gorky, the famous tramp-novelist and social reformer. Gorky, who is idolized by the populace, is neither a theorist nor a brainless agitator, for he knows at first hand the pitiful conditions he so fearlessly describes. Possessing boundless energy and a positive genius for expression, he raised himself from the lowest walks of life until he became a man of international mark. Because of his connection with the current troubles in St. Petersburg, he has been flung into prison. A characteristic pen-picture of Gorky and a translation of one of his stories will be found on page 464.

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THE GREATEST TRUST IN THE WORLD

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Part I. The Great Yellow Car—the Bandit of Commerce

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this instalment Mr. Russell tells of the victimizing of the railroads by the Beef Trust. He depicts in detail the workings of the "underbilling" vice—the shipping of a product at a rate lower than the scheduled one. He shows the farcical inspection of the Trust cars. He gives us a picture of sixteen great railroad presidents sneaking into the Metropolitan Club to rebel in concert against the low "minimum load limit" forced on them by the Trust, and the impotent end of their efforts. The reasons for the terror the powerful railroads suffer is shown in the statistics of the huge traffic the Trust controls. All Mr. Russell's statements are nailed down by vivid instances of robbery of the merchant, who, in turn, loads it all "upon you, and you pay it—good, easy man—three times a day."

CHAPTER III

THE SURRENDER OF THE RAILROADS

"Above all else we must strive to keep the highways of commerce open to all on equal terms."—President Roosevelt's Message, December, 1904.

YOU think it strange that the railroad companies should submit to the bullying and browbeating of the Beef Trust; you think the story of the Big Pistol and the terror it inspires is improbable or exaggerated. You have not so known the railroads of America. In your experience with them, if you have had any, you have found them aggressive, defiant, and independent. At least, you have a fairly definite impression that they are a great power and not to be coerced, sometimes not even by the law itself.

And yet I have not begun to tell the real extent of the awe and dutiful submission wherewith these great corporations have come to regard the Trust.

The railroads of America not only endure the extortion of mileage for hauling Trust cars, but the Trust robs them and gouges money from them in many ways, and they know full well they are robbed and dare not stop the robbery.

To begin with, and to make the subject clear to the layman, I must explain that under the present system of railroad freight charges, commodities are classified, and different rates by the hundred pounds are applied to the different classes. Every railroad is compelled by law to publish its tariff and its classifications and forbidden to depart therefrom so long as the published tariff is in force. As a rule all the railroads are supposed to maintain the same rates between given points. Thus the published charge for carrying dressed beef from Chicago to New York is forty-five cents a hundred pounds by all railroads between the two cities; the established rate for packing-house products (that is, salted and preserved meats, lard, and so on) is thirty cents a hundred pounds; the established rate for dairy products (butter, eggs, cheese) is sixty-five to seventy-five cents a hundred pounds.

Now these rates are for full car-loads. On anything less than full car-loads the rate is twenty per cent. higher.

Good. But it is evident that if any shipper can succeed in shipping dairy products

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as dressed beef or as packing-house products, he will effect a great saving in his freight charges.

To guard against such a fraud, constituting what I had almost called the national vice of "underbilling," the railroad companies have men detailed to watch the loading of cars, or to examine them after they are loaded, and to see that the contents tally with the billing.

That is, they do in the case of ordinary shippers. In the case of cars shipped by the Trust the inspection is merely farcical.* The railroads know it is farcical; they designedly make it farcical, and there have been times when nineteen in every twenty cars shipped

Photograph by Barclay & Wood, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD G. DAVIES, OF CHICAGO.

This is the plucky commission merchant who defied the Trust and refused to pay its extortionate charges. The Trust has blacklisted Mr. Davies and tried to put him out of business.

out by the Trust went without any kind of inspection and the twentieth was inspected by a blind man.

The result is that the Trust can send out its cars "underbilled" and thus get a lower rate than any other shipper can get. That is to say, it can get still another form of rebate.

You see, the Trust is a great deal more than a dealer in dressed meats; at all of its thousands of branch houses, covering every considerable city, town, and village in the country, it deals in dairy products; at many of them it deals in a variety of country produce. A great part of the supplies for these houses comes from the West. Now, if its cars should be loaded partly with dressed beef and partly with dairy products or something else, and then should be billed as car-loads of dressed beef at a forty-five-cent rate, or as car-loads of packing-house products at a thirty-cent rate, that would work a double injury to the railroad. Not only would the dairy products be carried at thirty cents, or at forty-five cents, as the case might be, but there would not be a car-load of dressed meat, and there would not be a car-load of dairy products. Hence the rate on each should be twenty per cent. higher.

The cars are loaded at the enclosed platforms of the Beef Trust houses in Chicago, or Omaha, or Kansas City; they go straight to the siding of a Trust branch house in Hartford, or Rahway, or Taunton. No one checks them, no one inspects them; the Trust can ship in them what it pleases.

All this was succinctly laid before the Inter-State Commerce Commission at its hearing in Chicago, October 10–12, 1904. Mr. F. O. Becker, who has charge of the inspection work for the interested railroads, admitted that it was perfectly easy for the Trust to underbill its cars if the inspector were not present, and the inspector usually was not present; it was out of the question for him to see more than a small proportion of the cars shipped from the Trust houses.† As to the extent to which "underbilling" is practised, there is but one belief in the trade. If you can get any railroad man to tell you his inmost convictions, he will admit that it is of the commonest occurrence. A manager of one of the Eastern branch houses of the Trust has declared that almost every car arriving at his place contained butter, eggs, dressed poultry, and sometimes even stationery, although it had been billed through as a car-load of packing-house

* It may seem strange that the railroads should in any circumstances be willing to surrender money receipts for the sake of increasing their tonnage figures; in other words, that they should lose at one end of the game for the sake of making at the other. The explanation is that the grand test of managerial success lies in the showing of total tonnage. Any loss of tonnage carried reflects upon the management; the loss of money involved affects only the stockholder, who, by the way, never hears of it.

† Inter-State Commerce Commission Hearing, Chicago, October 10–12, 1904, pp. 79 to 86. For conclusive testimony on this point, see page 166, where it is admitted that one inspector is supposed to inspect 75 to 100 cars a day, and that it is a physical impossibility for him to do so.

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J. OGDEN ARMOUR DRIVING HIS AUTOMOBILE.

Mr. Armour, the President of Armour & Co., practically controls the food supply of a hundred million people.

products. "Mixed car-loads," he said, were the rule, and they were shipped under one classification, whereas if they had been shipped by an outsider they would have taken three or four classifications and a total rate thirty to fifty per cent. higher.

Of course, lax inspection is a fraud, and the railroads know it is a fraud, but they submit to it. Why? Well, in any railroad organization the head of any department that enforced a too rigorous inspection of Trust cars would quickly find himself without a job. The Trust would simply complain of him to his president or general manager, and accompany the complaint with a hint of diverting cars from that road, and off would go the offender's head. In the Trust household the useful Axe hangs hard by the ready Pistol. More than one promising career has been cut short when overzeal has run against these necessary implements of Trust husbandry.

The Trust compels the railroads to expedite its cars so that the average daily run of a Trust car is 108 miles, while the average daily run of an ordinary car is only twenty-five miles. It also compels the railroads to repair its cars,* a curious, but very profitable extortion. In many cases it compels the railroads to refuse to furnish other than Trust cars; in all cases it compels them to act without charge as the Trust's collector and agent, and to blacklist and persecute shippers that earn the Trust's ill will.

The railroads have not submitted gracefully to these impositions. Men of independent spirit among railroad executives have not ceased to protest, to complain, to propose remedies. Of course, if all the railroads were to unite in a firm stand against the Bandit, he would be put to flight, but the fact is that so far it has been utterly impossible to secure any such union. The story of the repeated attempts in this direction sounds like the plot of a comic opera—for children. The solemn gatherings of indignant citizens loudly protesting their right to do what they will with their own, the vowing of awful vengeance against the Tyrant, and the wild helter-skelter flight the instant the Tyrant is heard approaching, are vastly entertaining everywhere except in the railroad offices. Mr. J. W. Midgley's beneficent car-service reform would have stopped the whole thing if the railroad managers had had the courage of sheep. Mr. Midgley was em-

* Under the Master Car-Builders' rule.

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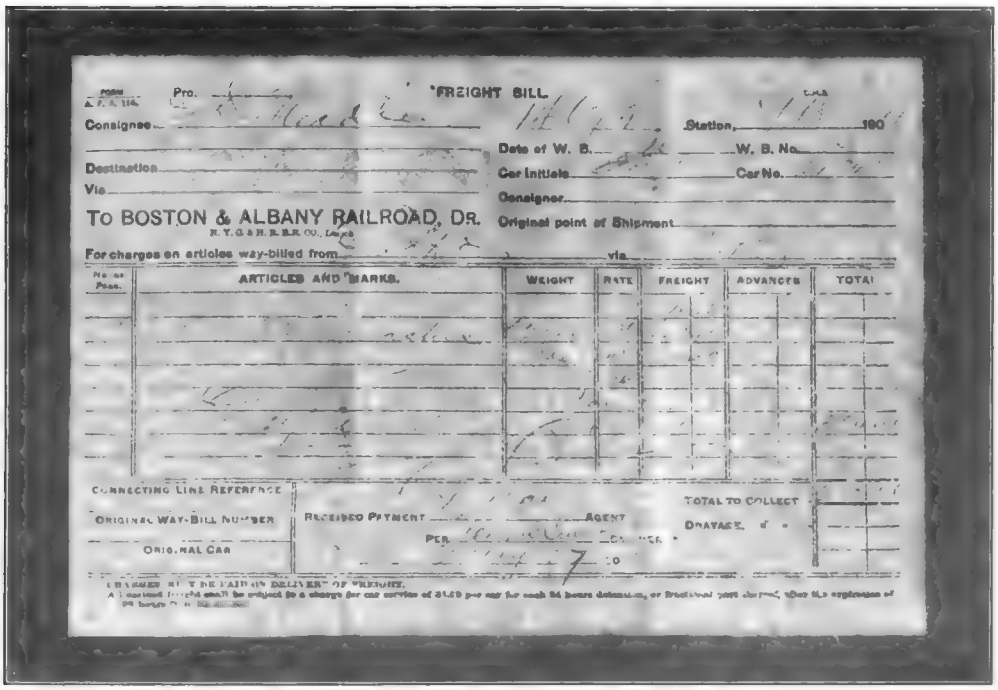
ployed to expedite the movement of freight-cars and devised a plan whereby the payment of one road to another for the use of the other road's cars was to be changed from a mileage basis to so much a day. This would have knocked out of existence the Trust's mileage charge and put the use of its cars on the basis of a uniform rental. The proposal was enthusiastically received by many of the railroad men, but when it came to adopting the plan the Trust compelled the railroads to add the sixteenth clause, by which refrigerator-cars were exempt from the agreement. The strongest railroads in the country could not stand against that great power.

I can give the history of all attempts to get united effort in this matter by reciting one; the rest are as like it as two peas.

For this I must go back a little. In addi-



FREIGHT BILL.

Pro.

Consignee

Destination

Via

Station, 190

Date of W. B. W. B. No.

Car Initials Car No.

Consignor

Original point of Shipment

TO BOSTON & ALBANY RAILROAD, DR.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. CO., Lessee.

For charges on articles way-billed from via

No. of Pcgs.	ARTICLES AND MARKS.	WEIGHT	RATE	FREIGHT	ADVANCES	TOTAL

CONNECTING LINE REFERENCE

ORIGINAL WAY-BILL NUMBER

ORIGINAL CAR

RECEIVED PAYMENT Agent

Per

TOTAL TO COLLECT

DAMAGES

CHARGES AT TIME OF DELIVERY OF FREIGHT.

SAMPLE OF THE EXTORTIONATE FREIGHT BILLS USED BY THE BEEF TRUST.

This bill is for a car-load of peaches from Missouri. The items, "$98.56," "$62.40," "$89.60," are for freight charges. The item, "$92.40," is for "icing," and the two other "icing" charges, "$2.50" and "$5.00," were added arbitrarily. This is called a "trial bill," which means "try to collect it" from the merchant.

dressed beef and the like products) can be accepted as constituting a car-load lot; if less, the shipment must be charged for at the less-than-car-load rate, which is twenty per cent. higher. Now, it is to the interest of the railroads to keep the minimum loading limit as high as possible, but the present low minimum, 20,000,* was fixed by the packers and the railroads have been unable to raise it.

Their impotence in this respect was a sore grievance to many presidents and managers; the idea of having the limit fixed by shippers was an intolerable humiliation, and about two years ago a quiet agitation was begun by one of the more independent presidents to secure joint action. He found everywhere the most cordial welcome for his idea. Unite to resist this outrageous imposition? Splendid idea! So he arranged to call a meeting.

tion to the swindle of "mixed car-loads," another device by which the Trust is able to gouge the railroads is afforded by means of the "minimum load limit." This is a rule of the railroads, by which not less than a certain weight (20,000 pounds in the case of

Of course, the meeting should be held in New York, and someone suggested that the best place would be the office of President Newman, of the New York Central. Splen-

* It is 26,000 to 30,000 pounds on commodities in which the Trust is not interested.

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did idea, again! But I have heard that when President Newman was told of this pleasant and complimentary arrangement he leaped from his chair, white with excitement and exclaimed:

"What! In my office! My office! Not if I know it! Who suggested that? Do you think I am CRAZY? I know when I have had enough. They are diverting 150 cars a week from this road now; do you think I want to lose any more? You will not hold that meeting here if I know it. Hold it in a club, hold it in a hotel, you can't hold it here!"

So on December 12, 1903, sixteen presidents or managers of the greatest railroads in America, eminent citizens—all of them, captains of industry, kings of finance, some multimillionaires, sneaked into New York and gathered one by one in a back room up-stairs in the Metropolitan Club. Some, I am informed, did not dare to register at a hotel. You would have thought they were a band of burglars preparing to crack a bank, instead of some of the foremost citizens of the country met to defend their property from a gang of freebooters. The meeting was spirited and harmonious. To give heart to the timid it was agreed that nothing about it except the result should be made public. After a free exchange of opinion in which the enormities of the Trust were very eloquently portrayed, a resolution was unanimously adopted that after thirty days from date on all the railroads represented at the meeting, the minimum load should be 24,000 pounds.

This resolution, you understand, was solemnly agreed to by the representative of every railroad, and the meeting adjourned with the best of feeling. So the minimum load was increased, you think, the Trust was hammered, the independence of the free-born American citizen once more vindicated, and so on? Not exactly. The matter was never heard of again; nothing was done, nothing came of all that indignant eloquence. The minimum load was not raised in thirty days nor at any other time, but within forty-eight hours the Trust people knew all about the meeting, who had been there, and what each man had said. I do not know how I could better illustrate the terror inspired by the Big Pistol than to recall the fact that it was a meeting of gentlemen and that they had agreed to secrecy.

Or take another illustration. On February 18, 1903, two years ago, you perceive, the Federal Court at Chicago enjoined the Beef Trust from doing certain things. Every day since then it has done the identical things it was enjoined from doing. From time to time spasmodic efforts are made to discover why a Federal Court injunction, binding on everybody else, is not binding on the Beef Trust. The demands for an investigation were particularly urgent at the time of the Stock-Yards strike last summer (about which I shall have a little story to tell hereafter), and in August Mr. Garfield, Chief of the Bureau of Corporations at Washington, sent some of his men to Chicago to collect the necessary evidence of the law-breaking. Ample warning was sent from Washington, I do not know by whom, and when Mr. Garfield's men arrived in Chicago they were met by Trust detectives who never let the Washington men out of their sight by day or night. The course of the investigation led naturally into the railroad offices. Whenever one of Mr. Garfield's agents entered such a place he was followed within twenty-four hours by a confidential representative of the Trust, who said to the railroad officer:

"One of Garfield's men was in here yesterday. What did you tell him? Did you tell him anything about our arrangements?"

These questions were not put lightly, but with a menace of tone that conveyed to the railroad man what he might expect if he were indiscreet. Naturally enough, Mr. Garfield gleaned no information from the railroads.

Why are the railroads so easily frightened by these banditti? you say, and why do they not combine to protect themselves? They can combine easily enough when it comes to raising freight rates. That is just the point. In this matter they can not so combine that they will trust one another. In every attempted combination one or two railroads are always weaker than the rest and at a natural disadvantage in getting business. These roads are like hungry Indians on the trail; they are out for freight on any terms they can get. No agreement has ever been formulated that will bind such roads. Rebates are so easily arranged, they have a thousand such plausible disguises, they are so difficult to detect, that no road feels any security against a piratical competitor. Again, between Chicago and the East are two Canadian lines. These are not under the operation of the Inter-State Commerce law nor of Federal authority; there is no way to regulate or control them. The constant threat of the Trust

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is that it will divert its shipments to these Canadian lines, and the American roads, having learned to their bitter sorrow what that diversion may mean, have no desire to get in the way of it.

At first sight the competition of two Canadian lines would not seem a very formidable factor, since not much of the Trust freight can go to Canadian points; but beware of the insidious and hidden meaning of the phrase. By their connections and joint-traffic arrangements the Canadian lines can reach almost every point in the Eastern territory. It is as easy for them to deliver Chicago freight in New York or Philadelphia or Springfield, Mass., as it is to deliver it in Montreal.

You must remember that the freight traffic controlled by the Trust is really tremendous; the Trust is the largest shipper in the world. From Chicago the annual shipments of dressed beef are about 1,500,000,000 pounds, of lard 375,000,000 pounds, of barreled pork about 175,000 barrels, of other pork products about 600,000,000 pounds. Kansas City packs nearly 1,000,000 hogs a year, South Omaha a little less, St. Louis 500,000, St. Joseph about the same, Sioux City half as much, St. Paul a little more than Sioux City. And this is only a part of the story. Consider the enormous shipments of dairy products East and West: 57,000,000 pounds of cheese, 197,000,000 pounds of butter, more than 1,000,000 cases of eggs from Chicago in 1903, a great part controlled by the Trust; consider also the vast shipments of dressed poultry, country produce, fruit of many kinds, the great trade in fertilizers and offal, the canned goods and soap that are shipped out by the Trust, and the salt and other supplies that are shipped in, and it is no wonder that any railroad president should be terrified at the prospect of losing his share of this huge traffic. It would make a horrible hole in his freight receipts, his quarterly statement would look very sick, it would send flying down the price of his stock in Wall Street, he would have a swarm of furious stockholders and directors and bankers and investors and speculators howling at him, and to these it would never explain anything to say he was fighting for principle against an extortionate monopoly. The thing would mean utter ruin to him; his resignation would be asked for inside of three months. Railroad stockholders don't want ruinous fights "for principle"; they want big tonnage figures and dividends.

The success or failure of any railroad president's administration lies absolutely in the hands of these banditti; they can send their freight where they please; they can make or ruin any administration. Is it wonderful or strange that the presidents and managers and directors strive in every way in their power to please the men that hold over them the power of official life and death? And if the presidents and managers and great men of the railroads live in this abject fear, so that literally they dare not be seen to speak in the street to a man known to be inimical to the Trust, what shall we expect of the smaller men, the sub commanders and lieutenants whose positions depend upon the beckoning finger or nodding head of any member of the Trust? Some man thinks there should be a stringent inspection of packing-house products: at a mysterious sign from the men that hold in leash the president of that railroad, the offender finds himself dismissed. Another man in the operating department can not see why Trust cars should be hurried through twice as fast as anybody else's cars: there is another whisper of complaint, and out he goes. The president, the traffic manager, must look out for himself. He can not face a directors' meeting with a showing of decreased traffic. "Results" is the imperative cry in his ears. Results, results, he must exhibit results. He is employed to increase the traffic; if he can not do that, he knows he must go.

Some of the fruits of this system come to the surface from time to time in ways calculated greatly to shock the good souls that repose pleasantly in a belief in the general morality of business. Before the Inter-State Commerce Commission last October were examined many witnesses supposed to know about the system of paying rebates to shippers. They were clerks, officers of some of the car lines, and men subordinately connected with railroads, for instance. When they were questioned about rebates said to be paid by their respective lines, they all denied knowledge of any such matter. Finally there was called to the stand Mr. F. J. Reichman, vice-president and manager of Streets' Western Stable Car Line, for which appeared as attorney, Mr. Levy Mayer, of Chicago, an able, candid man. When the question about rebates was put to his client, Mr. Mayer would not allow it to be answered on the ground that the Elkins bill, as I have previously indicated, removed all these private-car com-

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panies from the jurisdiction of the commission. In the course of his extremely plain and forcible remarks Mr. Mayer said:

"Suppose the company did make an allowance to a shipper. The shipper is not a railroad. This commission has to do with common carriers, and if shippers, by means of the use of the Streets' car, get some payment—assume they do—that is not prohibited by law, directly or indirectly, and what this company does every private-car line does, no matter what witnesses may testify, and no matter what their disregard for their oath may be."

I commend this most significant statement to the serious attention of any person that cares to know what is the effect of the money mania upon individual consciences in high places. But when the general manager, the general auditor, and other general officers of a great railroad system, men of the highest standing and repute, are willing, as I shall show hereafter, to go upon the witness-stand and swear to statement after statement absolutely untrue, and proved to be untrue from their own records, what kind of moral tone shall we expect of subordinates who hold their positions from day to day and with fear and trembling?

The fact is that no one can give close heed to this subject without getting a distinct impression of general depravity. The Trust robs the railroads, the railroads in innumerable thievish ways gouge the shippers, the shippers pass over to the public the crushing burden of the illegal tribute, the laws are violated a thousand times every day by every railroad, until to mention law is to cause the initiated to laugh, the traffic of the country is rotten with forbidden rebates and scandalous discriminations, railroad executives risk the penitentiary to pile up their traffic figures, and behind all is the Bandit of Commerce, taking toll.

CHAPTER IV

THE LOOT FROM THE PRODUCE MARKET

BUT the Trust's extortions from the railroads are small compared with its extortions from the shipper, the grower, the commission merchant, and the small dealer. The situation it has created in respect to these interests is so extraordinary that the attention of the whole country should be drawn to it. We are fond of thinking and saying that the American idea is the idea of equal opportunity; that here every man is free to make his own way without the interference of Government or the incubus of arbitrary power. Suppose we see how that matter stands:

Edward G. Davies is a commission merchant at No. 2 South Water Street, Chicago. He is a Welshman, and has some old-world notions about justice and right. His business is to receive fruit as consignee and to sell it. All the stuff he receives must be handled in refrigerator-cars. When he began business in Chicago twelve years ago, the Beef Trust had not been formed, and what "icing charges" existed at all were nominal and bothered nobody. As the Trust was evolved, Mr. Davies found that he was constantly paying heavier and heavier charges for "icing" in the refrigerator-cars that came to him. On August 11, 1904, he received over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad a car-load of melons from Decker, Ind.—a Trust car on which the "icing charges" were $45. Decker is 247 miles from Chicago, and the time consumed in transit was sixteen hours. The cost of ice is $2.50 a ton placed in the ice-bunkers of the car. That would mean that eighteen tons had been consumed in sixteen hours. Mr. Davies knew that it would be utterly impossible (without a fire) for eighteen tons of ice to be consumed in sixteen hours in that car; he knew that the actual consumption of ice was not more than four tons. So he refused to pay the bill.

The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad Company, acting gratuitously as agent for the Trust, undertook to enforce the claim. Mr. Davies denounced the icing charges as extortionate and unjust, but offered to pay the freight charges, which were the only items the railroad had any right to be interested in. The railroad refused to accept the freight charges without the Trust extortions, and threatened to "shut off his credit." Mr. Davies invited them to proceed. The next thing he knew, a circular was issued by Mr. Hillman, General Freight Agent of the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad (a Trust line) notifying all shippers that thereafter all shipments to Edward G. Davies must be prepaid. This was equivalent to an absolute boycott. No shipper in the commission trade can undertake to prepay charges, and Mr. Davies's business came to an end so far as that railroad was concerned.

He still refused to pay the claim. A few

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days later, according to his sworn statement, he received a visit at his office from Mr. A. R. Urion, general counsel for the Armour car lines. Mr. Urion was accompanied by friends. He invited Mr. Davies to step into the hall outside where he desired some conversation with him. Mr. Davies went into the hall. Thereupon Mr. Urion told him he would have to pay the charges or get out of business. He said in effect that the Trust would ruin him; that it would be impossible for him to get any refrigerator-cars thereafter, and without refrigerator-cars he would be powerless. The Welsh spirit rose at the word. Mr. Davies said:

"Gentlemen, I will have you to understand that I don't know Mr. Armour and don't want to know him, but he can't interfere with inter-state commerce in this country, and if he tries to, I will have him in court. Just tell him that."

Mr. Urion went away. Mr. Davies has never paid the charges, and since that day he has never been able to get any business over the Evansville & Terre Haute.

Now note what followed: On October 1st he received a car-load of fruit from Lawton, Mich., on the Pere Marquette Railroad. It was Fruit Growers' Express (an Armour line) No. 15412. On this the "icing charges" were $22.50. But he had a letter from the shipper saying that the car had not been iced at all. The charge was mere robbery. Naturally, Davies refused to be plundered. Three days later his shipper at Lawton sent word that he had been notified by the Armour agent there that no cars could go to Edward G. Davies unless the charges were prepaid. In other words, the Trust was trying to carry out its threat to ruin him. But about that time Mr. Davies made one or two moves on his own account, and laid the whole matter before the Inter-State Commerce Commission; Mr. J. W. Midgley delivered his sledge-hammer blow against the private-car outrage, and in the resulting publicity the active crusade against Mr. Davies was necessarily suspended. But the embargo still stands on his shipments.

There was nothing exceptional about this case. It is merely typical of what goes on everywhere. On August 18, 1904, J. D. Mead & Co., No. 38 Clinton Street, Boston, received a car-load of peaches from Missouri, Fruit Growers' Express No. 21348, on which the total charges amounted to $345.46. As is usually the case since the Trust began these operations, there was nothing on the bill to show what the various charges meant. By dint of repeated complaint the firm induced the railroad, the Boston & Albany, to furnish an explanation. It then appeared that there were three items of "icing": $92.40, $2.50, and $5.00, total $99.90. This for a service that was once performed free. Mead & Co. demurred to the charge on the ground that it was excessive. The railroad company acted its usual part of browbeating collector, but the firm continued to protest. In the end it was developed that the $2.50 and the $5 had been added arbitrarily and the bill made on the plain basis of squeezing all that could be obtained from the firm.

Subsequently the firm received a car-load of peaches from Cumberland, Md., in which there was an "icing charge" of $64, indicating the use of about twenty-five tons of ice. As the ice-bunkers in the car hold only four to six tons at a time, and the distance from Cumberland to Boston is not great enough to make more than one re-icing necessary, the fraud was manifest. Mead & Co. objected so strenuously that the railroad officers seemed somewhat abashed and promised to look into the bill. They said it had been sent to them from New York for collection and it was a "trial bill."

"What in the world is a 'trial bill'?" asked Mr. Mead.

"Try to collect," said the manager laconically.

That is to say, it was merely an attempt to "bluff" the firm into paying a baseless charge.

The bill went back to New York with an explanation of the firm's belligerent attitude, and when it was returned it had been cut down to $24—a reduction of $40. This was still in excess of a reasonable charge, but the shipper declared he would rather pay it than endure the delays and vexations of court proceedings.

A few of the railroads, the Illinois Central and the Pennsylvania, for instance, own refrigerator-cars, and when these run over another road than the owner's, or when they come from one of the regions that the Trust has taken for its own, the Trust insists that the railroad shall collect the full Trust charges and turn the money into the Trust treasury. That is to say, the Trust must be paid blackmail for the railroad's use of the railroad's own cars. This seems preposterous or impossible, I know, but it is done. For instance:

On August 13, 1904, the firm of Coyne Brothers, South Water Street, Chicago, re-

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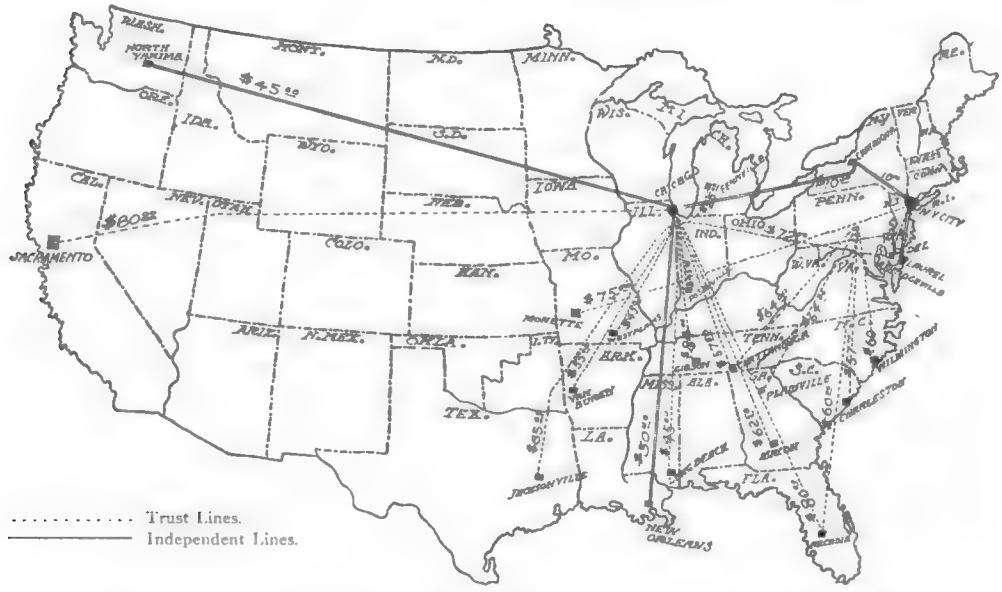
ceived Illinois Central Refrigerator-car No. 54816, loaded with melons from Poseyville, Ind. On this the Illinois Central presented a bill for $45, "icing charges." The regular Illinois Central "icing charges" for that distance are about $10, but the Trust rate is $45. The freight charges on that car, by the way, were only $39, so that the icing cost more than the freight.

Coyne Brothers protested to the Illinois Central with the usual result. They offered to pay the freight bill without the larcenous "icing charges." The railroad company announced that the whole bill would have to be paid or the firm would be taken off the credit list—in other words, would be boycotted as Mr. Davies had been boycotted. The next day a representative of the Armour line called on Coyne Brothers and attempted to induce payment, plainly revealing the real origin of the charge. Upon this cue Coyne Brothers went to W. R. Bascon, in charge of the Illinois Central refrigerator service, and Mr. Bascon admitted the existence of an arrangement by which the Trust was to be paid at Trust rates on all the shipments from the melon region by whatsoever cars. Coyne Brothers steadily refusing to submit to the "icing" swindle, the railroad, which is reputed to be one of the fairest and most honorable in the country, abandoned the rest of the claim. But the Trust insisted upon the full pound of flesh, and is now suing Coyne Brothers in the courts. And this for the use of a car that did not belong to the Trust, and for ice that the Trust never furnished.



TRUST CHARGES COMPARED WITH INDEPENDENT REFRIGERATOR CHARGES.

It will be seen that the Trust often charges more for a short distance than independent lines charge for a distance four times as great. Compare, for instance, the Trust charge of $25 from Fennville, Mich., to Chicago with the Northern Pacific's charge of $45 from the State of Washington to Chicago.

A curious little incident in the history of the same firm casts further light on these matters. On August 11, 1904, it received a Louisville & Nashville car loaded with melons from Epworth, Ind. It came to Chicago by the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. On the original bill was the regular Louisville & Nashville "icing charge" of $14, Epworth to Chicago. But in Chicago some one added the Trust "icing charge" of $45 from Epworth, and the railroad company presented the bill with both amounts on it. Coyne Brothers demanded to know if they were expected to pay both "icing charges." The bill was thereupon withdrawn and returned with the $14 charge erased. Of course, this demonstrated that if the Trust were not empowered to play the bandit, the charge would have been $14 and no more. Coyne Brothers refused to pay the $45, and the Chicago & Eastern Illinois applied the boycott—that is, it took them off the credit list. The time was the

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height of the fruit season, car-loads of fruit for the firm were lying rotting in the sun to the heavy loss of innocent shippers, but the railroad company refused to handle it until the firm deposited a certified check to prepay the charges. Coyne Brothers persistently refused to pay the Trust's extortions, and in the end Mr. Urion appeared at their office.

"I have come to tell you," he said, "that you will have to pay that charge or else everything that goes into an Armour car for you will have to be prepaid before it can start."

Mr. Summers, the manager for Coyne Brothers, says he shoved paper and pencil upon the attorney and said:

"Will you put that into writing for me?"

"I will not," said Mr. Urion. "You understand plain English, don't you?"

In the next few days the firm found that its shipments from the Michigan grape region were cut off. It sent one of its own men there to load cars, but the railroad agent refused to bill them. He said: "I have my instructions from Armour's man here and must follow them," and there was no way by which the firm could get past that barrier. They tried, indeed, to get other cars than Trust cars, to send other cars from Chicago. The railroad refused to furnish other cars and the embargo was complete. "I have my instructions from Armour's man," said the railroad agent. There could be no more conclusive evidence of the Trust's domination in railroad affairs.

From the hundreds of cases that are on record and might be specified I give a few selections merely as illustrations of a universal condition that is the chief factor in the increased cost of living in America. It must not be supposed that this condition is particularly worse in any one community. Every town or city suffers in about the same way.

On August 15, 1904, J. C. & C. R. Scales, No. 114 South Water Street, Chicago, received a car-load of melons from Carlisle, Ind. The freight charges were $35.50, and the icing charges $50.63. Distance from Carlisle to Chicago, 216 miles; time consumed about eighteen hours. According to the icing bill there must have been consumed twenty tons of ice. The car-bunkers would hold no more than six tons of ice. There was no re-icing. Consequently there was palpable fraud to the amount of $35 on the cost of fourteen tons of ice.

On the same day William J. Ellis & Co., of Chicago, received a car-load of tomatoes from Gibson, Tenn., distance 522 miles, and another car-load of tomatoes from New Orleans, distance 923 miles. The car from Gibson was a Trust car, operated under the system of exclusive contracts. On this car the icing charge was $73.92. The car from New Orleans was an Illinois Central car, operated on its own line and independently of the Trust, and on this the icing charge was only $15. That is to say, the Trust exacted almost five times as much as the independent line for a distance 400 miles shorter.

That the "icing charge," as applied by the Trust, is under all conditions utterly preposterous and unreasonable, can be demonstrated to any intelligence by reference to one simple fact:

There are no "icing charges" on dairy products.

Unless you are in the secret you will be puzzled to imagine why. Dairy products require as much icing as most fruits and vegetables; ice in a dairy-product car costs as much as ice in a fruit-car, and melts as fast. Yet refrigerator-cars run to all parts of the country with dairy products, and there is no "icing charge" for them no matter how much ice they require.

And here is the reason: The Trust is an enormous shipper of dairy products on its own account to its own houses; it is steadily engrossing the country's trade in such commodities. But it carries only its own dairy products in its cars; it does not carry the dairy products of other shippers. Hence it has had no reason to enforce the "icing charge" on dairy products. But it does carry in its cars the fruit and vegetables of other shippers: hence on such commodities it enforces the "icing charge" against such shippers, and compels the railroads to collect it.

There are certain lines of refrigerator-cars in the country that are not owned by the Trust;* these carry chiefly and sometimes solely dairy products. They get mileage from the railroads, but they are run without "icing charges" so long as they transport dairy products. Who pays for the ice? The company owning the car pays twelve and a half per cent. of it and the railroads pay the rest! Shipper and consignee pay nothing

*A clear distinction should be drawn between these cars and Trust cars. Small lines of independent cars are operated with no occasion, so far as I have been able to learn, for complaint from shipper or merchant. But, unluckily, these do not amount to enough to afford any considerable relief to the shipping public, and as most of them are engaged in carrying dairy products they do not affect the essence of the monopoly, which is the "icing charge." Also, we have nothing to do here with the devices for improving the transporting of cattle on the hoof, about which there seems to be some excitement. I am dealing with the situation created by the Trust.

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for it, nothing for the use of the car, nothing but the regular freight rate. But if the car happens to carry cabbages instead of butter, the shipper has to pay an average of ten times the value of the ice consumed. Can you imagine a more absurd arrangement? Or any greater source of profit for its beneficiaries? Take these cars that are outside of the Trust. They get nothing but the railroad mileage and ten to twelve and a half per cent. commission from the railroads for the business they produce. Out of this revenue they have to pay part of the cost of the ice and heavy rebates wherewith to bribe shippers. Yet they all make money. One of the managers of the Santa Fé refrigerator line, the private enterprise operated by the officers of the Santa Fé Railroad, has sworn that his cars get no mileage from the Santa Fé Railroad, that only one-third of their operation is on other than Santa Fé tracks, and yet with these limitations the cars pay five per cent. annual rental and a good profit besides. What must be the profits of the 40,000 Trust cars with their expedited mileage on all roads, with the vast earnings of the "icing charge," with "mixed car-lots" for their own houses, with all the rest of the advantages they possess? Mr. E. M. Ferguson, of Duluth, Minn., who has given to the private-car problem more study than any other man has given to it, except Mr. Midgley, has estimated the net profits of the Armour car lines at $72,000 a day. This may or may not be accurate, but certainly the profits must be enormous; there can hardly be another business in this country that pays such immense sums on a like investment.

Who furnishes these great profits? Not the commission merchant. His protests against the Bandit of Commerce are largely disinterested. It makes no difference to his pocketbook. Whatever may be the extortions of the Trust, he merely charges them up to the shippers' account. If, as often happens the "icing charges" and the freight rate together equal the whole value of the shipment and leave the shipper nothing, that is no actual concern of the merchant. He loads the tribute upon the shipper, and the shipper loads it upon the producer, and the producer loads it upon you, and you pay it—good, easy man—three times a day.

The Gould interests have an independent refrigerator-car line called the American Refrigerator Transit, or the "A. R. T." The Vanderbilts have one called the Merchants' Despatch Transportation, or the "M. D. T." The Pennsylvania, the Northern Pacific, and some other roads have refrigerator-cars of their own. It is customary for persons in the Trust interest to refer to these facts as evidence that there can not be a complete monopoly in the refrigerator-car business. That is true; but the Trust compels the Gould interest to keep the "A. R. T." mainly in operation on the Gould roads, compels the Vanderbilts to keep the "M. D. T." cars mainly on the Vanderbilt roads or engaged in transporting dairy products, and the other cars do not amount to factors in the situation.

When the outside cars do carry produce for the general shipper they offer striking evidence of the extortions of the Bandit. The "icing charge" of the Illinois Central in its own cars from New Orleans to Chicago, 923 miles, is $15 to $30; the Trust charge from Humboldt, Tenn., 560 miles, is $84. The "icing charge," for a Pennsylvania car from Silver Creek, N. Y., to Chicago, 500 miles, is $7.75 to $10; the Trust's "icing charge" from Lawton, Mich., to Chicago, 120 miles, is $25. I have seen freight bills for grapes shipped in an "M. D. T." car from the New York grape region to Boston in which there was no "icing charge," and other bills in the same month between the same points in which the Trust charged $22. The "icing charges" in a Northern Pacific refrigerator-car from the State of Washington to Chicago are $45, the "icing charges" of the Trust from West Plains, Mo., to Chicago are $60.50.

I do not see how it is possible to escape the conclusion that the essence of these performances is mere robbery.

The strongest weapon of the Yellow Car Bandit is the exclusive contract with certain railroads by which no refrigerator-cars except Trust cars are allowed to be furnished to shippers. It is worth noting that these exclusive contracts have been pushed until they have established an impenetrable monopoly of all the important fruit regions of the country. Thus the Trust has exclusive contracts with all the roads that reach the peach region of Georgia, the peach, grape, and apple region of Michigan, the melon and tomato farms in Tennessee and Indiana; and as for the fruit traffic of California, citrus and deciduous, that has long since passed wholly into the hands of the Trust.

As a sample of these contracts I select that

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with the Pere Marquette Railroad. This line is the most important fruit carrier out of Michigan. Within the last few years it has established a new route from Chicago to the East. The Trust offered, in return for an exclusive contract giving it control of the Michigan fruit trade, to allow the Pere Marquette a certain weekly percentage of through freight from Chicago to New York. For this bribe the Pere Marquette became the bound slave of the Trust. The curious fact and the thing that should particularly interest the Department of Justice at Washington, is that while the exclusive refrigerator contract was made in the name of one firm, the percentage of through freight is made up by all the packing-houses, which is, of course, conclusive evidence—if any were needed—that the Trust and these firms are one and the same thing, that all the packing-houses are under one control, and the whole business of meat supply and private-car gouging is worked together for a common interest.

The whole story of these operations is epitomized in a collection of circulars issued by the Pere Marquette Railroad, and now before me as I write. The first of these circulars was issued July 28, 1900, and contains the declaration, usual at that time, that on shipments of 15,000 pounds or more of fruits and berries, and on shipments of 10,000 pounds of other commodities, the whole cost of icing and re-icing will be borne by the railroad without expense to the shipper. I place in contrast with this a circular issued by the same railroad on August 1, 1904, after it had made its exclusive contract with the Trust, announcing the following "icing charges" to the points named:

TO	In Dollars per Car	TO	In Dollars per Car	TO	In Dollars per Car	TO	In Dollars per Car
Aberdeen, S. D.	45.00	Davenport, Iowa	37.50	Hartford, Ind.	30.00	Montgomery, Ala.	55.00
Albany, N. Y.	42.50	Dayton, Ohio	30.00	Hastings, Neb.	50.00	Nashville, Tenn.	40.00
Albert Lea, Minn.	40.00	Deadwood, S. D.	45.00	Helena, Mont.	55.00	New Orleans, La.	55.00
Algona, Iowa	40.00	Denver, Colo.	50.00	Herman, Mo.	40.00	New York, N. Y.	50.00
Alliance, Ohio	30.00	Des Moines, Iowa	40.00	Houghton, Mich.	45.00	Omaha, Neb.	40.00
Altoona, Pa.	40.00	Detroit, Mich.	25.00	Huntington, W. Va.	35.00	Oshkosh Wis.	35.00
Ashland, Wis.	45.00	Dixon, Ill.	35.00	Huron, S. D.	45.00	Peoria, Ill.	35.00
Altanta, Ga.	40.00	Dubuque, Iowa	37.50	Indianapolis, Ind.	30.00	Philadelphia, Pa.	50.00
Baltimore, Md.	50.00	Duluth, Minn.	45.00	Ironwood, Mich.	45.00	Pipeston, Minn	40.00
Bay City, Mich.	25.00	East St. Louis, Ill.	37.50	Jacksonville, Ill.	35.00	Pittsburg, Pa.	35.00
Beloit, Wis.	35.00	Eaton, Ohio	30.00	Johnstown, Pa.	40.00	Pueblo, Colo.	50.00
Bennett, Iowa	40.00	Eau Claire, Wis.	35.00	Kansas City, Mo.	40.00	Racine, Wis.	30.00
Berwick, Pa.	42.50	Elmira, N. Y.	42.50	Keene, N. H.	55.00	Saginaw, Mich	25.00
Birmingham, Ala.	55.00	Erie, Pa.	35.00	Keokuk, Iowa	37.50	St. Joseph, Mo	40.00
Bloomington, Ill.	35.00	Farmer City, Ill.	35.00	Knoxville, Tenn.	40.00	St. Louis, Mo.	37.50
Boston, Mass.	55.00	Findlay, Ohio	30.00	La Crosse, Wis.	40.00	St. Paul, Minn.	40.00
Buffalo, N. Y.	35.00	Fisher, Ill.	35.00	La Salle, Ill.	35.00	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. (via Straits of Mackinac)	35.00
Burlington, Iowa	37.50	Fond du Lac, Wis.	35.00	Lincoln, Neb.	45.00		
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	40.00	Ft. Dodge, Iowa	40.00	Little Rock, Ark.	40.00		
Centerville, Iowa	40.00	Ft. Smith, Ark.	45.00	Logansport, Ind.	30.00	Sheboygan, Wis.	35.00
Champaign, Ill.	35.00	Frankfort, Ind.	30.00	Louisville, Ky.	30.00	Shreveport, La.	55.00
Chattanooga, Tenn.	40.00	Freeport, Ill.	37.50	Madison, Wis.	35.00	Sioux City, Iowa	40.00
Cherokee, Iowa	40.00	Galesburg, Ill.	35.00	Marinette, Wis	35.00	Sioux Falls, S. D.	45.00
Chicago, Ill., (via New Buffalo)	25.00	Gibson City, Ill.	35.00	Marquette, Mich., (via Straits of Mackinac)	35.00	Spokane, Wash.	60.00
		Gloversville, N. Y.	42.50			Springfield, Ill.	35.00
Chicago, Ill., (via Milwaukee Ferry)	30.00	Goodland, Ind.	30.00	Memphis, Tenn.	40.00	Terre Haute, Ind.	30.00
		Grand Forks, N. D.	45.00	Menominee, Mich	35.00	Toledo, Ohio.	25.00
Chillicothe, Ohio	30.00	Grand Island, Neb.	45.00	Milwaukee, Wis., (via Ferry)	25.00	Utica, N. Y.	42.50
Cincinnati, Ohio.	30.00	Grand Rapids, Mich.	25.00			Washington, D. C.	50.00
Cleveland, Ohio	30.00	Granville, N. Y.	55.00	Milwaukee, Wis., (Via Chicago)	30.00	Waukesha, Wis.	35.00
Clinton, Iowa	37.50	Great Falls, Mont.	55.00			Wausau, Wis.	35.00
Columbus, Ohio.	30.00	Greenville, Ohio	30.00	Minneapolis, Minn.	40.00	Wichita, Kan.	45.00
Concordia, Kan.	45.00	Hancock, Mich.	45.00	Minot, N. D.	50.00	Winona, Minn.	40.00
Council Bluffs, Iowa	40.00	Hannaford, N. D.	45.00	Mitchell, S. D.	45.00	Zion City, Ill.	30.00
Danville, Ill.	35.00	Hartford, Conn.	55.00	Mobile, Ala.	55.00		

THE PERE MARQUETTE'S "ICING CHARGE" CIRCULAR.

Previous to August 1, 1904, the cost of icing and re-icing shipments of berries amounting to 15,000 pounds and of other commodities amounting to 10,000 pounds, was borne by the Pere Marquette Railroad. A year ago that road, the most important fruit carrier out of Michigan, came under Trust influences, and on August 1, 1904, issued the circular reproduced here, announcing "icing charges" varying from $25.00 to $60.00. That is, it charges now from $25.00 to $60.00 for what a year ago it gave free of charge.

Further to illustrate the results of these contracts upon the cost of distribution and the daily affairs of the public I give a few typical comparisons:

TOTAL COST OF TRANSPORTING CAR-LOADS OF FRUIT OR PRODUCE FROM MICHIGAN POINTS, INCLUDING FREIGHT RATES AND "ICING CHARGES" BEFORE AND AFTER THE TRUST MADE ITS EXCLUSIVE CONTRACTS:

	Before the Exclusive Contract	After the Exclusive Contract
To Boston	$158.00	$213.00
" Dayton, O.	80.00	110.00
" South Bend, Ind.	50.00	80.00
" Scranton, Pa.	140.00	190.00
" Louisville, Ky.	86.00	116.00
" Indianapolis	80.00	110.00

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There has been no increase in freight rates; the sole source of the increased cost is the "icing charge." Formerly the icing service was performed without charge as it is now on all dairy products.

TRUST RATES TO NEW YORK

Station	Distance	Rate per Car
From Arcadia, Fla.	1,304 miles,	$60.00
" Charleston, S. C.	748 "	57.00
" Wilmington, N C.	597 "	60.00
" Bridgeville, Del.	194 "	52.50
" Chattanooga, Tenn.	894 "	64.00
" Plainville, Ga.	960 "	64.00
" Monette, Mo.	1,506 "	75.00

RATES TO NEW YORK BY INDEPENDENT LINES

From Chautauqua, N. Y.	$10.00
" Laurel, Del.	15.00

TRUST RATES TO CHICAGO

From Fennville, Mich.	137 miles,	$25.00
" Decker, Ind.	247 "	45.00
" Gibson, Tenn.	522 "	84.00
" Van Buren, Ark.	537 "	55.00
" Long Beach, Miss.	1,005 "	45.00
" Citronelle, Ala.	825 "	45.00
" Arcadia, Fla.	1,320 "	80.00
" Bridgeville, Del.	876 "	72.00
" Chattanooga, Tenn.	644 "	57.50
" Macon, Ga.	709 "	62.50

RATES TO CHICAGO BY INDEPENDENT LINES

From Chautauqua, N. Y.	550 miles,	$10.00
" New Orleans, La.	923 "	30.00
" North Yakima, Wash.	2,158 "	45.00

TRUST RATES FROM PLAINVILLE, GA.

To Cincinnati, O.	404 miles,	$52.50
" Detroit, Mich.	667 "	57.50
" New York City	907 "	62.50
" Buffalo, N. Y.	850 "	65.00
" Boston	1,148 "	70.00
" Chicago	709 "	57.50
" Indianapolis, Ind.	528 "	57.50
" Washington, D. C.	680 "	62.50
" Louisville, Ky.	338 "	52.50
" Toledo, O.	614 "	57.50
" New Orleans	830 "	62.50
" Columbus, O.	529 "	57.50

Before the Trust made its exclusive contract with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, the "icing charge" from the great vegetable-growing regions in Mississippi and Alabama, places like Gulfport, Long Beach, Miss., and Theodore, Ala., was $27 to Cincinnati. As soon as the exclusive contract was made the rate was raised to $60 and then to $75.

Railroads using their own refrigerator-cars charge $5 for icing from Rochester or Western New York points to Cincinnati. For the same distance and the same length of time the Trust charges $35.

John Leverone, of Cincinnati, received in the summer of 1903 twenty-four car-loads of pineapples from Cuba. Ten cars came by the Illinois Central via New Orleans, with "icing charges" of $11.37 a car. Fourteen cars were Trust cars via the Louisville & Nashville and Mobile; "icing charges" $45 a car. New Orleans is 100 miles farther than Mobile from Cincinnati. Mr. Leverone refused to pay the excessive rate charged by the Trust, whereupon he was threatened with ruin and the loss of his credit. The Trust was a competitor of his in selling pineapples in Cincinnati. Naturally it was able to undersell him, and it presented to him the prospect of the total loss of his trade.

This brings me to one of the worst features of the matter. The Trust arrangement with the railroads provides that the Trust shall be notified of every car of fruit or vegetables that is shipped anywhere in the country, the date and destination. The Trust, as I have said, is heavily engaged on its own account in the trade in these products. It has countless car-loads of them constantly in transit or on its branch-house side-tracks. Suppose it gets the report that a car-load of grapes has been shipped to Newark, N. J. It has a car-load of its own at Trenton. It telegraphs its agent at Trenton to transfer the car to Newark. By the time the car of the competitor reaches Newark the market is glutted and the grapes rot in a warehouse. There was a famous case of this kind at Buffalo where the Trust, fighting for control of the local fruit-market, forestalled every shipment made to its competitors, and to glut the market went about the city peddling its goods. These manœuvers naturally put competitors everywhere at a hopeless disadvantage. It is impossible to contend against a rival that knows in advance every move you will make, and is able to nullify it.

In Boston once I noticed a curious little illustration of the way this thing works and also of the power the Trust wields over the railroad companies. The Armour agent in Boston got word of an intended shipment of potatoes to Woburn, where there happened to be a good market. He had a shipment of potatoes coming in from the West, and he applied to the Boston & Maine Railroad to transfer this shipment without charge from

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Boston to Woburn. Mr. Donovan, the freight-traffic manager of the Boston & Maine, declined on the ground that it was absolutely against the strictest rules of his company to do it for anybody. Finding him immovable, the agent wired the situation to the Armour headquarters in Chicago. That afternoon Mr. Donovan called the agent on the telephone and humbly announced that it would give him great pleasure to transfer those potatoes to Woburn and without charge. When would the agent like to have it done? The Trust had merely lifted a finger and the whole Boston & Maine organization was in a panic. But what chance has a competitor against such a tremendous power as that? And what chance has the public?

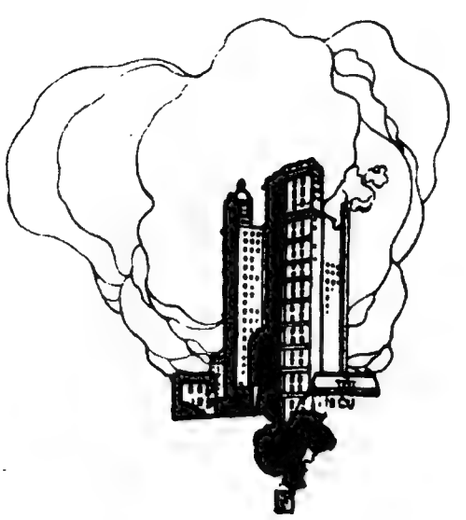
Until January 1st of this year the Trust owned the icing-plant at Jersey City, and the re-icing of every refrigerator-car that passed was in the Trust's hands. Knowing exactly what cars were shipped by any competitor, it was able to omit ice from such cars and injure or ruin their contents. I know of one instance where it played this pleasing game on a competitor and was subsequently forced to pay the entire value of the shipment. But that was where the omission was detected and proved. Nobody knows how often the practise has failed of detection, and practically every refrigerator-car that goes through Jersey City bound east or north must be re-iced there. These interesting facts were developed at the Inter-State Commerce hearing in Chicago. They seemed likely to make people mad. A representative of the Trust hastened from the hearing and speedily effected the sale, real or nominal, of the icing-plant to the Pennsylvania Railroad. Now there is a mystery as to just who does the icing at Jersey City, but the Trust representatives are able to swear smugly that the Trust at least does not own the plant.

Some of these things have a sweet tinge of humor—for the cynical. At an Inter-State Commerce Commission hearing last June some effort was made to show the extent to which Armour & Co. had monopolized the produce trade in certain regions. To this a Trust agent, with much virtuous indignation, declared that Armour & Co. were not engaged in buying produce or fruit—except a few apples, he said, which they needed in their mince-meat. The Commission accordingly exonerated Armour & Co. from the charge.

But the produce sales of Armour & Co. at thirty-five small branch houses in New England towns amounted to $250,000 in 1904. And in August the firm sent out a circular (which I have seen) announcing that owing to the unfavorable comment aroused it had decided to withdraw from the produce business. So it withdrew. But thereupon Swift & Co. took up the produce business that Armour & Co. dropped.

"Gentlemen," says the bland operator at the country fair, "there is no deception here. If the little pea is not under one shell it is under the other."

The story of "The Greatest Trust in the World" will be continued in the May number.



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Spring Rapture

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONCE more the spring's exultant joy
And flowery dream have come to pass;
Once more the birth of hawthorn white,
The green revival of the grass.

Again the pageant of the leaves,
The fragrance of the cherry-boughs;
Again the April glamour comes,
Again the young spring's wild carouse!

O heart of mine, once more for you
The world awakes with bloom and song;
Hushed are the voices of old Grief,
And vanished is the face of wrong.

The April pæan rings again,
Spring's flowery dream has come to pass,
And who shall weep when Love has given
The green revival of the grass?

An Odd Combination

By S. A. NELSON

Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

TIMOTHY ALLEN was the Wall Street reporter of *The Evening Planet* and was not at all pleased with himself. He sat at his desk in a stock-broker's office feeling, to use his own words, "well under par," and looking like the stock-market, which at that particular moment was declining. The atmosphere of the office was distinctly depressing, for the traders and speculators, who surrounded the three tickers directly behind Mr. Allen, were spelling aloud their own hard luck.

"This business of ours," ruminated Allen, and meaning the newspaper end of Wall Street, "is peculiar, to say the least. Here it is Friday, the week's end, and on Monday I started out with the determination to make $150—I need the money. Orders for work a-plenty and no time in which to do it. Of course, the *Planet* comes first and it has. A column-and-a-half a day is bad enough with a stenographer, but with a lead-pencil it's deadly—that is, if the stuff's any good whatever. On Monday, Jim Hartley, the promoter, wanted a collection of street-railway statistics that took three hours by the watch. And what did Jim say? 'Thank you, old man. I knew that you could do this ship-shape. It would have taken me a week. I'm no good at figures. The only thing I can count is my money. Now won't you come and have some luncheon and a small bottle?' If I had been a lawyer, I would have billed him $100 and he would not have kicked; but a reporter is the business friend of every man except himself. Of course, I

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declined the 'small bottle.' Why, if I took all the bottles, large and small, that come my way, I would have to try a 'cure' or apply for admission to a 'funny-house.' Wonder why it is that men think all newspaper-writers want to bathe in champagne and be pickled in high-balls and cocktails?

"Tuesday—what happened Tuesday? Oh, yes! I lost all my spare time trying to locate a place for an office-boy, sent to me by a man who once gave me a railroad pass and who has since got back its value about twelve times over. My son, never accept the gift of a railroad pass. You may live to be a hundred 'n' ten, but it's never paid for—the obligation's there till you die. The same day I helped that fellow Gans out with his story. Didn't know anything about his subject; brought me the proof and I had to lick it into shape. Told him the truth, which was a mistake, and I guess he won't come near me any more. For young reporters there's nothing so good as unvarnished ignorance to inspire self-confidence.

"Spent Wednesday looking over Jannsen's statement from his brokers, to say nothing of showing Dickinson how to advertise his business and get for $250 a month what is now costing him $350. Another 'thank you kindly' job.

"Gee," concluded the young man, "I'm sympathizing with myself. This won't do." And gathering up his loose-sheeted copy-paper he prepared to make copy for the *Planet's* always hungry type-setting machines. As he was selecting a lead-pencil from an assortment of similar tools of his trade he looked up, startled by the exclamation of a speculator.

"MR. ALLEN IS SITTING OVER THERE."

"Blast it!" ejaculated the money-loser. "Big Gas is 'busting' now. Never guessed right in my life. Talk about buying 'at the top.' I can beat any man in the world at doing the 'wrong thing' in the stock-market. Just 'copper' my trades and make a fortune."

As the other speculators laughed heartily, Allen grinned, and in looking upward, his glance stopped at the entrance to the office, for there stood a very fat little man, red-cheeked, hat in hand, and attired in the dress of a priest.

"Queer place for a priest," thought Allen, as he settled down to his work, only to look up again when the little visitor asked: "Is

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Mr. Timothy Allen, of the *Planet*, in this office?"

"Mr. Allen is sitting over there," replied the office manager.

"That is my name," said Allen. "Be seated. What can I do for you?"

"What can I have done now?" Allen asked himself in mock alarm. "What can a Catholic priest want with a Baptist?"

"Mr. Allen, are you the man who wrote a little book about Wall Street?"

"I'm the guilty man," replied Allen. And lifting his pencil, he wrote an order to his publisher to deliver one copy to the bearer, and handed it to his visitor, saying, "I will be glad to have you read it."

"Oh, no!" said the priest, "I have already read it, and had I heeded its advice, I should not now be in the predicament which brings me here. I want your assistance if I can get it, and I am willing to pay you."

"Take your time and tell me all about it," suggested Allen, who watched the priest flush and perspire under the excitement which controlled him. "If it is a matter in which I can serve you, I'll be glad to help you out, I'm sure."

Then the little priest explained, saying, "I am Father Kilpatrick, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, of Lowell. I have a sister there, who has a husband in poor health. He has not the strength nor the endurance to work at his trade, which is that of a carpenter. My sister and her husband had saved $800 and I had $300 of my own. We were anxious to save $2,500 and use the money in buying a shoe-store that is for sale in our town, for my brother-in-law. The work there would be suited to his health. But my sister has a large family of children, and saving money is hard work and very slow, and there were $1,400 more to make up. The prospect of the store seemed very remote. A few months ago the people of my town were deluged with circulars from a banker. His name?—L. Lamberton Pendleton. His arguments were so convincing and he impressed me so favorably that I concluded to accept his suggestion and deposit my $300 with him, he to invest it in stocks. On my advice, my sister invested her $800. We felt quite sure that Mr. Pendleton would increase the $1,100 to $2,500—the price of the store. His letters were almost promises.

"I am not a business man, it appears——"

"MR. THURSBY, THIS IS MY FRIEND, MR. ALLEN, OF *THE DAILY PLANET*."

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Mr. Allen smiled feebly, and as the priest paused, asked: "What happened?"

"Well, he bought a stock called 'Leather Common.' It was a 'fine investment,' he wrote, and he had bought many shares for himself and friends. We got ours at $14 a share and the stock went up to $16. Three times we wrote and asked Mr. Pendleton to sell for us and return our money, as in thinking the matter over I considered that I had been indiscreet. He replied to us with excuses; he had overlooked the order; he was too busy to give attention to such a small transaction; and begged that I would not be in a hurry.

"Then the panic came and the stock went down to $8. He sent us word that our money had been lost. I came to New York and saw the man, and said that to protect my sister I should take the case to court. He then assured me that that was unnecessary, and that he would buy the stock back for us. He now says that he has done so and that our account shows a loss of $150. But," continued the little man excitedly, "I can not get our money at all. I have been here for three days. I go to his office every day and they put me off with promises. Pendleton wants me to buy other stocks. I suspect, sir, that this man is not an honorable banker. He told me that he made $1,750,000 in Wall Street. Certainly his offices are magnificent. I do not understand such a man. In our town the name of Pendleton has been highly honored for a century and more. I did not believe that any one bearing that name could do wrong. I begin to fear the name deceived me.

"Mr. Allen, I am worried about my sister's money. I would willingly lose or give my own to recover what belongs to her. I am sure I have made a dreadful mistake. We should be very grateful if you could do anything for us."

"Have you any memorandums of your purchases and sales?"

"Yes, here they are," and the priest drew them from his pocket.

"I don't believe," Allen remarked, after glancing at the statement, "that there was a legitimate trade in the whole lot. You want me to get what money's left?"

"If you would be so kind."

"I guess that I can spare the time and we will try to get the original amount—$1,100. It's a pity that you did not know that Pendleton is a rogue. I don't understand how he keeps out of jail. Put on your hat and let us go over there."

And the reporter grasped his own hat and led the way out, while the speculators who had lapsed into respectful quietness during the visitor's unusual presence, now loudly wondered what the priest was doing with Allen, or Allen with the priest.

As they dropped down to the street in the elevator, Allen said: "When we get in Pendleton's office, I want you to introduce me to the man who would not give you your money as Allen, of *The Planet*. Tell him that I am your friend. If we meet Pendleton, an introduction won't be necessary. I know him."

"But," inquired the priest, "isn't Pendleton an honest man?"

"Honest—honest, why he does not know the meaning of the word. Do honest men rob women and clergymen? Why, my dear sir, he is expecting to get you in the market again and 'wipe you out' of your money in some way which will overcome your objections and your legal rights. They have blundered in handling your account. He believes that your money is as good as his own now, but he was a winner on the Northern Pacific panic and he has reasoned that he can afford to wait a little longer."

"But, I don't understand——"

"No," was the brusk but kindly rejoinder. "You don't and you never would. I could not make you understand this game if I tried a week, and I shouldn't try even if I had the time. The best safeguard against stock speculation is in not understanding it. A little understanding is at times very dangerous. This man Pendleton is making a fat living from confiding men like you. Adventurers of his kind have done more to give Wall Street a bad name than all its other shortcomings combined. He conducts a bucket-shop—nothing more or less; and if you were a New Yorker, and not a very innocent and very honest countryman, representing also your sister, I think that I would not raise a hand to recover your money. You would deserve to lose it. An outsider who plays another man's gambling game is a fool."

Arriving at Pendleton's office, Father Kilpatrick asked for Mr. Thursby, the manager, who appeared. "Mr. Thursby," said the priest in greeting, "this is my friend, Mr. Allen, of *The Daily Planet*. Perhaps you have heard of him. He knows your firm, I believe."

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"Glad to meet you, I am sure," responded Thursby, warmly grasping Allen's unwilling hand. "What can I do for you?"

"My friend, Father Kilpatrick, is going back to Lowell this afternoon. He thinks that he has had four trades with you and has lost some money. I won't trouble you for the names of the brokers you made those transactions with, for I know that you can't produce them. *The Planet* would be glad to see you close this account by giving Father Kilpatrick a check for $1,100."

Mr. Thursby's jaunty air of cheerfulness disappeared as his gaze moved from the reporter to the priest. The priest mopped his guileless, boyish, and perspiring face with a linen handkerchief. Obviously, the priest's friend was unfriendly. Mr. Thursby knew that his employer, Mr. Pendleton, did not court publicity through victims who were priests, who had reporters and newspapers for friends.

"Why, of course," he replied at last, "we shall be only too glad. Step in and be seated. I will look it up at once."

The visitors sat down in a mahogany-furnished apartment, where they waited forty-five minutes for the reappearance of Thursby. In this interval, Allen tried to explain to his new-found friend something about the "Pendletons," who operate swindling "banking and brokerage" firms in Wall Street.

"Dear me! dear me!" frequently interrupted the priest, "Mr. Allen, I did not know that men could be so heartless."

"It's harder for us to understand," replied Allen, "how men can be so easily deceived. To us they are only shallow rogues. But where is this man Thursby?" And Allen went looking for him, peering in and out of a maze of little offices partitioned off in a way that was confusing to a stranger.

"What do you want?" demanded a surly clerk, as he opened the door leading into one office.

"I want a man of the name of Thursby, and I want him quick. I am tired of waiting. Allen's my name."

"Very well, I'll get him—but this is a private office."

"Indeed," said the reporter. "Some day when I have nothing better to do I'll turn a search-light on the whole outfit and privacy won't bother you as much as it does now."

Thursby appeared at this moment, check and statement in hand. He explained the delay, took the priest aside, and asked for a receipt, which he gladly signed. "Mr. Allen," said the priest, "this gentleman has made the check payable to my sister. He says that it will be all right if I indorse it—that I can then get the money for it."

"Nonsense!" said Allen. "Don't you do anything of the kind. You have no right to forge an indorsement, and as for you"—turning to Thursby—"well, never mind. Sign a receipt for the check, father, and put the check in your pocket. It is all right, I think, or will be, at any rate, when we get it certified."

As they departed, Thursby sneeringly expressed the hope that he might have the pleasure of meeting Allen again.

"MR. ALLEN, HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?"

"You will meet me again," replied Allen, "especially if you stick to this business, but I can't see where the pleasure for you will come in."

"Father Kilpatrick," said Thursby, "I hope that you will have a safe journey home."

"Thank you! thank you!" replied the little man, and added hesitatingly: "Please do not send any more of your letters to my sister or myself."

And bowing, he followed Allen out.

"What shall we do now?" he asked.

"Do? Go down to the Bank of the State of New York and certify that fellow's check. Then you are absolutely safe. You see, the

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paying-teller of the bank will write his name across the check, certifying that Pendleton has $1,100 on deposit there. Pendleton can not take it out after that. You go home then as fast as you can and deposit it."

Allen thought of his neglected work as he hurried his *protégé* down New Street and through Exchange Place to the bank.

"Please certify that check," requested Allen. The paying-teller looked up and out of his window at the reporter and the priest, and smiled at the latter's good, honest, and homely countenance; in fact, more than one person stopped to stare at the chubby little country priest, so plainly a stranger in that part of the great city.

"Put the check in your inside pocket," commanded Allen, and like an obedient schoolboy, his friend of the morning obeyed.

As they hurried back in the direction of Broadway, the priest said: "Mr. Allen, how much do I owe you?"

"Not a cent."

"But how am I going to repay you?"

"That is unnecessary. I fancy that you do not get paid every time you do a man a good turn, and on the same principle I don't want any pay. Now I am going to take you to call on a member of the Stock Exchange —Pendleton is not a member of any exchange, for they wouldn't let him in—and he will explain what I have already told you, that the only way to make money here, or any other place, is by giving in return for profit an equivalent in mental and physical effort."

By the clock on old Trinity, it lacked twenty minutes to the noon hour when Allen helped the priest on to a Broadway car.

"If you ever come to Lowell," said the man in black, "come and see me. No, I'll never speculate again. And, Mr. Allen, I am very grateful to you, sir."

On his return to his desk, after an absence of almost two hours, he was greeted with a chorus of "Say, Allen, what was the matter with you and your friend?"

"Showing him the sights," said Allen. "Never saw Wall Street before, and wanted to see what the bulls and bears looked like."

In the rush to "catch up" with his accumulated work, the reporter apparently forgot his week of disappointed hopes. But as the afternoon sped on, on the few occasions when he stopped long enough to recall his new friend, it was plain to those in the office that he was more pleased with himself than he had been at 10 A.M.

An April Lyric

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

THRO' rusty wood, o'er meadow gray,
Behold young April faring!
And, where his magic hath its way,
The earth new joy is wearing!

The robin, from the Southland young,
His homeward journey's winging.
The rivulet hath found a tongue.
I fancy both are singing—

"Ah, Dreamer, leave thy laurel-quest—
The shadow-slope of Helicon!
A sprig of arbutus is best,
Or hillock, smiling in the sun.
Come! Taste, with Robin of the Tree,
The wilding rapture waiting thee!"

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THE PLAYERS.

THERE is something almost uncanny in David Belasco's knowledge of stagecraft and of audiences. The fact that he has never put forth a play that failed of financial success is proof that with him guesswork is wholly eliminated, and that the witchery of his genius can be counted on to make black appear white or any color of the rainbow that he chooses. Apparently he is the only absolutely certain man in the most uncertain of all callings. Has not Charles Frohman, who has produced more new plays than any other manager, always maintained that even the most highly skilled playwrights can hope to have only two out of every five plays succeed?

In "Adrea" the Belasco genius is seen in the fulness of its development. It is true that John Luther Long wrote the dialogue, which has a sonorous rhythm suggestive of blank verse, but the play is Belasco. The truth is, lines are really a comparatively unimportant part of a play. The late Dion Boucicault frequently called a rehearsal of a new comedy before he had written a single speech. He would explain the characters, the action which he depended upon to express the meaning, all the details which are called "business." His lines seemed to grow naturally out of the situations, and for crisp brilliancy they have seldom been surpassed. Boucicault ranks with Belasco as absolute master of the technique of the drama.

As a spectacle "Adrea" is one of the finest things the stage has known. The story harks back some fifteen hundred years to the time when the barbarians conquered Rome, which gives opportunity for beautiful scenery and

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Photograph by White, New York.

NELLIE BUTLER AS *MRS. BROWN* IN "BUSTER BROWN."

gorgeous costuming; for the pomp and pageantry which Mr. Belasco is so successful in representing on the stage. There have been productions as lavish and as costly, but never have I seen one so significantly convincing, so splendidly harmonious. In everything is manifest the wizard's handiwork. The chief character, conceived with a special view to Mrs. Leslie Carter's abilities, is so molded, so developed, as to display her great power at its best while safeguarding her against her own limitations—temperamental limitations which she may not hope to overcome. It is a play of elemental emotions, and deadly serious. It violates a fixed dramatic rule in that the strongest situation is in the first act, where *Adrea*, who may not succeed her father, the king, because of her blindness, finds that her barbarian lover, whom she thought she had wedded, had made her the wife of the court jester. His horrible, painted travesty of a face is the first human one she looks upon when her sight is suddenly restored to her. Then follow three acts in which *Adrea* is alternately driven by love and by revenge. The last act, called an epilogue, is plainly added to give Mrs. Carter opportunity to play upon human heart-strings that tears of sympathy may flow. Yet the attitude of the audiences shows that, anticlimax as it is, it rings true. No other playwright knows so surely when trickery will seem more genuine than truth, and he conceals his legerdemain with a skill that outwits the keenest intelligence. Mr. Belasco never gives his audiences time for speculation; he dazzles them with magnificent stage-pictures or rushes them along on a wave of emotion that makes sober judgment impossible.

"Adrea" is essentially an acting play, and in it Mrs. Carter reaches greater heights than she has heretofore essayed. So carefully has the rôle been fitted to her that her very crudities add to the power of the portrayal. To

FRANK MOULAN AS *MARY THE COOK* IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

HOLBROOK BLINN AS *NAPOLEON* AND LEMPRIÈRE PRINGLE AS *M. LEFÈBRE* IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

LOUISE CLOSSER, PLAYING WITH GRACE GEORGE IN "ABIGAIL."

me the finest moment in the play is where *Adrea*, suddenly recovering her vision, studies her hands, which have so long been her eyes. I am sure that is Belasco and not Mrs. Carter.

There is one weak place in the supporting company. Charles A. Stevenson, as *Kaeso*, the faithless lover, looks like a barbarian and acts like a society man. He is an Irishman by birth who came to this country when he was about twenty and who has been on the stage ever since. He was a member of the Union Square Stock Company and afterward became

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

FRANCIS WILSON.

Kate Claxton's husband and leading man. He was celebrated more for physical pulchritude than his ability as an actor. He has been Mrs. Carter's leading man for several seasons. Mr. Stevenson's weakness is the more noticeable in comparison with Tyrone Power's work. Mr. Power plays the faithful barbarian brother of *Kaeso*, and his booming voice and his skill make the part stand out in bold relief. Mr. Power has long been known as an admirable player of legitimate rôles. He introduced "Trilby" to Australia, his wife, Edith Crane, who is the *Iulia* in "Adrea," playing the title-rôle.

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Mr. Power's first big hit in New York was as *Judas* in "Mary of Magdala" with Mrs. Fiske. Last season he played *Ulysses* in Stephen Phillips's play, and afterward he was Julia Marlowe's leading man in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

It would be difficult to find one who more completely suggests the Roman senator than does R. D. McLean. His powerful physique, his sonorous voice, the strong aquiline profile make him most imposing in a toga. Also he is a very fine actor. Mr. McLean's real name is R. D. Shepherd, and he is

Photograph by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

N. C. GOODWIN.

one of the few players who follow the calling for pure love of it. His home is in Shepherdstown, Virginia, which was named for his grandfather, and here he has a plantation of some two thousand acres. He inherited something like half a million dollars and an ambition to become a tragedian. He went on the stage about twenty years ago with Marie Prescott, a very remarkable actress, and he attracted attention for two reasons: he was a strikingly handsome man and he displayed in his work a high order of intelligence. After he had received a fair stage education Mr. McLean went in for standard plays

Photograph by Savony, New York

MABEL TALIAFERRO AS *DOLLY CRANDON* IN "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

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Photograph by Matzene, Chicago, Ill.

JULIA SANDERSON AS *ELSIE STURTEVANT* IN "FANTANA."

written by the late Wilson Barrett, and one familiar with English life can understand that it might succeed on the other side. To Americans it is the dreariest drivel that has been seen on Broadway in years. It might have been unintentionally amusing, had it not been for Mr. Willard's fine acting.

Possibly it is because he was so long identified with stage crime that Mr. Willard longs to appear as virtue sublimated. It was as *The Spider* in "The Silver King," that best of all modern melodramas, which made fame and fortune for its author, Henry Arthur Jones, and for its star, Wilson Barrett, that Mr. Willard made himself one of the most talked-about players of that day. He introduced an entirely new type of villain, actually a human villain, very quiet, very repressed, one who combined cigarette-smoking with intellectuality. Theretofore the melodramatic villain smoked huge cigars and made much noise. For a long time after

until he believed himself competent to star. His effort wasn't a financial success. After a few years he gave up acting and returned to his plantation. Later he married Odette Tyler, who used to be in the Empire Theatre Stock Company and together they starred in standard plays. About three years ago Mr. McLean wearied of travel and retired once more, only to come forth when Mr. Belasco asked him to wear the toga in "Adrea."

When a player of E. S. Willard's distinction soberly asks serious consideration for an absurdity like "Lucky Durham," it is time for theatre-goers to take to the woods, for this English actor, who long ago won the affectionate admiration of the American public, is a scholarly man as well as one of the most finished and forceful of contemporary stars. "Lucky Durham" suggests the effort of a dramatist to turn a Laura Jean Libbey story into a problem play. It was

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

WRIGHT LORIMER AS *DAVID* IN "THE SHEPHERD KING."

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, WHO IS STARRING IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE" AND "CAPTAIN JANUARY."

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"The Silver King" Mr. Willard was not permitted to play anything but wicked parts. "Lucky Durham" was withdrawn after a fortnight and an adaptation of a French play which was called "The Brighter Side" took its place. It failed to make much of an impression.

Arnold Daly, who was Charles Frohman's

MARIAN DRAUGHN AS *JULIA* IN "THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP."

office-boy twelve years ago, is the only actor who has been able to present the brilliant plays of George Bernard Shaw with financial profit. The experiment has been repeatedly tried in England and on the Continent; Richard Mansfield and others have attempted it here—I believe "The Devil's Disciple" managed to crawl through one season. Arnold Daly's success with the Shaw plays robs that dramatist of his favorite gibe, for it is doubtful if ever a playwright found as much joy in success as the satirical Irishman has found in the failure of his comedies to draw audiences. It may be remarked that Shaw is not dependent upon his pen for a livelihood. Arnold Daly produced "Candida" for his own satisfaction chiefly, presenting it at matinées. No one dreamed that the public would take it seriously. But people flocked to see the brilliant comedy and the brilliant acting and before long Mr. Daly found himself an established star. "The Man of Destiny" and "How He Lied to Her Husband" also met with favor, and now comes a fine production of "You Never Can Tell," one of Shaw's earlier plays. The biting wit of it, the humor of the paradoxes, the scintillating satire, the finely drawn characters, make it a joy beyond words for those who care to understand it. For Shaw appeals always to the intellect and never to the emotions; that is doubtless why he is not popular as a playwright.

Arnold Daly acts with delightful skill and humor the hero, *Mr. Valentine*, an impecunious dentist, with a record of twelve years as a heart-breaker. John Findlay, as *William*, the old servant, who is very garrulous, very wise, very kindly, and who finds everybody "very affable and considerate, indeed, sir," presents one of the most delicately, surely defined, and altogether admirable creations ever seen on the New York stage. Of course, Mr. Findlay is an Englishman; none other could portray a type unknown in this country. He began his professional career in 1878 when he was twenty-one, and after a varied experience in England he came to this country in 1886 with May Fortescue. He played character-parts in the Madison Square Stock for three seasons and then became a member of the Lyceum Stock. He has been under Daniel Frohman's management the greater part of the time since. He was with E. H. Sothern for four years, and last season he won acclaim for his performance of *Diogenes*, the court fool in "The Proud Prince."

Harry Harwood is inimitable as the bullying lawyer, who is the son of *William*, the waiter, and who awes everybody except the youthful imps of children, played with breezy and joyous abandon by Mabel Taliaferro

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and Sumner Gard. The former here appears to much better advantage as *Dolly Crandon* than she did as *Lovey Mary* in "Mrs. Wiggs." Her long experience as a child actress shows in her finished performance. Sumner Gard is a graduate from the continuous, and it seems to have been an excellent school for him. Then there are W. H. Thompson, George Farren and Mrs. Jeffreys Lewis, who complete an almost perfect cast.

A blizzard, osteopathy, jealousy, art, and suburban life, all tied up in a neat, compact package by Augustus Thomas, enabled him to score again in his latest offering, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," whose only object is to provoke laughter, which it does in gales. It is a pure farce, depending upon rapid-fire action and situations growing out of it, but it is also chock full of clever lines. The influence of the playwright's stay of nearly a year in Paris is plainly perceptible, but the character-drawing proves that Mr. Thomas studies his neighbors when he is at home. Best of all is *Mr. Leffingwell*, a suburban real-estate dealer, insanely jealous of his wife with no just reason, but certainly with reasonable excuse, for it must be admitted that any one not acquainted with all the facts would be warranted in believing the worst. The rôle is played by Louis Payne, long a member of Charles Frohman's companies, and he is so realistic that one hardly believes he is acting. He makes up so that he has a remarkable resemblance to Daniel Frohman, which is rather curious, because Margaret Illington, who is Daniel Frohman's wife, plays *Mrs. Leffingwell*, and she does it most effectively. Fay Davis, who has tried half a dozen plays in two seasons without finding a part to fit her, is charming as *Mabel Ainslee*, while Jessie Busley, as the maid who takes cocktails as a remedy for frost-bite, is irresistibly funny. Ernest Lawford, who began the season as a duke in "The Coronet of the Duchess," will end it as a butler, who is "only here temporary, sir," and he is as convincing in the humbler rôle as in the aristocratic one, which is saying much. John Saville, who is most naturally and artistically deaf, Vincent Serrano, William Courtenay and others round out what might be called an all-star cast.

Clyde Fitch came along in the latter half of the season with two successful plays, thereby saving himself from a disastrous year. The first is an adaptation of a French farce, done over into English in the cleverest manner, which permits Francis Wilson to escape from comic opera, with which he has been identified for twenty years. In fact, Mr. Wilson has tried to sing pretty much all the time he has been on the stage, for he began as a minstrel, although he never attracted any great attention to himself until his wonderful success as *Cadeaux* in "Erminie," which he revived last season. He is just the same in a "straight part" as in comic opera, agile, quick, and clownish, and his popularity is as great as ever. The original of "Cousin Billy" has been adapted a score of times, but no previous version has ever succeeded. The play is based upon the idea that we are more grateful to those who accord us the privilege of doing them a great service than we are to those from whom we receive one. Mr. Fitch works out the idea excellently and humorously, and Mr. Wilson's eloquent legs assist him materially.

In "The Woman in the Case," written for Blanche Walsh, Mr. Fitch makes his first attempt in pure melodrama; and it is a strong, interesting, virile one, in which a devoted wife plays the part of a courtezan, in order to wring from a beautiful creature of the wicked "Shaw girl" type a confession that the man whom she has declared to have been murdered really committed suicide. The third act, in which the great scene takes place, actually holds people "breathless with suspense" as they watch the evil *Claire* approach tipsy confidence. But the climax is the cheapest, most inartistic, most disappointing thing, because the triumphant wife pounces upon the drunken lady, secures a strangle-hold, and earnestly endeavors to throttle the life out of her, shrieking things about her triumph the while. It makes one feel that the part of gentle, devoted wife is really the masquerade. Dorothy Dorr is the "villainess," and hers is a wonderfully fine bit of work. The drunken scene is a marvel of realism. If it were not so intensely absorbing it would be revolting. Mr. Fitch's men are disappointing as a rule, but in *Mr. Thompson* he has drawn a clear, strong character that is played most forcefully, most convincingly, by George Fawcett. I am not sure but that the acting honors belong to him.

Miss Walsh's rôle does not give her great opportunities. She is an actress of unusual power and distinction, with an intensity in her repression that grips her audience. Her dual part is a difficult one, and she makes the

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nicest distinctions. She has worked long and hard to reach the high place she now occupies. She is the daughter of the late "Fatty" Walsh, a New York ward politician who was widely known and popular. He was at one time keeper of the Tombs, I believe, and it is a curious coincidence that one act of "The Woman in the Case" is placed in that historic prison, where Miss Walsh passed two years of her life. She was born almost in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, and her early life was passed in that part of this town. She left school to go on the stage and rose rapidly. Her first big hit was as *Mrs. Stockton*, in "Aristocracy," Bronson Howard's last play, which failed because he had lost his public during a long residence abroad. He did not know a change had come over the public taste. After Fanny Davenport's death Blanche Walsh succeeded her in the Sardou plays, in which she starred for several years. She also had success in "Trilby," "More Than Queen," and *Juliet*; her last appearance in New York was in Tolstoi's powerful "Resurrection."

So high an authority as George Edwardes declares that musical comedy is dead. He is the inventor of that style of entertainment, and the author of nearly all the musical "girl shows" that have come over here from London, librettists and composers merely carrying out his ideas. Mr. Edwardes brought "The Duchess of Dantzic" to this country, and in comparison with this production, musical comedy is insipid. It is a musical setting of Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne," and it follows the original very closely. The music of Ivan Caryll has dignity and value and real melody with breadth and color. The cast is exceptionally fine. Evie Greene, who plays the leading rôle, is a brilliant and versatile artist. She has a beautiful, finely trained voice, but more than this, I am persuaded she could play an emotional rôle or even tragedy with distinction. Also she has abounding humor, as one might expect of the Dublin girl she is—which fact her brogue deliciously proclaims. She went on the stage when she was seventeen, starting in as a star, and for the past five years she has created the leading rôles in George Edwardes's "girl shows," but she has never before visited this country.

Napoleon dominates this romantic opera, chiefly because the actor who plays it so fully realizes the part. Indeed, I think Holbrook Blinn is the best *Napoleon* I have seen on the stage. He is an American who started his stage career in San Francisco about fourteen years ago in a play called "The New South," in which before he was through he played every male rôle. Then he went forth in standard dramas, playing *Orlando*, *Romeo*, and *Mark Antony*. He took a company to Alaska long before the gold fever developed. New York first knew of him in 1897, when he came here with the Chinese play which made something of a sensation, "The Cat and the Cherub," by Chester Bailey Fernald. The same story was dramatized under the name of "The First-Born," and both versions were seen in New York about the same time. Mr. Blinn took "The Cat and the Cherub" to London. He engaged the Lyric Theatre for five weeks, and the play ran for two hundred nights. Afterward he was with Martin Harvey in "The Only Way," returning to New York to present "Ib and Little Christina," a charming little play that failed. Mr. Blinn returned to London, where he "created" *Eustace* in "Sweet and Twenty," and afterward he was with Olga Nethersole. He had arranged to play *Napoleon* in another play, when Manager Edwardes engaged him for "The Duchess of Dantzic."

There are two grand-opera singers in the cast, Lemprière Pringle, whose magnificent voice was heard for two seasons in the Metropolitan Opera House, and Lawrence Rea, who, like Mr. Blinn, is an American, a native of Chicago, to be more exact. Mr. Rea was studying mining chemistry in the University of Munich when he met Knote, the tenor, who has made a sensation at the Metropolitan this winter. After hearing him sing, the great tenor advised the young American to adopt the stage, and was himself the young man's first teacher. Mr. Rea also studied in Milan and Paris. He made his début in concert, and for two years was a member of the Covent Garden Grand Opera Company, which is to England what the Metropolitan is to America.

Jefferson de Angelis has a rollicking success in "Fantana." The play has not much substance, but the star and Katie Barry, the diminutive English comique, manage to infuse a vast amount of rough humor into it. There are some pretty songs, many pretty girls, gorgeous costumes, and scenery. Also there are Adele Ritchie, who looks as pretty and who sings as well as ever, and Julia Sanderson, one of the most attractive women on the stage, who in a few seasons has risen from the chorus to a fixed place as principal.

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The Wooing of Delisca

By ELLA HIGGINSON

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

MRS. SLATER lifted herself slowly from her large pillows and leaned upon one elbow. The room was dark. She wrinkled up her eyes and peered sharply through the open door into the room beyond.

"Delisca."

A young girl arose from a shadowy corner and came swiftly to the door.

"Yes, mother."

"What you slying off in that dark corner for?"

"It isn't dark, mother."

"Yes, it is dark, too. Don't tell me. I won't have a girl of mine slying off in dark corners with young men."

"There's no young man here, mother."

"Oh, there isn't, aigh? Where's Shannon Myers at? This is Saturday night—unh-hunh?"

"Yes."

"What time is it?"

"Half-past seven, mother."

"I must have been asleep. Well, he'll be here before eight. Turn up your lamp higher."

Delisca turned the lamp a trifle higher with reluctant hand.

"Higher yet," commanded her mother. "A girl of mine can't set in a murky room with a young man. I never conducted myself so when I was a girl, an' I won't have a girl of mine conduct herself so. Anything but a murky room! There, there! Look-ee! There's a moth flying around that dusty-miller plant! Crush it."

Delisca caught the tiny creature and held it, fluttering, in her hand.

"I can't kill it, mother."

She opened the window an inch and let it fly away.

"Baby!" said her mother. "They can't feel. How long's Shannon Myers been coming here Saturday nights?"

"About six months."

"Six months—unh-hunh." Mrs. Slater lay back upon her pillows and braided her fingers.

"Mrs. Arthur was here to-day. She says there's a girl visiting his sister."

"Is there?" Delisca turned a chair around indifferently and sat down.

"Maybe he won't come to-night."

"Maybe he won't," said Delisca slowly.

Mrs. Slater rapped the fingers of one hand loudly upon the knuckles of the other.

"If he don't," she said, "he needn't come any more at all. I don't care if he has got the finest farm in the county. I don't care——"

She was interrupted by a knocking upon the front door. It was a firm, assured knocking. Mrs. Slater's fingers fairly fluttered upon her knuckles.

"There he is," she said, with a deep breath of relief. "That's him."

"I'm all of a trimble," she whispered to herself while Delisca was opening the door. "I was that scared he wouldn't come. I grumble an' grumble; a body can't seem to help it, being sick all the time—but the Lord knows she's the apple of my eye. The sun raises and sets in her for me. She's all I got. I make 'em think I'm awful mad about his comin', but I'd be mad in earnest if he didn't come. He's got to do his courtin' right under my eyes, though. I'm dead set on that. It's a sure test. If he can stand that, he'll make a good husband. My grandmother always said so. No murky rooms for her—an' no murky rooms for me, neither!"

The front door opened directly into the adjoining room. Mrs. Slater put her hand under her ear and pressed it outward, so that she could hear.

"Good evening," said Delisca.

"Good evening," said a voice from the outside summer dusk. It was a rich, musical voice. The clamor of frogs from a near marsh and the murmur of insects pushed in through the open door.

"Will you come in?" asked Delisca, with shy formality, as she had asked every Saturday night for six months.

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DELISCA TURNED THE LAMP A TRIFLE HIGHER WITH RELUCTANT HAND.

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The young man came in. He was tall and handsome; his face was slightly pale and grave. His dark eyes turned a look of deep and passionate regard upon the girl. He moved to a chair over in the shadowy corner where, he thought, the mother's watchful gaze could not reach him.

Delisca moved slowly after him.

"Let me take your hat," she said, in her sweet flute voice, standing still and straight before him.

Shannon Myers looked at her. It was a look that was fairly hungry with love. He was thinking of what his mischievous sister had said to him that night as she twisted his necktie into a pretty bow. She had looked up into his face and laughed suddenly. Then she had lifted herself on her tiptoes and kissed his grave mouth.

"There!" she had said, in a kind of tender fun. "I declare, I can see Delisca Slater in your eyes! You think so much of her, she's grown right into you and is a part of you, and her very self looks out of your eyes—so everybody can see."

He had stood in silence for a moment; then he had put his arm around his sister, and bending his tall figure, had kissed her without replying. He had never been able to put his feeling for Delisca into words, even to himself; now his sister had done it for him.

"Good evening, Shannon Myers." Mrs. Slater's voice seemed fairly to spring out of the darkness of the inner room. She was leaning forward on her elbow. Her eyes, strained with coughing, peered out like little blue bullets. "It's a pity you can't speak to me. Can't you come in and be civil?"

Shannon Myers stifled a sigh and went into the bedroom. Delisca followed him silently.

"Set down," said Mrs. Slater, when she had shaken hands with him, and he sat down rather close to the head of the bed.

He had loved Delisca for years. For a long time it had been enough only to sit where he could see her in church—the lily-like bend of her throat, with the string of pearls that seemed to breathe as she breathed; the curving shadow of her lashes on her cheek; the soft curls that would get away from the hairpins; the cream-colored gown with delicate pink buds embroidered upon it.

Her mother, who had always been an invalid, at last took to her bed and stayed there, and then Delisca never left the house at all. Once or twice a week, perhaps, her shy, sweet look sank from her window through his yearning eyes down into his heart. That was all; but it was enough for his loyal soul.

Then one Saturday night a powerful desire to see her and be with her took possession of him. There was not a young man in the village who was not in mortal terror of Delisca's mother, and starting off for the war could not have required the courage that was needed to get Shannon up to that front door, at which many a young man had looked longingly, but upon which not one had knocked.

No untried soldier's heart ever pounded more fiercely in a throat at the first sound of musketry than did his that night as his knocking fell upon Delisca's door. It was opened by Delisca herself. As he saw her dear figure outlined against the lamplight his courage came back with a rush. He stepped right into the room and closed the door behind him with a firm hand. Then they both stood still, stricken dumb.

Suddenly a voice started out of the inner room. "Who's that?"

"It's me," he answered boldly.

"*Me?*" the voice mimicked. "Me, eh? Who is *me?*"

"Shannon Myers."

There was an awful silence. Little hammers leaped from somewhere and pounded in his ears.

"Well, Shannon Myers, come in here."

The floor sank out from under him, but somehow he got himself into that dread presence.

"Shannon Myers—unh-hunh. Well, Shannon Myers, tell me what you're doing here," cried Mrs. Slater, peering at him in the dusk and braiding her fingers.

"I came to see Delisca," said he, boldly enough, but his voice shook against his teeth.

There was a silence. "To—see—Delisca!" said the old woman, then, with a rattle of mirth down in her throat. "Hunh! I want to know! Delisca!"

Delisca came to the bedside.

"Well, now, Shannon Myers, look at her. She's got two eyes, one nose, one mouth, one head of hair—all her own—two hands, two feet, one chin——"

"*Oh, mother!*" cried Delisca, and put both hands over her face.

"Now, Shannon Myers, you've looked at Delisca a-plenty. You can go."

"I'm not ready to go yet. I came to spend the evening."

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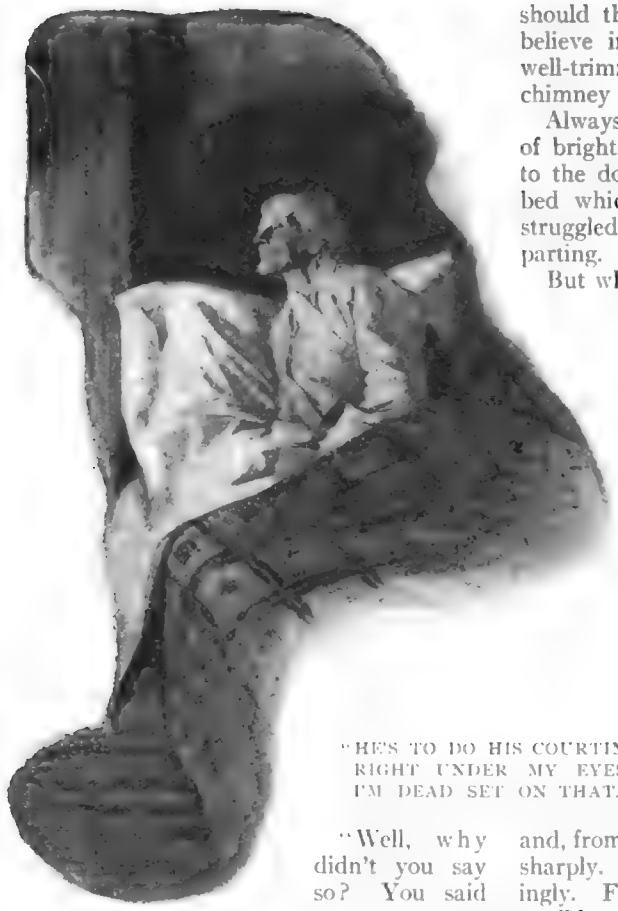

"HE'S TO DO HIS COURTIN' RIGHT UNDER MY EYES. I'M DEAD SET ON THAT."

"Well, why didn't you say so? You said you came to see Delisca. It don't take long to see a girl. If you came to spend the evening, set down."

He sat down. Delisca sat down near him. Her bright dress drifted into billows against his knee and sent shudders of delight through him. If he might touch her hand—if only he might touch her hand! Not in a hand-shake; hand-shakes were stiff and formal; any young man might shake hands with her. But to reach out and take those slim fingers and feel them trembling within his palm, trembling yet willing! Would he ever dare to do it? Would the opportunity ever be his? And if it were, would she draw the hand away, offended, or would it faintly return the pressure of his?

That was six months ago. He had come to see Delisca every Saturday night since, but not for one minute in all his life had he been alone with her. Her mother had never relaxed her vigilance. No murky rooms should there be in her house; she did not believe in murky rooms. The light of a well-trimmed lamp shone through a polished chimney perpetually upon his courtship.

Always, when he went away, a little path of bright light swam after him and Delisca to the door, and he heard the creak of the bed which told him that her mother had struggled up on one elbow to witness their parting.

But what did it matter? The most beautiful desire a young man can know burned within him day and night. His love was not of the kind that must have caresses to feed upon or else it languishes away and dies. One sweet, deep look from Delisca when he came and another when he went away, made him rich indeed.

But on this summer night, as Shannon Myers sat down at the head of the bed, Delisca, sitting gravely beside him, was conscious of some subtle change in him. There was a new look of resolution, of power about him. Presently Mrs. Slater felt it, too. She looked at him furtively, as she talked, braiding her fingers and, from time to time, rapping her knuckles sharply. He looked back at her unflinchingly. For the first time she felt her own terrible will weakening.

"I'll have to do something," she reflected. "I'll scare the brass out of him fast enough. Let *me* alone to scare the brass out of the brassiest going!"

She cleared her throat and leaned toward him, her eyes seeming fairly to leap at him.

"You've been coming here every Saturday night for six months."

"Yes."

"What for?"

His eyes leaped back at her.

"For Delisca."

"Unh-hunh! How long are you going to keep on coming?"

"Till I marry her."

"*Marry Delisca!*" she cried, with her awful chuckle of mirth. "She can't leave me. You want to marry me, too?"

"I don't want to," said Shannon Myers, "but I will, if I have to, to get Delisca."

That went to the old creature's sense of

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humor. Her face relaxed into a grin, and her eyes grew friendly.

"When you want to marry me?" she asked briefly.

"Whenever you'll let me," he replied.

"Let me see—this is June. We'll set Christmas Eve. That'll give me time to get my clothes made."

At that they laughed, even Delisca, with all her sweet trembling.

When the clock struck nine Shannon Myers did not rise as usual.

"I'll stay a little later to-night," he said.

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Slater, getting her will back with a rush. "You'll go right home."

He went reluctantly. Delisca arose to see him out. The ends of her fingers felt big with her heart beating in them. For the first time she forgot the lamp.

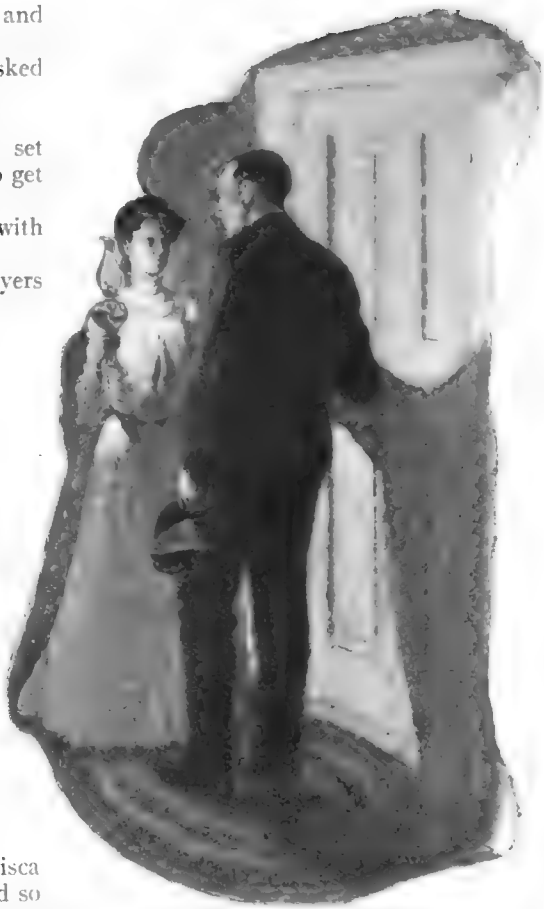
"Come back here an' take the lamp!" called her mother. "I'd be ashamed! To go into a murky room with a young man!"

Delisca carried the lamp. At the door they hesitated; then they heard the creaking of the bed. Shannon Myers had had passionate hopes that Mrs. Slater would lie still that night; but she was on her elbow, peering.

He looked down at Delisca, and Delisca looked up at him. She had never seemed so sweet to him as she did now in her white gown with the pink sprigs all over it—and she was his! His whole being shook at the thought. He might not kiss her, as other men might kiss their sweethearts—might not even touch her hand—but what did it matter, with that look in her eyes?

"Good night," he said. His voice held cadences of tenderness; and Delisca answered softly: "Good night."

He went home through the summer dusk. A night that was all fragrance and music encompassed him. A little creek went by, clinking against the pebbles and murmuring over the long grasses. The breeze shook loose the breath of clove-pinks and stirred the large maple-leaves above him.



AND DELISCA ANSWERED SOFTLY: "GOOD NIGHT."

Of a sudden all his longing and desire thrilled through him till his very senses ached with joy. He stood still.

"After all," he said unconsciously, "I don't believe any man ever had such a sweet courtship as mine. Who knows? Maybe, if I had ever kissed Delisca, I shouldn't be thinking about it all day and dreaming about it all night!"

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Human Nature

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IT was an afternoon in May, and the sun shone with a cool radiance that seemed to turn the brown earth browner and the young grass greener than even Nature had intended them to appear. Every factor in creation, from the busy, clamorous birds to the budding hedges and restless streams, spoke of renewal—of forces revivifying with the early year. And this air of buoyancy, of hope and expectation, before which the fields and woods had unfurled like a banner, was not without its effect upon two at least of the passengers who on that particular day traveled from London to Trowforth by the rapid afternoon train that has become familiar to all golfers who can manage to steal an occasional day or two for exercise and relaxation on the excellent Trowforth links.

These two passengers were the only occupants of a first-class smoking-carriage; and as the train swung steadily forward they had relapsed into silence—each smoking placidly as he gazed from his window with that sense of well-being and security that rapid motion, luxurious surroundings, and a good cigar can usually produce in the normal man. On the seat in front of them a number of magazines and papers were thrown together in a careless heap, and there was an array of golf-sticks that would have satisfied an enthusiast.

Vraylie was passed, Florton and Ditchbridge sped by in a swish of gray platform, before either moved or spoke; then a certain restlessness became apparent in the younger of the two men. He pulled his cap forward, crossed and uncrossed his legs, then glanced with a slight suggestion of furtiveness at his companion.

Luke Parry's aspect was typical as Dacres's eyes rested on him. The long, lean figure, the thin, pale face and pointed red beard that suggested the worn-out aristocrat rather than the self-made millionaire, were thrown into strong relief by the clear light that filled the carriage. He had removed his traveling-cap, and his sleek hair was brightened to a dark copper hue; his long legs were wrapped securely in a rug, and his colorless hands lay idly clasped upon his knees.

The contradictions that marked the man struck Dacres for the hundredth time as he covertly studied him. The pale, almost listless face seemed to repudiate the idea of commerce; the bloodless hands to ridicule the well-founded rumor that more than once Parry had accomplished actual manual work in the salt-mines to which he owed his fortune; and gradually, as this sense of physical contradictions obtruded itself on the younger man's mind, the fact that these contradictions possessed their mental counterparts forced itself upon him. He marveled again, as he had marveled many times before, at the mind that, while pointedly shrewd in a business transaction, could occasionally err in its social dealings, taking too much or too little for granted. And, as immediately apposite to these reflections, his own friendship with the millionaire came to his mind. The circumstances that six months earlier had made them fellow-passengers on an ocean liner, Parry's marked and immediate interest in the young man's self-confident personality and his amusing tales, and all the incidents of the acquaintance, sped rapidly through his brain, from the first game of bridge in which he and Parry had played as partners to the last lunch partaken of at the millionaire's club, when at his suggestion the week's golf at Trowforth had been considered for the first time. Reaching this point, his meditations broke off abruptly. Again an uneasy touch of restlessness made him alter his position.

This time Parry looked around.

"Not feeling stiff?" he said, in surprise.

Dacres smiled and shook his head. It was his smile—his confidential manner, his air of innocent, candid frankness that had first attracted the millionaire. To Parry, for whom the world possessed a distinctly seamy side, there had been something humanly refreshing in his gay, independent bearing—in the manner in which he refused all favors

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and, as it were, vindicated his right to individual existence. A renewal of this first attraction came back to him now as he returned the young man's glance.

"I'm grateful to you for this, Dacres," he said thoughtfully. "There's something rejuvenating in your English spring. Makes one feel more a man and less the newest thing in mechanics!" He laughed with a slight suggestion of weariness and sarcasm.

Dacres, catching the tone, turned to him quickly.

"Yes; I knew I was right! Town was fagging you. A week's air and exercise, a week's congenial company, will put you as right as a trivet. Why, I remember, fifteen years ago—when I was cramming for the Army——"

Then followed one of Dacres's amusing yarns, the yarns by which on numberless occasions he had beguiled the older man's mind into light and pleasant grooves. The story ended only as the train slackened speed in the Trowforth station, and Dacres cut it short with an easy laugh.

"So I'll wager one thing, Parry," he finished genially, as he rose to collect their belongings, "before we leave Trowforth you'll be another man—you'll look on life with new eyes!"

The grandfather's clock that decorated the square hall of the delightful, old-fashioned Dial Inn at Trowforth was chiming six as the two men crossed the threshold and paused momentarily, after the manner of all new arrivals at a hotel.

The sun was shining with a soft radiance as they entered; and Parry's first impression was of a cheerful, airy space, high-ceiled and oak-paneled, which—save for the figure of a lady in a pink muslin gown, who sat on a long divan—was devoid of occupants. The wearer of the muslin gown was young and possessed of a slight and graceful form. So much he was conscious of without a direct glance; in the same manner as he was aware that she held on her knee a book and a small silver-haired dog. As the impression conveyed itself to his mind a hotel porter deposited his bags, rugs, and golf-sticks beside him on the ground.

"This is the office, sir!" he said.

Parry glanced up.

"Ah, thanks!" he said. Then he looked quickly over his shoulder. "Will you register for us both, Dacres?" he added to the younger man, who was lingering by the door.

Dacres stepped forward readily, and again the millionaire was left to study his new surroundings. More through accident than actual interest, his eyes turned toward the lady seated on the divan.

She was sitting very still, her fingers absently toying with the little dog's silky hair, her eyes fixed intently on the book that rested on her lap.

Parry studied her in silence while the low murmur of questions and answers came from the bureau; then, all at once, the sound of Dacres's voice, raised to a louder key, attracted his attention.

"But it's for Mr. Parry," he heard him say. "It's for Mr. Luke Parry."

The words carried distinctly across the hall, and for one moment the lady with the dog glanced up—a mere glance of pardonable feminine curiosity at sound of a name equally well known in two continents. Her eyes—eyes of a peculiar reddish-brown—met Parry's. She looked at him thoughtfully with a certain self-possessed touch of criticism, as if wishing to appraise him at his proper value; then, as though his appearance had failed to interest her, she quietly returned to the perusal of her book.

Parry, standing aimlessly beside his golf-sticks, was conscious of a slight, a very slight thrill of inexplicable chagrin. It was neither annoyance, humiliation, nor wounded vanity, and yet it was curiously animated by a faint suggestion of all three. He despised and distrusted women as a species; he professed an uncompromising contempt and skepticism for the flattery so unvaryingly lavished on him by the gentler sex. Yet this critical and uninterested glance from an unknown woman stung him to a sense of foolish irritability. With a gesture of haste he turned toward Dacres.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply.

Dacres looked round from the bureau with a laugh.

"Wouldn't put us up at first!" he said. "Made some fuss about the house being full—and our not having wired for rooms. But your name soon mended matters. We are on the first floor—number five and number seven." He laughed again, still apparently elated or excited by his encounter; and moving quickly forward, led the way toward the stairs.

In traversing the hall it was necessary to pass the divan on which the unknown lady sat; and from this very casual circumstance arose an unlooked-for incident.

Parry, following close upon his friend,

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"AM I SUCH A VERY OBJECTIONABLE PERSON, MRS. VANDERVELDT?"

never knew precisely how the thing occurred. His impression was that Dacres, in passing the divan, unintentionally attracted the dog's attention; for simultaneously there was a small, excited bark and an exclamation from the lady. Then the little animal jumped to the ground, causing the book to fall from its owner's knee. Parry's next impression was of Dacres summarily picking up the dog; then involuntarily he himself stooped and lifted the book from the floor.

The lady caught the little animal hastily, her face flushing; then with more deliberation she extended her hand for the book.

"Thank you! Thank you both so much!" she exclaimed, looking up serenely at Parry. "Pan has no discrimination. He takes the most absurd dislikes—and likes." With a quick smile her eyes turned to Dacres.

Whether Dacres remained discreetly immovable or whether he returned that first bewitching smile, Parry had no means of knowing; and a moment later both men were mounting the stairs.

In relating this narrative it is permissible to pass hastily over the days that immediately followed Parry's arrival at Trowforth. On the first night he had dined, played bridge for an hour in the smoking-room, and had then retired to bed. During the evening's proceedings he had seen little or nothing of the lady with the red-brown eyes; and the trifling incident that had marked their arrival had all but faded from his recollection when, as he descended to breakfast the following morning, it had suddenly been thrust back upon his thoughts by the sight of the lady

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herself in animated conversation with Dacres. They had been seated side by side on the long divan, and the little dog that had been responsible for their acquaintance lay comfortably curled up between them.

At the sight Parry's steps had slackened. But his friend, as if conscious of his presence, had glanced up quickly.

"Hallo, Parry!" he had called out cheerily. "I have just been proving a truism—that the dog is man's best friend! Mrs. Vanderveldt and I have been getting up an appetite and making each other's acquaintance at the same time; and I have been giving you as a reference. Come down and give me a good character!"

Parry had finished his descent slowly. He had been amused by Dacres's easy, pleasant assurance; piqued by the idea of again meeting the stranger's critical eyes. As he reached the divan, Dacres had risen.

"Mrs. Vanderveldt," he had said deferentially, "allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Luke Parry! Now, Parry, say a good word for me!" he had added, laughing.

And the millionaire had bowed.

"But my own credentials?" he had objected with a slight smile. "Who is going to speak to Mrs. Vanderveldt for me?"

Mrs. Vanderveldt had raised her eyes. Her glance had been conventionally polite and attentive, but faintly cold.

"Surely it is your privilege to be taken on trust!" she had said with a slight smile. Her words had come slowly and evenly, and it had been impossible to tell whether it was amusement or sarcasm that lurked in her voice.

Again Parry had felt that uncomfortable sensation of being stripped of his accessories—of being weighed as a mere man in the scales of a woman's judgment; and the sensation had left an almost unpleasant embarrassment. With a certain touch of abruptness he had brought the conversation to an end, and leaving Dacres absorbed in his new friend, had crossed the hall bruskly and entered the coffee-room.

The third, the fourth, and the fifth time that Mrs. Vanderveldt's name or presence had been forced upon his notice he had displayed the same half-irritated, half-reticent contemptuousness. Then, subtly and almost insensibly, his demeanor had changed. There was no doubt that a new type of humanity had come under his observation, a type in whose existence he had previously refused to believe—a woman of the world who could openly and fearlessly prefer a penniless young adventurer to an authentic millionaire.

Now, there was one failing from which Parry honestly believed himself exempt, and this was the failing of ordinary masculine conceit. Directly questioned upon the subject of the other sex, he would have declared in all good faith that women and women's overtures were a matter of indifference to him—if not of positive distaste. But every student of human emotion must admit that between the woman who bores a man and the woman who ignores him there is a wide gulf. When Mrs. Vanderveldt had first looked up, upon hearing his name, the indifference in her eyes had candidly surprised Parry; when Dacres had restored her dog and he himself had picked up her book, he had been unconsciously piqued by the fact that, while her thanks were given to both, her smile had been bestowed on Dacres alone; and on the third occasion—when the younger man, with the boldness of youth, had made the little incident an excuse for acquaintance—the sense of pique had risen to something distinctly near to offended vanity, as the lady with the subtle insinuation of a glance and a tone had conveyed her contempt for the privileges of his position.

So the affair had begun, and so it slowly expanded and progressed. Parry followed the usual Trowforth routine. He breakfasted with leisurely comfort each morning, read the daily papers and played golf; at one o'clock came lunch, more golf, and afterward a perusal of the evening papers; then he dined, talked golf, and having drowsed over a novel or taken a hand at bridge, retired to bed. The life was Arcadian and primitively healthy; after three days he began, physically, to feel a different being. But, such is the erratic disposition of man, as his health mended his mind became restless; for some seemingly inexplicable reason Trowforth began to pall.

The climax came on the fifth day. Breakfast had been finished half an hour ago, and most of the visitors were already on the links. Parry, however, with no evidences of enthusiasm, was leaning against the inn-door, his long hands thrust into his pockets, the inevitable cigar between his lips. Presently, while he still lounged there, Dacres appeared at the head of the stairs, whistling a gay tune. As soon as he caught sight of his friend, he ran down-stairs.

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"Hallo, Parry!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? You look blue."

Parry glanced up. "I suppose the color of my mind is my own concern," he said, with unusual sharpness.

Dacres laughed. "Certainly, my dear chap! Certainly! And so long as it isn't green—" Then he paused, and turning quickly toward the inn-door, took off his cap. "Good-morning, Mrs. Vanderveldt!" he said. "You look as if you meant business!"

Mrs. Vanderveldt laughed as she stepped into the porch, and her teeth gleamed whitely in the sunlight. She wore a neat short skirt and a smart cambric shirt, but her red-brown hair was uncovered, as though she courted the air and sun regardless of sunburn or freckles.

"Then for once a woman's looks may be trusted," she said. "I feel that to-day is momentous—that my record is waiting to be broken." She laughed again, looking straight into Dacres's eyes.

Parry saw the look, and spurred by unaccountable irritation, he took a step forward. "May I be a witness of your triumph?" he asked quickly. "I don't intend to play to-day."

For an instant Mrs. Vanderveldt's warm glance rested on his face, then her eyes again sought Dacres's.

"It's very charming of you, Mr. Parry," she began softly, "but I'm afraid Captain Dacres—" She laughed once more with a delightful touch of deprecation.

If Parry's skin had been capable of coloring, he would have reddened. As it was, his thin lips tightened, and he pulled hard on his cigar.

"Oh, don't explain, Mrs. Vanderveldt!" he said dryly. "We men of the world concede the soldier his little prerogatives. I shall learn your record at second hand—if Dacres can be counted on as an unbiassed witness." He laughed sarcastically.

There was a moment in which Dacres glanced with a shadow of uneasiness from one face to the other; but, whatever embarrassment he was conscious of, Mrs. Vanderveldt displayed none. Her face was radiant, her soft brown eyes bright with satisfaction.

"Thanks!" she said easily. "I suppose I should take that as a compliment. And compliments should never be analyzed. Come along, Captain Dacres!" With a nod and a smile, she passed through the porch, crossed the lawn, and confidently led the way toward the links.

For a moment Parry stood reluctantly following her with his eyes, noting the pretty feet, the slim ankles, the graceful figure in its perfect simplicity of dress; then, with a sudden unreasonable gesture, he flung away his cigar and turned sharply toward the stairs.

THEN FOLLOWED ONE OF DACRES'S AMUSING YARNS.

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All that morning Parry wrote letters in his room. At one o'clock, as Mrs. Vanderveldt and Dacres had not yet returned, he partook of lunch in moody solitude, and, directly the meal was over, left the inn for a tramp across country.

Notwithstanding his bloodless appearance, he was a good walker; and it was close upon six o'clock when he reentered the village of Trowforth. Passing under the porch of the inn, he found the sunny hall deserted; then, touched by an unreasonable sense of disappointment, he moved quickly to the stairs; and having gained the landing, entered his own room. As he crossed the threshold, the half-formed expression of displeasure that had shadowed his face since morning suddenly resolved itself into a frown of definite annoyance. By the open bow window—through which the cool scent of the evening was blowing—sat Dacres, comfortably ensconced in a deep armchair, a light haze of cigarette smoke floating above his head.

For a moment Parry surveyed the youthful face and well-knit figure; then, making no attempt to return the smile with which the young man greeted him, he crossed quickly to the open window.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Dacres pleasantly. "Where have you been, Parry? I was thinking of organizing a search-party. We looked for you when we came back from the links, but they told us you'd gone out. We had a capital morning's fun, though our golf wasn't up to much." He laughed as at some agreeable recollection. "My putting was absolutely atrocious, and Mrs. Vanderveldt——"

But Parry broke the thread of his reminiscences by shutting the window with a thud.

"Hadn't you better think about changing?" he asked curtly. "They eat at such ungodly hours in this infernal place."

Dacres glanced at him; then he smiled to himself and rose from his chair.

"Well, I suppose I had," he agreed, with good-humor. "I'm sorry you didn't find an appetite on the road; personally, I approve of the Trowforth dinner-hour. See you downstairs!" He laughed agreeably and with placid unconcern moved toward the door and out into the passage.

While he was in the room Parry stood quietly by the window, but directly he heard the door close he turned, his thin lips set, his long hands thrust into his pockets.

"Self-sufficient, conceited young ass!" he said aloud in slow, deliberate tones.

Dinner was invariably partaken of at seven o'clock at the Dial Inn; and throughout the meal on that particular evening Parry was taciturn and perturbed. He volunteered an occasional caustic opinion on the political situation to his neighbor on the left; but it was noticed that Dacres, who sat on his right hand, was left to entertain himself as best he could.

At the first possible moment the millionaire left the room with his usual long, rapid steps, and, reaching the hall, paused to light a cigar. But scarcely had he opened his match-box and struck a light than he was conscious that another member of the party had followed his example and left the dinner-table before the company had risen. Turning with a momentary curiosity, he saw Mrs. Vanderveldt.

In the subdued light of the hall, she looked even more attractive than was her wont. She wore a dress of some faint and delicate shade, and a long gold scarf was twisted picturesquely about her neck. It seemed to Parry that her peculiar red-brown eyes looked softer, her skin even more creamy, than usual.

He had half-crossed the hall before she appeared to see him. Then, as her glance rested on his face, a curious expression flickered across her eyes; her lips parted in the faintest suggestion of a smile, and she made a quick movement as if to look away without speaking.

With a sudden, determined gesture Parry joined her.

He threw away the match he had just lighted, and seated himself at her side.

"Am I such a very objectionable person, Mrs. Vanderveldt, that you can't find a word to say to me?"

For an instant her gaze fell before his cold, direct glance; then, very softly, she raised her eyes.

"You are a very exorbitant person, to ask so much in one little question." The words were flippant, but her tone was low.

Parry leaned toward her.

"Then let me put it into more than one?" he said quickly. "It's a perfect night. Will you come into the garden?"

What impression his words made it was impossible for him to know; for Mrs. Vanderveldt rose quickly and glanced toward the door of the dining-room.

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The thought that she turned in that direction with the hope that Dacres had followed her came sharply to the millionaire, giving the final spur to the desire that had been gradually maturing in his mind.

"Mrs. Vanderveldt," he said, "I want to have a talk with you." He paused, compelling her regard.

For one moment her eyes met his in a glance of hesitation; then, as the sound of a general exodus from the dining-room came to their ears, she appeared suddenly to throw the hesitation from her. With a little laugh of submission, and a pretty shrug of the shoulders, she made a rapid gesture of assent and moved toward the hall-door.

The night was warm and starlit, but no moon intruded on the discreet darkness. As she stepped through the porch, Parry moved to her side.

"May I hold your arm?" he asked. "It's hard to see one's way after the light indoors."

She said nothing, but again laughed very softly; and with a strange sensation of elation and pleasure, he took her arm.

In silence they turned into the path that led to the inn garden. And as they entered the little enclosure with its high privet-hedges, its famous sun-dial, and box-edged flower-beds, Parry paused.

"Now," he said resolutely, "will you tell me why I am so objectionable? Why, ever since we came here, you have been ready to smile on my friend Dacres—to laugh with him, talk with him, play golf with him? And why you have never, never once, had a look or a word for me?" He spoke fast and imperiously. The wound to his self-esteem was open to the light at last. The innate sense of his own personal value, unconsciously bred by years of homage and adulation, was making itself felt. It was one thing to condemn hypocritical flattery and ostentatiously to crave for the unbiassed treatment that other men received; it was another and quite a different thing to be suddenly relegated to the unenviable position occupied by those other men.

"Why is it?" he asked once more. "Why am I so objectionable to you?" In the darkness his fingers tightened on her arm.

Very slowly she lifted her face, till its alluring outline was visible through the dusk.

"Why do you want to know?" she demanded in a low, almost a whispering voice. "What can it matter to you that one woman out of a hundred ignores you? You are a rich man; you will find ninety and nine who will compensate amply."

With a quick, impatient exclamation, he released her arm.

"You are unpleasantly frank," he said. "You are tantalizingly frank."

"Then leave me as I am. Be content with the ninety and nine."

He was silent for a moment; then he caught her arm once more.

"No," he said suddenly. "No; the ninety and nine may go to the devil. I—I want the one."

There was a curious, lengthy pause; then Mrs. Vanderveldt spoke in an almost inaudible voice.

"Why do you feel like that?" she said. "How long have you felt it?"

"How long?" He laughed with a touch of excitement. "Oh, I don't know—I can't say! It was all your doing. Your indifference dared me to admire you. You have looked over me and under me and through me, till I swore I would make you look *at* me." In his eagerness, in his unconscious vanity, he spoke with an ardor that was unprecedented; his lean form was bent to hers; his thin lips twitched.

"I am not the man to be ignored," he said, "not the man to stand by and see a chap like Dacres—an amusing, adventurous scamp from God-knows-where—preferred to me. No; I tell you I am worth twenty Dacreses—twenty thousand Dacreses. I am a man!" He leaned nearer and caught her hands.

"But I?" she whispered. "What am I to say?"

"Nothing!" His fingers tightened about hers. "You are to say nothing—to do nothing. I have never really wanted to win a woman till to-night. I have never had to try till to-night; but I know how it's done. I can show you that I am a man, that what I want to get——"

In the darkness it seemed to him that he felt her tremble. With a sudden impulse he passed his arm round her.

"Will you let me try?" he asked, in a lowered voice.

There was another long pause, during which she neither acquiesced nor demurred—during which, with a curious, triumphant thrill, he was conscious of the warm contact of her presence, of his masculine superiority, of her subtle, feminine subjection. At last he bent his head till his lips were close to hers.

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SHE CROSSED THE LAWN AND CONFIDENTLY LED THE WAY TOWARD THE LINKS.

"Let me show you that I'm somebody worth while," he said. "Let me show you that I—that I know how to love."

. . . . . .

The day that succeeded that eventful evening was befittingly clear and bright. At twelve o'clock Parry sat by the open window of his bedroom, his elbows resting upon the writing-table that was drawn close to the sill, his face held meditatively between his hands. Beside him stood a glass and the necessary

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ingredients for the manufacture of a particular and complicated drink; before him lay an assortment of letters and papers; and from his lips protruded the inevitable long cigar.

For many minutes he remained in this attitude, wrapped in an air of profound and personal satisfaction; then, with a certain abruptness, his pleasant revery was broken—as such reveries too often are—by the intrusion of a commonplace incident.

With a grating of wheels and the loud cracking of a whip, the conveyance that twice daily carried visitors from the Trowforth railway-station to the Dial Inn swayed down the road and drew up before the porch. Parry, with the casual curiosity that the country engenders, leaned forward to study the new arrivals.

His glance was absent and cursory; then all at once a new expression appeared on his face.

"Torbat, by George!" he exclaimed. "Roland Mills Torbat! Well, the world is small!" He pushed back his chair, and stepped to the window. Leaning out, he hailed a big, fair man who had just alighted from the coach.

"Halloo! Halloo, Torbat!" he cried. "What in creation brings you to pastoral England?"

At his greeting, the newcomer looked up; and, as he recognized the face above him, he made a gesture of incredulity and pleasure.

"Halloo!" he cried. "Halloo! I echo your remark. What are you doing here?"

Parry laughed.

"Come along up, and I'll tell you! I'll mix you the old cocktail, and we'll yarn ourselves back to Boston. Come on! Room five—at the head of the stairs."

Mills Torbat nodded as he turned to superintend the removal of his luggage. Parry withdrew his head from the window and rang his bell for a second glass.

The summons was answered; and a few moments later the glass and Mills Torbat arrived simultaneously at his bedroom-door. With a quick gesture he seized the former in his left hand and held out the right to his guest.

"Halloo again!" he exclaimed. "There are times when a man feels very genial toward old friends. I'm uncommon glad to see you, Torbat. Come along in!" Still gripping the stranger's hand, he drew him into the room.

Mills Torbat eyed him with a searching glance.

"What's come to you, Luke?" he asked. "Have you struck something new? Did you dig out the Philosopher's Stone with your last consignment of salt?"

Parry laughed.

"Come along in!" he repeated, a little hastily.

Mills Torbat smiled as his host released his hand and strode forward to pull the easiest chair into the window.

With a sweep of the hand, Parry indicated the seat to his visitor; then clearing his letters and papers aside, seated himself on the writing-table and began to mix the drinks.

Mills Torbat dropped into the chair with a sigh of satisfaction and let his eyes travel over the gently undulating fields that stretched away before the inn.

"Deuced comfortable country, England, when all's said and done!" he murmured, at last. "How does it suit you, Parry? You look a deal less chippy than you did last fall."

Parry glanced up.

"I feel a different man, Torbat!" he said seriously.

"You look it. What's the cause? Christian Science—or a woman? You don't get me to believe that it is unaided golf."

"What would you say, Torbat," he asked slowly, as he bent over the glasses, "if I told you that your fooling had touched bottom?"

Torbat sat up.

"No!" he exclaimed. "You don't tell me that you've succumbed?"

Parry carefully selected a lemon, and began to slice it.

"You've known me a long while, Torbat. You've kept a few secrets for me in your day——"

Torbat laughed softly.

"I'll tell you something that I've told to no one else. I've met the woman I want to spend my money on—the woman I want to lavish things on—the woman I—I should like to marry." He brought the last word out very slowly and distinctly, and as he said it he glanced up and met Torbat's eyes.

Mills Torbat looked at him for a long time in silence; then he spoke.

"I should like to meet the lady, Parry," he said gravely. "She must be a remarkable woman."

Parry smiled. "She is," he said. "She's the sort of woman a man would change his

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last dollar or knife his best friend for. She's the sort of woman who sits up there," he indicated the sky with a wave of his hand, "who sits up there as serene and regal and indifferent as a star, and watches you crawling about the earth. The sort of woman who asks for nothing and gets every mortal thing a man has to give." He was talking with unusual force, unusual excitement; then, all at once, his flow of words slackened, and he paused in his long speech.

Mrs. Vanderveldt, wearing the pink muslin gown in which he had first seen her, had sauntered slowly into his range of vision through the open window, moving across the fields in the direction of the inn, with Dacres in close attendance. Involuntarily he turned to look at them, and his face darkened momentarily.

Mills Torbat, not noticing his movement, laughed.

"Why, you've turned orator, Luke!" he said. "It makes me thirsty to listen to you—and that enticing drink is getting stale. May I be primeval—and help myself?" He laughingly stretched across Parry, and picked up one of the tumblers.

"Here's luck!" he said. Then as he lifted the glass, his eyes also were attracted by the glint of Mrs. Vanderveldt's summer-like dress. With a sudden movement of interest he leaned forward, peering sharply at the two figures slowly nearing the inn.

"Jove, Parry!" he exclaimed. "The world's shrinking every day—and its audacity is expanding! Are those two staying at this hotel?"

The millionaire looked at him.

"Those—those two?" he said slowly.

But Mills Torbat was engrossed in his study of the advancing couple. "Well," he murmured to himself, "to think of it! Why, it whirls me back to Switzerland just to look at her. I can almost hear the cow-bells!" He laughed shortly and sarcastically.

"See those two, Luke!" he added. "Cutest pair that ever netted a big thing! When I was at Davos two years ago they were staying at my hotel. Mr. and Miss Allinger they called themselves—a consumptive brother and devoted sister. They worked the job like Trojans; the whole hotel was prostrate with sympathy. It all ran on greased wheels, till one day a new arrival came and our friends scooted—literally effaced themselves. The new man had known them in Egypt, or Morocco, or somewhere, as Mr. and Mrs. Somebody—I forget the name." Again he laughed curtly. "An accomplished pair of students in human nature! The aristocracy of queer fish! Wonder what they're after here?" He smiled cynically and took a long drink.

"But we're wandering from the subject!" he added. "To return to the lady paramount—when am I to be introduced?"

Parry made no immediate answer. With a curiously set and inexpressive face, he sat watching the two figures cross the last field. As they stepped on the smooth lawn that fronted the inn, he distinctly saw the sun gleam on Mrs. Vanderveldt's dazzlingly white teeth. With a sudden, uncontrollable gesture he turned aside, and picked up his glass.

"Torbat," he said, as he set it down empty, "I—I seem to feel that we've talked enough of women. Tell us about yourself!"

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The Happiest Man in I-o-way

By RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by Jay Chambers

JES' down the road a piece, 'ith dust so deep
It teched the bay mare's fetlocks; an' the sun
So b'ilin' hot, the peewees dassn't peep . .
Seemed like midsummer 'fore the spring's begun!
An' me plumb beat an' good-fer-nothin'-like
An' awful lonedsome fer a sight o' you . . . .
I come to that big locus' by the pike,
An' she was all in bloom, an' trembly, too,
With breezes like drug-store perfumery.
I stood up in my sturrups, with my head
So deep in flowers they almost smothered me.
I kind o' liked to think that I was dead . . .
An' if I hed 'a' died like that to-day,
I'd 'a' be'n the happiest man in I-o-way.

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For whut's the us't o' goin' on like this?
Your pa not 'lowin' me around the place! . . .
Well, fust I knowed, I'd give them blooms a kiss;
They tasted like Good-Night on your white face.
I reached my arms out wide, an' hugged 'em—say,
I dreamp' your little heart was hammerin' me!
I broke this branch off for a love-boquet;
'F I'd be'n a giant, I'd 'a' plucked the tree!
The blooms is kind o' dusty from the road,
But you won't mind. And, as the feller said,
"When this you see remember me"—I knowed
Another poem; but I've lost my head
From seein' you! 'Bout all that I kin say
Is—"I'm the happiest man in I-o-way."

Well, comin' 'long the road I seen your ma
Drive by to town—she didn't speak to me!
An' in the farthest field I seen your pa
At his spring-plowin', like I'd ought to be.
But, knowin' you'd be here all by yourself,
I hed to come—for now's our livin' chance!
Take off yer apern, leave things on the shelf—
Our preacher needs what th' feller calls "romance."
Ain't got no red-wheeled buggy; but the mare
Will carry double, like we've trained her to.
Jes' put a locus'-blossom in your hair
An' let's ride straight to heaven—me an' you!
I'll build y' a little house, an' folks 'll say:
"There lives the happiest pair in I-o-way."

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The Ear and Hearing

By EUGENE WOOD

IF you want a profound and thorough treatise on the anatomy and physiology of the ear, you can find it in the library of your County Medical Society. This article isn't going to be anything of the kind, partly because if it were, it would be too hard reading, and partly because there are one or two little things about the internal ear—away in, don't you understand?—that I am ashamed to confess I don't just know all about—the organ of Corti, for instance.

But really whether the organ of Corti is the keyboard that some think it is, a note to every fiber, is interesting, but not so vitally interesting as deafness is. It is a standard question: Which had you rather be, stone blind or stone deaf? The choice between two such fates must necessarily be difficult. Fortunately we never have to make it. If we did, whichever horn of the dilemma we took, we should always after wish we had taken the other.

What is important is how to avoid becoming deaf, and if you are willing to put up with a—well, yes, popular, if you please—with a popular statement of how we hear with our ears, and some of the troubles we have with them, and how these troubles may be avoided, and if you aren't too serious-minded, we shall get along together first-rate, you and I.

The ear—and when I say "the ear," I don't mean that oyster-shell-shaped piece of cartilage that sticks out more or less from the head about the joint of the jaw. I am often driven to admiration of the way old Dame Nature can vamp up almost any kind of a needed organ out of a piece of cuticle, but I must confess that the contemplation of the pinna, which is the trade-name for the oyster-shell-shaped attachment, leaves me cold. I don't think much of it. It looks to me like a waste of good material. I am aware that some profess to find in its crinkles and curves a wonderful device for collecting sound-waves. I don't know about that. I rather think a sound-wave about four feet deep wouldn't be helped much by the crinkles and curves on so small and so practically flat a surface. More than that, until a comparatively recent date it was considered to be good fun, a little rough, perhaps, but good, healthy, clean sport, to get hold of some fellow and trim him up just about to suit us, a nose sliced off, an eye gouged out, and a few little things like that. Experiment along these lines developed the fact, disappointing in the extreme to all practical jokers, that a man with his ears cut off hears every bit as well as with them on. It takes something more penetrating to put the hearing out of commission.

The pinna has every indication of being an institution that has outlived its usefulness. If it were bigger, and the crinkles and curves were smoothed out of it, and the four dummy muscles in it were real, acting muscles, it would do very well as an ear-trumpet, but as it is, I believe it is nothing but a useless survival from the days when—oh, well, never mind—who cares if our ancestors did wear long, pointed ears that perked themselves up alertly at any suspicious sound? The cartilage seems to have recognized the fact that it is drawing a salary for doing nothing, and has shrunk up small in hopes it won't be noticed.

Not all the outward appurtenances of hearing are as futile as the pinna. There is that tuft of hairs, just as good as ever it was as a hedge to keep out too inquisitive and prying insects. And the cerumen, or ear-wax, is just as little to the liking of these small deer as it was away back in "the airly days" of the Tertiary. Also it keeps the cuticle of the ear-tube from chapping as well as ever.

This ear-tube that leads to the little pearly white drumhead, where the true and proper ear begins, slants up and narrows somewhat. Then it slants down and widens somewhat. That looks a very simple construction, but really I think it's rather clever. Not only that; it gives us a line on old Dame Nature and what she thinks about us. Pebbles and such might accidentally get into the ear-tube. She fixed it so that it would be hard for them to roll uphill in a narrowing passage. But

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all protective devices protect only to a certain point and there they stop. If anybody wants to poke bits of slate-pencil, beads, peas, cherry-pits, and such junk into his ear, merely to see what will happen, it is arranged that he will mighty soon find out what has happened. He will get very excited right away. But old Dame Nature, who has made that passage so that it widens as it nears the drumhead, seems to say with a grim smile: "Aha! You would, would you? Well, you got it in, all so smart; let's see you get it out again."

The very best thing in such a case is to have someone take a syringe and squirt warm water very patiently and gently against the upper side of the ear-tube—the *upper* side, remember—pulling the oyster-shell-shaped pinna upward and outward, the way it was when mothers used to tell their young ones that if they didn't hush up and stop crying this instant the *Gasteroidocrinus tuberosus* would be called to come and get them.

If the foreign body should stick too tight to be washed out, they sometimes dip a camel's-hair brush in glue, touch it to the object, let the glue set, and thus draw out the thing. Better have a good physician do that, though. And he had better take a look inside first to see if there really is something to remove. It hurts a long time after it is out, and lamentable results have followed well-meant efforts to take out what wasn't there.

"Warm soap-suds gently injected—m-hm, we know all about that, but a pin is so handy," perhaps you will say. Let me tell you the story of the young man that picked his ear with a little pin. It slipped out of his fingers. He tried to get hold of it. He succeeded only in jabbing it clear through the drum of his ear. Oh, yes, it hurt some! He thought the top of his head would come off, in fact. It made him deaf, too. Wait. There's more.

You know that back of the drumhead is the drum itself, the middle ear, an irregular, cubical box, empty except for a chain of three tiny bones: the hammer, whose handle sticks fast to the drumhead; the anvil, which joints on the hammer-head; and the stirrup, whose top joins the anvil and whose base is stuck to the oval window of the inner ear, where the auditory nerve has its private office and transacts the real business of hearing, the chain of bones conveying thereto the vibrations which sound causes in the drumhead. I said the drum was empty. Rather it has air in it. In order that the air inside may be equal in pressure to the air outside, there is a tube runs into the throat just back of the tonsil. You know that swallowing or yawning will relieve the ringing in your ears caused by an inequality of atmospheric pressure on the ear-drum. If it hurt this young man to run the pin through the membrane of the drum, what do you suppose it felt like to have that pin get fast in that tube running into the throat? He suffered everything. And mind you, when there is anything about the middle or the inner ear that hurts, morphin will not help at all. Let that be a lesson to you never to pick your ear with a pin, or at least not a little pin. Oh, yes, he got it out finally! The physician made him gulp down crusts of bread, and after a while he felt it go. What became of the pin is not known, but in such cases no news is good news. Even pieces of cotton have been known to go through the ear into the throat.

Speaking of cotton reminds me of a case I knew of. (I wasn't personally acquainted with the lady.) She found herself growing deafer and deafer. Young woman, too. She was very fond of salt-water bathing, especially diving, which she knew to be dangerous to the hearing, so she always stuffed her ears with cotton before she went in. Well, sir, do you know, a little bit of cotton had stuck fast on the membrane of the drum and the cerumen or ear-wax had accumulated on it. When it was dissolved away with warm soap-suds, she could hear as well as ever. Almost miraculous cures have been effected by the same means, but one should not be too hopeful, for when large masses of cerumen have become impacted and hard, it is just possible that their removal may not entirely restore the hearing. The membrane of the drumhead may have become imperforated, and other consequent difficulties may have done injury to the chain of bones of the internal ear.

The drumhead is not elastic and will not endure rough usage. However, it is quite obliging and under favorable circumstances it mends itself almost as easily as it ruptures. For instance, a man fell off a ladder on February 24th. Half a pint of blood flowed out of one ear and he became quite deaf on that side. The physician could blow through a catheter inserted in the tube in the throat and hear it whistle through the broken membrane. By March 12th, that membrane was grown together good as new. Another man sneezed so violently as to rupture the membrane. It reunited in a month.

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A little piece of wet, sized paper stuck on the membrane over the perforation instantly restores the hearing and helps the edges to unite. But a hole in the drumhead is not necessarily incompatible with hearing. Sir William Wilde used to say that if there were a perforation, the bigger it was the better for the hearing, provided there were no other troubles and the rim of the membrane remained. Some children have lost almost all of the drumhead in scarlet fever and yet have almost perfect hearing. But you never can tell. One man may have a perforation as like as possible to another's, and caused in precisely the same way, and yet one man may hear very well and the other hardly at all.

Even the hammer-bone and the anvil may be all out of kilter without destroying the hearing, but when the stirrup-bone is dislocated or injured, there does not seem to be any remedy.

The mechanism of the inner ear is much too difficult and complex to be described here. You have stood upon the beach and felt the sand stirred by the retreating wave tickle your feet. In like manner in the labyrinth of the inner ear there is a liquid and some fine sand, which, it is believed, the transmitted vibrations stir until the fibers of the auditory nerve are titillated. But the inner ear does more than hear. It helps us keep our balance, tells us in what direction we are turned, and also causes seasickness. There are three semicircular canals in there, in the position of hollow handles of a loving-cup, without the cup. Dissect them out of animals and they do not seem to mind it. They feed and seem quite happy, and apparently they hear all right. If the external canal is cut, it makes the animal move its head from side to side; if the posterior, the animal has a tendency to tip over backward; if the superior, the creature is always turning forward somersets.

A test of deafness is to strike a tuning-fork and set it against the forehead or the teeth. The deaf man will say at first he hears it better in his good ear than his deaf one. But two or three trials will convince him that the deaf ear hears it better. If he can not hear the ticking of a watch not held against his head and yet can hear the tuning-fork against his head, the physician knows that the difficulty is not with the auditory nerve itself, but with the apparatus for transmitting the vibrations. Something can probably be done to help things. The difficulty may possibly be removed, or some expedient adopted for reenforcing sounds.

But if the patient hears the tuning-fork with his good ear better, and nothing with the deaf one but that eternal roar and crash and jangle that haunts him day and night— Let us not talk about it. There is no hope. And with swift terror the number of those for whom there is no hope increases in this country. Whether it is because of too close intermarriage, or the decaying race of men, nobody knows, but the increase of deafness is appalling.

It is no part of wisdom to take the cheerful view and say: "I guess it's just his teething bothers baby, and makes him cry so when I touch his ear. He'll get over it, no doubt." He may, and then he may not. In that case he will never hear your voice. Do you know what that means? It means that he will be far more an alien being than if he spoke a language that you did not understand, for he will be a human being that has no notion of what language is; that can think no thought except the very rudimentary ones, unless he is most skilfully and carefully taught; a human being naturally cruel because he can not hear the cry of pain. Or perhaps he will not be stone deaf, but hear a little.

If there is anything on earth more to be dreaded than a purulent inflammation of the ear, I don't know what it is. No part of the human frame contains so many important organs in so small a compass. Terrible things follow neglect, agonies unendurable, for which there is no opiate. Incurable deafness comes from an ailing inner ear; the inner ear is rarely the seat of primary disease. It begins in the outer or middle ear.

If you have swollen tonsils, have 'em out at once. Otherwise inflammation may creep up the Eustachian tube into the middle ear. The tonsils are no good, anyway, except to give you quinsy, the meanest illness that ever teased a man. I have been told that cutting out the tonsils ruins the singing voice. A notable example of this is Adelina Patti. She had them removed many years ago, and they tell me she doesn't sing quite so well now as she did in 1858. I think I'd sooner my voice were lost as hers is than run any chances on my hearing.

Me? If I should have anything the matter with my ears, I'd ring the doctor out of bed at two o'clock—I should, indeed. No, sir. It's not the part of wisdom to take the cheerful view of life in such matters as the hearing.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

HEAVEN-MADE MATCHES

A NUMBER of strikingly forceful thoughts stare out at the reader from "The Autobiography of a Married Man" in the February EVERYBODY'S. The frankness and sincerity of the writer are very evident and the simplicity of his statements challenges admiration and study.

The readiness with which he says of his wife, "I have seen plenty of women whom I could have loved just as dearly," is only equaled by a similar observation on the part of the wife. While this may seem an extreme sentiment in happily married people, it is doubtless true. Too many of our young lovers take just the opposite stand, and regard their *fiancés* or *fiancées* as their predestined, foreordained mates, and imagine that, should they by any mischance fail to become united, all desire for subsequent marital happiness should be foregone and dismissed. Newly married people frequently have the same view of the matter, in an intensified form if they are happy. What foolishness! Man's choice of a wife or woman's choice of a husband is too much a matter of proximity and acquaintance to be thus narrowly regarded. While it is true that "matches are made in heaven," it is but the heaven of similar tastes, identical ideals, common thoughts that determines and actuates the match. In a life of a thousand years, a dozen affinities would no doubt be encountered, each as good as or better than the last.

Let us abjure and put behind us this idea of affinities, this sentiment of precooked, predigested marriages! H. M. G.

Olathe, Kan.

SHADE OF A HUSBAND!

WE note in the February EVERYBODY'S that the "Married Man," in his "Autobiography," deliberately and frankly admits that since he took the vow which placed him in the ranks of those on the adverse side of single-blessedness, he has seen "plenty of women" whom he could have loved "just as dearly" as he does his wife. Ye shade of a husband! to have the effrontery to present such a calumnious idea to the minds of unsuspecting maids and bachelors, and then, forsooth, as if conscience whispered that such a testimony demanded substantiation, he drags in his wife, poor soul, and records her as pleading guilty to like fickleness. I dare say if she ever did make such an admission she was driven to it in sheer self-defense.

Ah, no, we still have faith in the oneness of wedlock, and while this married man on his goings-out and comings-in is confessedly making mental calculations as to how dearly he might have loved this or that one had she been his unfortunate victim, we shall still cling to the belief that married men, generally, are very innocently calculating the amount of next month's coal-bill. MRS. A. F.

Omaha, Neb.

FROM A FULL HEART

"THE Autobiography of a Married Man," in your February number, is the grandest and sweetest story I ever read, stirring the depths of my soul. It is as if unraveled from the tangle of my own life-history and beautifully rewoven, though as I read I suffer, for I can not say, as does this well-balanced, even-spirited man, "my life has been fairly complete."

I, too, am a married man, upward of fifty, still young of heart and yearning for a happy home, but the chain of love, or, shall I say it, the bond of *mutual forbearance*, that great conservator of love, is sadly worn and frail, and years of financial misfortune, entailing long separation from wife and children, have thrown a shadow over the past and made it seem as another world to be entered never again.

I wish I might grasp the writer's hand, and look into his eyes, and tell him of the warm approval, profound admiration, and deep satisfaction with which I read the story of his life, and how he has revived and strengthened the best impulses of my former years, putting a song of love and hope into a heart that was closed to the past and heedless of the future.

I am a man of exemplary habits, and have always considered that I did my duty toward my family to the extent of my power, but this man's autobiography is a mirror which shows me what I was, and what I *should* and *could* have been. I have leaned toward the belief that life is not worth living, because for me there is no promise of victory, nothing but fruitless struggle to the bitter end. I now realize that there is a victory not gained with head and hands, but in the heart—the victory of a man over himself for others' sake.

I wish that millions of married men, both young

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and old, could read that autobiography. It is full of the spirit of noble family life which is the foundation of true manhood and womanhood; a frank confession which must expand men's souls and broaden their minds to the adoption of those highest human motives—unselfish love, just comprehension of duty, and faithful observance of the rights of others.

Edmonton, Can. PATER FAMILIAS.

GO AND DO LIKEWISE

"THE Autobiography of a Married Man," in your February issue, is such a sensible, frank portrayal of both the difficulties and the joys of married life that I am sure it will prove helpful to many a wife as well as husband. However, I hope, and think, that more married people have the writer's love of children in the home than his observation of very small or childless families might indicate. One of the greatest disadvantages of our so-called high degree of civilization is the injurious effect upon the female physical system of the intense nervous strain almost necessarily incident to securing a higher education, or to entering the ranks of the wage-earners in the strenuous city life of to-day. To many such women, whose lives from childhood to the age of twenty-five or thirty, have been spent in the school or shop, nature denies children, though often they have the largest of mother-hearts and feel most keenly the loss that others sometimes thoughtlessly, if not maliciously, attribute to selfishness or sin.

A meaner insult to my womanhood never shocked me than when an acquaintance expressed her surprise at my bringing to my childless home a dear little homeless waif, by saying: "Why, I did not suppose you wanted any children!" I am sure it is only the superficial society bubble, or the depraved woman, who voluntarily refuses the greatest usefulness, as well as the highest joy possible to a wife: motherhood. But even if to some of us who could appreciate such blessings children of our own flesh and blood are denied, we can still find many little ones who will take the same place in our affections and homes. Our little five-year-old, during the two years she has brightened our home, has given to us far more than she has got from us. No mother was ever blessed with a more lovable child; while to watch, and to try to aid nature in, the developing of her sweet disposition and bright intellect gives both a pleasure and a mental and moral stimulus unknown before. So to all wives denied that most precious gift, an own child, I would say: "Go thou and do likewise." E. F. W.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN

I AM much interested in "Straight Talk" and should like to add my word.

I have carefully read the article in the February EVERYBODY'S, entitled "The Autobiography of a Married Man." With many of its statements I am prepared to agree; with two of them, however, I most certainly do not agree.

One of them is that there are many "other women" whom a man might love as dearly as his wife, and with whom he might get along as well and as happily. I am no "young lover," at whom the "old" writer seems to sneer, but I still insist that a happy marriage is based on a peculiar affinity between "one man" and "one woman." I agree with Professor W. C. Blaikie, who says:

"A natural affinity draws the man and the woman together. There is not only the natural affinity of the sexes, but there is an individual attraction between one man and one woman, which is the true and natural foundation of marriage."

I am not "shocked," as the writer intimates, by his *appreciation* of "other women." I have seen much of that; he does not stand proudly alone in that particular, as he seems to think; nevertheless, I do not consider it a good foundation for marital happiness.

The other exception is to his characterization of women's society as a bore with "their talk, their foolish laughter, their exaggerated dress, their fondness for bragging about their husbands and their own trifling affairs." Even if this picture were true, I think it would compare favorably with the vile mixture of poor tobacco, the expectoration, the stale jokes, the off-color stories, and the petty gossip which characterize the gatherings of many of the men. I do not, however, believe that the picture is true. The general conversation of women is no more empty than that of men, and is universally far more chaste.

Their affairs are no more trifling, and as for "bragging about their husbands," Heaven knows that few of us give them much to brag about, not many of us being such model husbands as the author of the article in question, who says of himself in the article, "I believe, as husbands go, I am a pretty good one." According to his own account he had to lean pretty hard on his wife in all the crises of life. T. F. D.

Frederick, Md.

FILL THE EMPTY BENCHES

I AM a reader of EVERYBODY'S, and have noticed two letters in "Straight Talk" on one of the greatest problems confronting our churches at the present time, namely: laxity in regard to church attendance. There are perhaps several reasons why our churches are so poorly attended, but, in my judgment, there are two principal reasons, and they both lie within the pale of the church. One is bigotry; Christian people so closely wedded to church doctrine that they fail to see the necessity of aggressive Christian work, refuse to unite in hearty cooperation, and thus fail to be the great power for good which God intended they should be. I have been superintendent of a Sunday-school in central Iowa for seven years, where just such conditions exist, and have learned from good authority that there are many other places suffering from the same cause; and I ask you, my Christian brother and sister, can we, as Christian people, blame the outsider for staying away from church, when you and I are see-sawing back and forth on some pet hobby in church doctrine? Afraid to send our children or go ourselves to a sister church for fear of hearing something along the line of church doctrine that would be distasteful.

The second reason is lethargy on the part of the parents. Simply allowing the children to drift with the tide—if they want to go to Sunday-school, all right; if not, all right. I don't mean to say all parents are in this condition, not by any means, but a great many are, and just so long as we allow

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our children to choose for themselves where and how they shall spend their Sundays, just so long shall we have the empty benches in our churches; for history proves that the natural tendency of mankind is downward, and if allowed to drift with the tide, the probability is they will drift past the church, and leave it unoccupied; but, on the other hand, if their little feet are placed in the path of righteousness early in life, the chances are our churches will be filled, and the problem solved, for the Good Book tells us if we bring a child up in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. Oh, my brother and sister, let us form an unbroken line, lay aside church differences, take our children by the hands and lead them to Christ, and my opinion is, the question will be changed: instead of asking how we are to fill the empty benches, we shall be asking where we can find more benches to fill. E. F. T.

Somerset, Ia.

WORKING MEN AND THE CHURCH

In your January issue, I notice a communication from W. H. C., of Sacramento, Cal., on "Why Working Men Do Not Go to Church," giving as his reason for same, that working men, as a rule, do not believe. What he means by "believe" I do not know, but if he means working men as a rule do not believe in Christ life and the Christ principles as taught in the Bible, then I must say that his experience and observations have been the exact opposite of my experience and observations, as a farm laborer, union printer, newspaper reporter, and traveling man, which have extended over a period of thirty years of active life, bringing me in contact with every class of labor. My observation has been that there is not one laboring man in ten who does not believe in the Christ life, and not one in a hundred who does not believe in a future state of existence. However, they do not believe in the church life, and have but little use for it because there is no sympathy there for the working man. For six days the working man is brought face to face with the practical things of life, and it is not to be supposed that he will take up with what on the face of it seems to him impractical, on the seventh day. As for myself, I thoroughly believe in the Christ life, but though I am a member of a prominent branch of the organized Church, I have but little use for it. This I say after twenty-one years' experience as a church-member, and at the beginning of that time one of the most enthusiastic. It is only natural that the working man should treat the Church as he does so long as present conditions exist, and the Church need look for no change in him until the Church itself makes the first change. M. C. S.

Dallas, Tex.

A DEMAND FOR DECENCY

In discussing the question whether or not the world is growing better, Mr. Henry van Dyke gives it as his opinion, in Everybody's Magazine for December, that justice and kindness are on the increase, but he is doubtful about the growth of self-sacrifice and self-restraint. He says: "Speed is glorified regardless of direction. Strength is worshiped at the expense of reason. Success is deified as the power to do what one likes. Gilding covers a multitude of sins."

The very fact that in the last elections the Socialists, the party of discontent, polled many votes, seems to indicate that strength is not being worshipped to so great an extent as might appear at first sight. Success is certainly the power to do what one likes, but the advance has been in the education of our likes and dislikes. We all do what we like, but an increasing number are every day liking to be of some use in the world. They are not charitable persons in the old sense of the term, as signifying those who give large sums of money to the poor, directly or indirectly, but they are making the conditions such that there may be no need for such charity. The true philanthropist is the person who helps the poor to help themselves and makes the conditions such that they may be able to do so.

As to the last count, that gilding covers a multitude of sins, why, if that is the case, are there not more rascals elected to the presidency of the United States? Which of the presidents was a dishonest, immoral, or even an ignorant man? Why is it necessary to select a man who is above reproach for the highest position in the gift of the people? Because the moral sense of the people will not allow faulty characters to be gilded over with doubtfully acquired gold.

If crime seems to be on the increase we must remember that the present system of news collecting is more perfectly organized than ever before, and that therefore no crime is committed in any part of this country or of the world but we read about it the next morning as we eat our breakfasts. By the means of newspapers and news-agencies family infelicities, crimes, accidents are reported at the ends of the earth.

The world is growing better every day. The people are becoming more unselfish. The difficulty in deciding the truth of this statement lies in the fact that crime is advertised while the unselfish acts are done in privacy. By means of our yellow journals we have dished up to us the very latest scandals with exaggerated prominence, but already there is a demand for decency in newspapers. Yellow journalism is past its zenith. Sunday supplements are using better literature. Even the pictures are improving, showing that something better is being demanded by the mass of the people. Yes, the world is becoming more pure and unselfish as well as more just and kind. H. F. P.

AN ADVISER ADVISED

I desire to enter a protest against the questionable advice given by H. R., in your January issue, to Mrs. A. B., with respect to her neglect to get taxed on her railway stock.

It is evident to me that H. R. has not taken the trouble to understand the question of taxation, but is impelled by a morbid sentiment which requires citizens to submit voluntarily to be victimized by Government. Mrs. A. B. possesses $6,000 of railroad stock. What is this stock? It is simply documentary evidence that Mrs. A. B. owns property to that extent. Now this property has already been taxed, probably by the national Government, also by a State, and maybe by some municipality. These taxes have been paid by Mrs. A. B. in the price of the stock and in reduced dividends yearly. And now H. R. solemnly lectures her on the moral delinquency of neglecting to offer her receipt for taxation also. Her stock-certificate is her receipt for her $6,000. The property having been taxed, why in the name of common sense and common honesty

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should the receipt be taxed too? A Government has no better right to rob citizens by unjust taxation than citizens have to rob Government.

Further: Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of stock escape taxation yearly. It is impossible to levy taxation equitably on stock which is constantly changing hands. Who should pay the tax on stock just sold, the seller or the buyer? Neither, I hold. If Government is dishonest enough to enact a system of taxation that enables large holders of property to escape while small owners must generally pay to the last dollar, I doubt if it is not immoral on the part of H. R. to advise Mrs. A. B. to submit voluntarily to this kind of robbery. Our system of taxation is vicious and unjust. Under it the poor pay, not ten times, but ten thousand times as much taxes in proportion to their wealth as the very rich. I doubt the moral justification of the advice which urges small taxpayers voluntarily to perpetuate this injustice.

There is but one true theory of taxation, and it is that taxation is the exchange of wealth by the citizen in return for services by the Government. This theory would require the incidence of taxation to be placed on privileges, franchises, ground-rents, and monopolies, entirely exempting wealth and property. This method of raising public revenue existed for a thousand years in England. Gradually it was displaced by the ruling classes in their own interests by taxation of polls and property, which was at first regarded as robbery, and so it is. But custom and long usage have reconciled people to a system which is only organized robbery, and can never be administered with justice and equity. S. B.

South Boston, Mass.

WOMEN MASTER MARINERS

I NOTICE that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE invites corrections from its readers. In your January number, 1905, on page 133, you present a woman "master mariner," Miss Morgan, and you state that "her certificate as master mariner attests her fitness to take command of any vessel." I care not what the diplomas of a nautical college may say about a woman's qualifications to command vessels. I've been there and know.

To be qualified to command a ship, you must graduate in the forecastle before you are fit to take charge of the quarter-deck. In order to command a ship you must serve several years at sea, and learn your duty from stem to stern, in both storms and calms, not ashore in a "nautical college." A "master mariner" must be able to take in the jib in a gale of wind, when she is running the jib-boom under, or he must be able to go aloft and reef topsails in the "middle watch," when a heavy gale of wind is threatening every stitch of canvas, and he can not see even the rigging which he must climb. He must be able to heave the lead. Amidst the dangerous work of taking in sails in a fearful storm in the dead of night, we hear the frightful alarm of a human voice, the sound of which is heard above the roaring gale: "Man overboard!" and he must now take his own life in his hands and "man the life-boat," in order to save a drowning shipmate. These are a few of the events in the "graduation exercises" of a "master mariner" which, I think, no woman that ever lived could perform. We have a keen appreciation of Grace Darling as she is presented to us in the "Life-boat" launched from the shore in a living gale, but this is mere child's play to the momentous events which occur in the life of every seaman who sails for a few years in deep-water ships. When the command of a ship can be conducted entirely in the cabin, by a study of chart, compass, and navigation, then a woman can easily qualify for "master mariner," and not before. E. C.

Seattle, Wash.

THE "BUM" AT THE MISSION

I HAVE read with much interest the December instalment of "Six Weeks in Beggardom." In the last paragraphs, Mr. Waters speaks of a mission in which the bath-tub was filthy. I hope that in the chapters following he will expose fully the unsanitary condition of these places. I have long thought of writing a series of articles about them, but have been deterred by modesty or vanity.

But a few years ago I was pastor of a Presbyterian Church of 1,000 members and had a salary of $6,000, in Philadelphia. I lost my health and afterward took to drink, going to the bottom—becoming a tramp. For two years I lived in these "Missions" and cheap lodging-houses. My whole nature, even in the degraded state in which I was, revolted from the unsanitary condition of most of them. The management, in most instances, seemed anxious to make a good showing on paper of the number converted or relieved, but were unmindful of the vermin and filth in the poorly ventilated sleeping-rooms. Many, in fact most, missions have a chapel. Unfortunately, very often erratic and fanatical men and women were in charge of the services. Wrought into a sort of religious hysteria, they would urge the "bum" to "come to Jesus." Night after night have I seen the same man "converted" in different missions, that being the surest and easiest way of getting a ticket for lodging and breakfast. In the larger cities he has quite a circuit that can be made, and when around he can start again.

These conversions constitute in a measure the "dividends" that are shown to contributors supporting the mission. It seems to me that the money of benevolent people would be better spent and the interests of humanity better conserved, if, in dealing with the "bum," the outcast, the drunkard, or whatever class the vagrant may represent, attention be first given to getting him normal, physically and mentally. The first agency to this end is good sanitary surroundings.

I am living here quietly in the country, gathering "reserve force" to go out into the world and take up some battle again. As I am but thirty-eight, there seem to be years ahead in which I should be active and useful. H. G. F.

Short Creek, O.

A WORLD-WIDE FIELD FOR BEGGARS

I PERSONALLY think that there is no solution to the question, Shall we give to beggars?—for the victim of a beggar is what I term a "sucker," and not only is this great world full of such fools, but there is one born every day. While I really have not bothered my head about beggars as Mr. Waters has done, I know quite a few grafts of panhandlers whom I have come in touch with that he has not as yet discovered.

I am a Washingtonian, and can tell you that the District of Columbia is a poor field for a beggar to

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tackle, judging from the conversations I have had with men who are professionals at the business. They impress me as being a very observing and intelligent lot, knowing all the current events of the day and quite able to tell you where every place on the face of the earth is. In a conversation with a cripple who is a professional at begging, I found out, to my surprise, that begging is the biggest money-making graft of the day. Mr. Fred Henecky, *alias* "Sticks," is the name of the man of whom I am now speaking, and he tells me that he has worked as many as five towns in a day, getting three or four dollars in one, then immediately departing for another to rake a few dollars, or "get the cream," as he calls it. In this way, he says, lots of people don't see him, and those who do, forget him, and the town is always fresh for another invasion. He has traveled all over the North American continent and has not paid a penny in car-fare in all of his travels. I asked him how he approached the public, and he laughed, saying: "I don't do any approaching, but just sit on my crutches, hold out my hat, and take out the coin as it drops." He is as square a man as the day is long, and above all is always dressed neatly. There is another beggar who works one graft all the time and says it pays well. This beggar approaches you with a bill-head of some hardware firm, upon which has been written the price of a pick and shovel, and showing it to you, says: "Will youse kindly help a needy man with a sick wife and four children to support, by giving me a few pennies to buy a pick and shovel to work with?" The result is, he gets enough money to buy a dozen picks and shovels.

Just as Mr. Waters has said, some respond to the appeal of a beggar because they think he is really worthy of it, and some act on impulse. Yet there is the third person who gives to the beggar, not for charity's sake, but just because he wants to make himself appear big in the eyes of the public. So we can readily see that the field for the beggar will never grow small as long as the world turns around, and the question will never be solved. R. H.

Washington, D. C.

CURED BY COURAGE

I HAVE been much interested in "Straight Talk" relative to consumption, and my aim in writing this is to benefit some sufferer. That tuberculosis is contagious is taken for granted to-day, and yet it must be admitted that the degree of contagion and the manner of contracting the disease are of a different sort from those connected with smallpox or the measles. I have been one of those afflicted with this trouble. I had hemorrhages, and four different tests of the sputum showed that it contained tubercle bacilli; by as many M.Ds. I was given no encouragement, the common statement being, "Your prospects are not very bright." This was during the years 1898 to 1901 inclusive. If I attribute to any one thing more than another my being alive to-day, it is to the fact that I refused to believe that because I had consumption *my doom was sealed.* And so I am convinced that if the idea of *contagion* and the fatality of the disease, called the *Great White Plague*—a hideous name, however applicable—could be eliminated from the mind of the patient, one-half of the difficulty of a cure would be removed. During the first of my affliction the medical fraternity had a meeting in this city to consider this disease. Among the talks given one evening was one by a prominent M.D. who stated that in his opinion every adult had within him tuberculous germs, and that when favorable conditions existed within the body the disease would manifest itself, which I believed, and, whether true or not, it was a great help to me in throwing off the trouble, for I saw that I could do much to prevent its development. I heartily agree that the essentials to a healthy life are "air, water, and food," but I would omit the word *food*, and add to the other two words, *exercise* in the *outdoor air* and *plenty* of water, especially for consumptives. But above all, keep up courage. P. G.

Des Moines, Io.

COYOTES AND THE COW-PUNCHER

As a cowpuncher I have spent a number of years rambling around our Western States and Territories, and have seen hundreds of consumptives come to those parts in the hope of being cured. They come by every road and path, but at least nine out of every ten leave by the "one-way trail." I am therefore with you "with both feet" in your effort to establish a national institution to care for these sufferers.

I believe, however, that one big step to the aid of consumptives and the country in general would be the suppression of the "quack" doctors whose ads. you refuse to publish. (The more praise be to you.)

So long as cold-blooded murder is a crime, these counterfeit "health pilots" will be the worst of criminals. Sticking a knife in a man's back is an honorable proceeding compared with the methods used by them. A lower, meaner, and more despicable action than that of preying on men who have "one foot in the grave" and who, like drowning men, will grasp at a straw, is hard to imagine. A buzzard is a bird-of-paradise beside them.

To use a Western expression that is not altogether refined, they are "the worst imitation of men the devil ever made when the Lord wasn't looking."

Not long ago I sat in a cow-camp with a lot of punchers and read aloud the news of a month-old paper. I saw one of these ads. and explained the methods of the "quack" doctors to that healthy group of men, to whom sickness was unknown. After studying a moment, one remarked in a quiet, dry, matter-of-fact voice, "If that there brand of medicine-man ever tries his charms on any of my folks, he surely won't advertise no more"; then, after a pause, "without the devil runs a paper in hell."

Many a man has been exported into eternity by contraction of the hemp that was far and away more of a *man* than any of these fake consumption specialists, and it is to be greatly regretted that we have no laws to deal with the latter. They are the first lieutenants of the White Plague, and should be dealt with as such in the fight against that disease.

Your magazine seems to be the only one that is really accomplishing something besides telling good stories, so can't you devise some way of hitting these worse than human coyotes? They are a disgrace to civilization, to say the least, and this should be the last country to tolerate them.

If you decide to take up a subscription for your original project, let me know, as I can reach many who will give considerable, but who do not read magazines. B. D. S.

Boston, Mass.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

Constance Dorothea

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

THERE really was not anything else to do, after all Aunt Suzanna's kindness—taking us in after the fire and giving Alice such beautiful care while she was so miserable.

"Suzanna isn't the worst possible name; and maybe it will come into fashion by the time baby is grown up," said Alice, who is naturally optimistic. I had my doubts of that, but there was really no help for it—the dear lady evidently longed for a namesake, and it was the only return we could make her. So we went the whole—I mean, we gave the baby the full Suzanna McMoogle, since we were in for it, and hoped she would forgive us later.

When the next baby came, we did not happen to have any girl names handy, having been discussing such titles as Ralph and Donald and Philip, so the kiddie was simply "baby" for a few weeks. Then, when we were comfortably debating over Dorothea and Constance and Helen, we were taken aside and privately informed that Alice's grandmother was horribly hurt that we were not naming it after her. Now we loved Grandmother Perkins devotedly, but someway it had not occurred to us that any one could expect anything to be named Luella. We wrestled long with the subject, but Alice's heart was tender, and Luella finally won out. And I will admit that the old lady's joy was touching.

We had plenty of feminine names ready when the third appeared, but Alice, poor girl, was so ill for a week or two that we did not give the matter a thought; though I admit an awful sinking came over me when my Aunt Effie summoned me by telephone.

"We won't! That's settled," I said between my teeth as I rang at her imposing front door.

Aunt Effie came straight to the point.

"See here," she began, settling herself with a brisk rustle of silk, "what are you going to name that new child?"

"Dorothea," said I. She paid no earthly attention either to the assertion or to my tone.

"I don't like it," she went on, "the way you take all your names from Alice's side of the family. Your own side has some claims, I should think. Now, I haven't any children, but I can't take much interest in a Suzanna or a Luella. And I should like to take an interest in one of your children." She paused impressively. "Give her my name, and I will see that she doesn't lack for advantages," she concluded. "School, college, society—everything I would do for a daughter of my own. And there is some sense in a pretty little name like Effie. Go home and talk it over with Alice."

Well, of course there was no real question as to our duty, after we had relieved our feelings by vowing nothing should persuade us. We were poor, and we could not deny the child the prospect of such advantages.

"We can name the next Eleanor," Alice suggested, trying to be cheerful about it.

"There won't be any next," I said firmly.

Nineteen months later the doctor made the somewhat trite announcement: "A splendid little girl." Alice looked up at me feebly as I bent over her.

"Go and get a clergyman," she murmured. I was horribly frightened.

"Why, you're all right, dear! You're coming through splendidly!" I stammered. She gave her head a weak little shake.

"No—I mean, to name the baby—quick," she murmured. My circulation started up again, and I departed light-heartedly in search of the Reverend Dr. Hoyt. And that child was formally christened Constance Dorothea before she had her first square meal. We should have given her Helen and

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Rose and Eleanor, too, if we had had the courage of our desires.

It seemed almost too good to be true—not to have to apologize and explain when we were asked the new baby's name. We had always congratulated ourselves on not boring others with the subject of our children, but I now began to have a small suspicion as to the true cause of our restraint. There is no denying that we dragged Constance Dorothea in at every opening, without a scruple. And she proved as pretty as her name when her features had set in. She was a real show child in every respect, bless her.

It was when she was about a year old that Alice came in one day with a piece of news.

"Cousin Hermione is coming East," she announced. "She is going to spend the winter with Aunt Suzanna." I had heard of Cousin Hermione before, but the name struck ominously on my ears.

"Thank goodness, Constance Dorothea has got her name nailed on!" I exclaimed. Alice laughed.

"Oh, I should not have consented to Hermione for any reason!" she asserted.

"Rather not!" I agreed; but still I felt a vague uneasiness. The next day I bought the baby a silver porringer and had her full name, Constance Dorothea, engraved on it at great expense. It seemed to make things more assured.

Cousin Hermione was a little dried-up person, very prim and reserved, her shabbiness brushed and mended into a dim gentility, who talked with the corners of her mouth held tightly together and shook hands distantly with the babies when introduced. She seemed to consider conversation as an instrument for preventing familiarity, and I should gladly have followed the frank retreat of my three daughters if the laws of hospitality and Alice's firm eye had not held me. Then Constance Dorothea woke up audibly and was brought in as soon as she could be whisked into a clean dress. She was not a shy young person and she stared earnestly at her new relative, then broke into an enthusiastic smile and called a greeting in her own language, for which the nearest translation would be:

"Hello, old girl! Bully for you!" It seemed to me that the tight corners of Cousin Hermione's lips showed a faint quiver.

"She has never walked alone yet, but she can stand," said Alice, putting the baby down on her two little square moccasins. Cousin Hermione, who sat a few feet away, almost held out her hand.

"A healthy-looking child," she said, her eyes fixed on the beaming face. How or why it happened no man might tell, but at that moment Constance Dorothea straightened her little back, stood wavering an instant, then lurched bravely across the intervening space, six full steps all alone, and would have gone down with a thud at Cousin Hermione's feet if she had not caught the little starfish hands in a breathless rescue. Alice was too excited over the event to notice anything else, but I took a short-sighted satisfaction in our visitor's imperfectly concealed pleasure. I dare say it is flattering to have a baby take her first steps for you; anyway, Cousin Hermione, stiffly and nervously, drew Constance Dorothea into her lap, and she made an infernally long call. I don't suppose any one had ever before sucked her finger or jerked her watch-chain or even butted her in the chest.

When she did get up to go, she stood looking wistfully at Fatness on the floor.

"She has a look of my mother, your great-aunt Hermione, Alice," she said. "It is something about the brow. She was a remarkable woman. Her mother was named Hermione, too—that was your great-grandmother. It has always been one of our family names."

"Yes, so it has," Alice assented.

"No, you don't!" I muttered, quite inaudibly—though Alice insisted afterward that it could have been heard a block.

"It has begun," I told her, when the front door had closed

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"Oh, nonsense! Baby is christened," returned Alice.

Cousin Hermione came in nearly every day after that, but we never got any closer to her. We could not very well chew at her knuckles nor pull her hair, and that seemed to be the only way to pass her barriers. She and Constance Dorothea developed an intimacy that delighted Alice, who only laughed at my warnings. I called the baby "Hermione" once, just to put that young person on her guard, but she, too, chuckled in my face. I was the prophet without honor.

The resemblance to great-aunt Hermione seemed to increase daily about the brow of Constance Dorothea. Evidently the one great feeling in the life of this little wisp of humanity had been for her mother, and there was a growing wistfulness in her references to the likeness. It was a Sunday afternoon when she made her first timid attack.

"All your children seem to have family names, Alice," she ventured. "I—I approve of that. It seems fitting to commemorate the—the most valued members of a family." Alice in her blind security assented to the general proposition. "Do you never wish you had—done the same—with this little one?" Cousin Hermione went on, flushing faintly. "I had so hoped that somewhere—my mother's name—Hermione——"

"Yes, of course," said Alice sympathetically; "but baby has been christened, you know. Dr. Hoyt came up when—when she was very little. So, of course, it could not be changed—no matter how much we wanted to."

"Oh, of course!" said Cousin Hermione, and the subject was apparently closed. Only I knew better.

After that, when she thought that no one was within earshot, she used to call the baby Hermione. I warned Alice she ought to make a bold stand and declare her mind on the subject, but she refused to see any danger.

"I hate to hurt her feelings unnecessarily," she explained.

It was several weeks later that Cousin Hermione came in with an air of repressed excitement about her.

"I have met your Dr. Hoyt," she announced, a tremor in her precise tones. "We stayed after service this morning and—and I was introduced. He says that the Church does not oppose a change of name, if the reason seems a good one."

"You refer to the marriage service?" I asked, hoping to divert her.

"No: it was in reference to christening children," she explained. "I spoke to him about——"

It was this moment that Luella, thoughtful little soul, selected for her historic tumble down the front stairs. In the commotion that followed we forgot all about Cousin Hermione, and when it was settled that Luella was only pretty well bumped, she took herself off. I saw the stiff little figure go down the walk, never dreaming that it was for the last time. When the report of a heavy cold explained her non-appearance a few days later, Alice was only relieved that the hurting of her feelings was put off.

"Of course, I shall be firm when it comes to the issue," she assured me.

"I don't know—I'm afraid she will work us yet," I answered worriedly.

Cousin Hermione's cold was suddenly pronounced pneumonia. Next thing we knew, she was very low, and wanted earnestly to speak with us.

"It's coming!" I warned Alice as we hurried over to Aunt Suzanna's. "She is going to make it a last request. If you had been frank in the first place!"

"Don't!" begged Alice. "I—I don't believe it is about the name."

"You know it is!" I returned.

We rang the bell in miserable dejection. It is not pleasant to refuse last requests. After a long delay, an agitated maid opened the door. Cousin Hermione had died fifteen minutes before.

When we went away later, we were ashamed to look at each other, though Alice permitted herself a sigh of relief as she kissed the sleeping Constance Dorothea in her crib.

"I don't know—I don't feel altogether easy yet," I muttered, and was reproved for levity. 'Save in his own country!'

A few days later we were summoned to Aunt Suzanna's. The poor little woman had left a will, and we went tolerantly ready

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to receive a coral brooch or a tree-calf copy of Emerson's "Essays." Alice was sure there would be some memento for Constance Dorothea.

There was. We might have known it. My premonitions had not been for nothing. Ten thousand dollars in stocks and bonds—her treasured all—to go to Constance Dorothea, on one condition: that her name be changed "to that of my beloved mother, Hermione Small." There it was, ten thousand dollars; and we an unprosperous young couple with four girls.

"We won't, we won't!" we said to each other in pale dismay on the way home. But we had not said it before the lawyer, and we both knew it.

We went dismally to the nursery, where the baby beamed at us over her empty porringer. I picked it up and read the name expensively engraved on the side.

"'To the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome,'" I murmured. Then I held it up to Constance Dorothea. "Wouldn't you rather be called that than have ten thousand dollars?"

Alice held out a silver chain-purse, unusually full. "Choose, baby: which will you have?" The decision did not take Constance Dorothea two seconds: she lunged at the purse with both hands. Alice relinquished it with a long sigh.

"That settles you, Hermione Small," she said.

The Regeneration of the O'Tooles

By Rheta Childe Dorr

THE Charity Organization Society had definitely decided to drop the O'Tooles. The family had been on its books for four months, ever since the eldest boy was sent to Bellevue with a broken leg—the result of a difference of opinion between the boy and the big mule he was stabling.

This was the beginning of a series of disasters. On hearing of the accident, Mrs. O'Toole, wild with rage and maternal solicitude, had rushed to the stables and there created what the foreman described the next morning in the police court as "the limit in rough house, yer 'anner."

Mrs. O'Toole got five dollars and a warning. There was only one way to assuage the bitterness of that memory, and the injured woman went on a mixed-ale spree, which lasted four days and ended with a night in a police station and the loss of her job as charwoman in the Park Row building.

It was a week later the Charity Organization Society met the family. Pat and Nora in the Grand Street box-factory earned jointly six dollars and a half a week, enough to feed the brood at home and buy coal, but the Society had the rent to pay while it looked for a job for the head of the family.

Finding work for people is as uncertain a task, as far as results from the people themselves are concerned, as the proverbial one of leading a horse to water. If the Society had succeeded at once in getting a new office-building for Mrs. O'Toole to scrub, all might have gone well. But the supply of office charwomen is even greater than the demand.

Once an office charwoman, always an office charwoman. Mrs. O'Toole merely obeyed precedent when she lost, or threw away, every other job the Society found for her. She positively was unable to wash all day, or scrub floors at the unaccustomed hours of eight till five. Sometimes Mary Allerton, the district visitor, thought she honestly tried, but the people at the central office were more skeptical. The authorities there grew very cross with Mrs. O'Toole and talked of dropping her. "Give her one more trial," begged Miss Allerton, and got her a place on the cleaning force at Osterly Arms, the new Madison Avenue apartment hotel.

Osterly Arms was the very last word of apartment-hotel magnificence, with a pink porphyry entrance, favrile glass electroliers, and a whole forest of palms in antique Italian garden pottery. The hall-boys, elevator attendants, and pages were got up in a livery of amazing smartness: pearl-colored cloth with an abundance of gold lace and brass buttons, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and powdered wigs.

These pampered minions excited Mrs. O'Toole's contempt from the first. "Sure, they ought to be ashamed of theirsels," she muttered. "What wud they be doin' wid thim English togs on um, an' some of um Irish, too? Sure, their fathers and their mothers wud blush fer shame if they cud see um."

Perhaps it was outraged patriotism as much as carelessness that caused her to flourish a mopstick too freely in the vicinity of a plate-glass mirror in the dining-room. At any rate, the mirror was cracked neatly across

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the middle, and Mrs. O'Toole was promptly ejected without a cent of wages.

She resorted to a near-at-hand back door to drown her indignation in beer, but it refused to drown, and after five or six glasses, was livelier than ever. Obeying an impulse of sudden fury, she ran back to the hotel as fast as her somewhat unsteady legs would carry her, and dashed into the pink porphyry hall with her hat on the back of her neck and fire in her eye. She snatched the powdered wig off the nearest boy and waved it aloft like a scalp. "Down wid thim English airs!" she shouted. "To the divil wid the English annyhow!"

The patrol-wagon and two policemen removed Mrs. O'Toole, and this time she got more than five dollars and a warning. She got ten days on the Island, and the Society had the children on its hands during her absence.

It was when she returned, that the Society put its foot down, to use a homely figure, and the name of O'Toole was formally erased from the census of the Worthy Poor. And this was the news Miss Allerton had to break to her *protégée* three days before Thanksgiving. To her relief Mrs. O'Toole took it very quietly. "Lave thim kape their filthy money," she said grandly. "Sure, Oi don't want anny of ut. The Blissid Virgin knows me troubles, but whoilst Oi have me two hands the childer'll not starve. Sure though," she added, with a rush of real emotion, "ut'll be a sad home-comin' fer Jamesy the morn. He gets let out of the hoshpital to-morry, poor murthered bye, an' not a drop or a sup in the place but a few pitaties an' the ind of a joog of 'lasses."

She sat down on the edge of the unmade bed and wept. Miss Allerton was used to the sight of tears, but Mrs. O'Toole's hopeless misery moved her to compassion. She looked around the wretched room. It had evidently not been swept, much less scrubbed, since Mrs. O'Toole went to the Island. The few remaining pieces of furniture were black with dirt and strewn with tattered clothing and all kinds of *débris*. The rickety stove was piled up with dishes, scraps of food, and rubbish. Through a dingy window one had a view of a fire-escape laden with more rubbish, in the midst of which the two youngest O'Tooles, six and eight, shivered in the November sunshine and played with a starved gutter-cat.

The district visitor looked despondently at the unkempt figure sobbing on the bed. She was a product of a modern, scientific school of philanthropy, and her theories of charity were free from sentimentalism. Still, it was only three days till Thanksgiving. Knowing how far she was transgressing the rules of the Society, she took a two-dollar bill from her pocketbook and handed it to the weeping woman.

"There!" she said severely, to make up for her unwarranted kindness. "And for Heaven's sake, Mrs. O'Toole, spend it sensibly for the things you actually need. And surely you will look for something to do right away, won't you? Perhaps the Society will help you again, if you show that you are really trying to help yourself."

Mrs. O'Toole was voluble. She wiped her eyes with her apron and tossed aside a great mass of red hair, which had fallen over her shoulders in her despair. The hair fell around her like a fiery mantle, as she called on all the saints of Ireland to witness her good intentions. Miss Allerton gazed at the abundant locks in astonishment, for never in her life had she beheld such a head of hair. Barring its too strong color, it was truly magnificent, very thick, full of the loveliest kinks and waves, and quite forty inches long.

Several weeks passed before she saw the splendid tresses again, and then it pleased her to behold them neatly braided around a face clean and smiling. The door of the O'Toole tenement, opening to the visitor's knock, revealed a room that was almost neat. By comparison with its former state it was a model of cleanliness and order. The improvement was gratifying and Miss Allerton expressed her pleasure in warm words. Mrs. O'Toole was optimism personified. Praise the pigs, she had had day's work steady the past week and Jamesy was getting about fine on his crutches.

Remembering her contribution of two dollars, Miss Allerton inquired pleasantly: "Did you have a nice Thanksgiving dinner? I hope you didn't spend all the money I gave you on one spread."

"Honor bright's a jool, mum," cried Mrs. O'Toole, "thot Oi did not. Sure, the Voluntares av Ameriky sint us an iligint dinner, an' as fer thot money, Oi'll tell ye what Oi spint it fer. Do ye moind the foine hid av hair Oi do be havin', mum? Well, St. Bridget knows why it's took to fallin' out loike fithers out av a moultin' hin. Mebbe it's a mortial sin the way Oi do be takin' proide in me looks, but it

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fair made me sick to lose me hair, so Oi just took thot money an' bought two bottles av Dr. Sullivan's Quane Esther Hair Reginerator from the place in Sixt' Avenoo, an' glory be, me hair's grand ag'in an' not fallin' out anny more."

The smile froze on Miss Allerton's countenance. She stood up and stared at the woman for a moment, and words of exasperation rose to her lips. But what was the use? The creature was incorrigible, and, after all, the thing was funny. Miss Allerton laughed as she seldom laughed in her melancholy rounds and congratulated Mrs. O'Toole.

"Faith, what was she laffin' at now?" Mrs. O'Toole asked of her little cracked mirror, after the visitor had gone on. She gave the mirror an extra polish with the corner of her apron and surveyed the effect of her regenerated braids approvingly. She glanced around the room with somewhat less approval. "I'll shine the stove," she remarked aloud, obeying an impulse for cleanliness that seemed to be growing on her strangely of late. In the midst of her work Jamesy limped in with a letter, one of the few that had ever come to the O'Toole tenement. It was "in printin'," as they expressed it, so they were able between them to read it. The letter was from Dr. Sullivan's hair-dressing emporium in "Sixt' Avenoo," and it requested Mrs. O'Toole and her eldest daughter to call at their earliest convenience, in regard to a steady job the establishment might be able to offer.

"Ain't Nora the lucky gurrul?" exclaimed Mrs. O'Toole joyfully. "They must want her to learn the trade. An' why not, thin? Ain't she as smart as anny of um?"

When next Miss Allerton visited the neighborhood she was surprised and a little disappointed as well, to find that the erstwhile pensioner of the Charity Organization Society had disappeared with her entire family from the tenement in Macdougal Street, giving no warning of her flitting and no hint of her destination. Neither did she figure again in the police-court news in the yellow journals, although Miss Allerton expected finally to encounter her there.

One day in early spring Miss Allerton found herself in the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. There were a number of small shops on her side of the street, and in front of one of them a crowd had gathered, fairly blocking the sidewalk. Men, women, and children pushed and jostled in an effort to see what was exhibited in the window. A break in the crowd permitted a momentary glimpse of the window that brought Mary Allerton to a sudden standstill. She glanced at the sign in glittering gilt letters over the entrance.

DR. SULLIVAN'S UNRIVALED
QUEEN ESTHER HAIR REGENERATOR
(Every bottle guaranteed)

She joined the curious crowd and pushed and jostled her own way to the front. The sight that met her gaze when she finally arrived there quite took her breath away.

The show-window was fitted up like a tidy boudoir, with pink-chintz hangings and white-enamel furniture. There was a lace-draped dressing-table, strewn with silver brushes, mirrors, and cut-glass scent-bottles. Samples in all sizes of the unrivaled Queen Esther Hair Regenerator were also displayed on the dressing-table, and in front of it, reclining at ease in a chintz-cushioned willow chair, sat a figure clad in a white silk *négligée*. High-heeled, patent-leather slippers were on her feet, and her hands idly turned the pages of a fashion journal.

It was Mrs. O'Toole. Her glorious red hair was unbound, rippling over the back of the chair almost to the floor, in shining, exquisite, scarlet waves. Behind her, dressed in most correct maid's costume, white apron and butterfly cap, stood Nora O'Toole, brushing the flowing locks. Every now and again she picked up a bottle of the unrivaled Queen Esther and sprinkled a little of the liquid on the crown of her mother's head, rubbing it briskly, and afterward resuming the brushing process.

It was really a most dramatic scene, and Miss Allerton watched it, fascinated. It occurred to her to go into the shop and make some inquiries. When she reached the door another surprise met her. The youth in uniform and buttons who was acting as door-opener was none other than Patrick O'Toole, late of the box-factory. Before he had time to recognize her, little Dominick O'Toole, also in buttons, thrust into her hand an advertising booklet of the regenerator of hair and fortunes. At the same moment the door opened and Jamesy emerged with a delivery basket full of packages.

Dominick was the first to recognize Miss

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Allerton. "Sure it's the charity lady," he cried joyfully. "Run, Pat, an' tell maw, fer she's towld us, miss, to be alookin' out fer ye. She wants to tell ye thanks fer the good job ye did be throwin' us into. We ain't never goin' to ferget ye, miss, an' every Sunday me mother lights a tin-cint candle fer ye in the church."

Miss Allerton bubbled with laughter. "That is very high interest on two dollars, Dominick," she said. And then she asked for and was given the O'Toole address and presented the grinning boy with her own visiting-card. For Miss Allerton was wise in her experience with the Worthy Poor, and she felt that the Society might yet hear from the O'Tooles.

Mrs. Lorenzo at Home

By Payne Collins

"SHAT opp, yoo! Yoo chil'n, gat out er here!"

First impressions are sometimes deceptive. At least, Miss Bullworth, the new kindergarten teacher, devoutly hoped so, as she stood before the home of the Lorenzos. In her short week in the Portuguese settlement of the New England mill town, she had learned to be brave beyond the promise of her slight figure. So she knocked and knocked again on the heavy, grayish door, which was mottled a warm brown by the

greasy finger-tips of numberless young Lorenzos.

A moment of peace followed her second knock and then the same rough voice called out:

"Cam' in, yoo."

Thus encouraged, Miss Bullworth grasped the slippery door-handle.

The room within was mostly stove and children and a big sack-like woman. The woman was standing by the stove with her back to the door when her caller entered,

and with her back to the door she stayed. One garment—a Mother Hubbard, or a wrapper, or an impossibility, according to the wearer's social standing—contained Mrs. Lorenzo's two hundred and fifty pounds. "Contained" is a good word, for from the rear, Mrs. Lorenzo resembled a home-made pillow in a shrunken slip. Her waist gave no sign of bones, natural or artificial. Somewhere between her shoulders sat her head, a large expanse, over which the few spears of coal-black hair that time had left her were tightly drawn into a little doughnut perched like a summit-house above the clouds. Her age was uncertain. Popping out over her left arm was the tiny face of the young man, who, for the time being, was known as Lorenzo's youngest. Apparently the baby's slumber was not disturbed by the lurches of his mother as she stirred violently with her right arm at her "man's" supper.

Such was Mrs. Lorenzo.

No sound, no sign came from her. Miss Bullworth looked about her for encouragement, but found it not: not in her shapeless hostess; not in the litter of dirty, but obstinately pretty children; not in the supper-table, with its motley setting; not in the instalment sewing-machine; not in the line of half-dried unmentionables; no, not even in the scrubby geraniums, nor the high-hung pictures of Sunny Jim and "Roosevelt at San Juan." Evidently she must open the conversation herself.

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"I came," she began pleasantly, "to see why Louisa was not in kindergarten this morning."

"Sick," grunted Mrs. Lorenzo, stirring her mixture industriously.

"I am sorry to hear that, Mrs. Lorenzo. What seems to be the matter with her?" Miss Bullworth was not easily defeated.

"Da know," came from the massive figure at the stove, motionless except for the rapid stirring.

Miss Bullworth saw that she should learn little of Louisa and her ailments, so tacked again.

"Are all these children yours?" she asked, referring to the wide-eyed horde that fairly carpeted the floor.

Mrs. Lorenzo turned her head slightly—an important concession—fixed every child searchingly to make sure of the relation, and then replied:

"Yas."

"How many children have you, Mrs. Lorenzo?" pursued Miss Bullworth.

Again the eyes wandered over the floor. Mrs. Lorenzo was evidently counting.

"Eight, I gass," said she shortly with a more vigorous stir.

Then the conversation lagged.

"I must be going now," said the teacher finally. "I hope Louisa will be in kindergarten to-morrow."

She had no sooner said the innocent words, than Mrs. Lorenzo, suddenly remembering something, seized a chair by the back and, scrubbing the seat with her apron, fairly threw it at her visitor.

"Si' down!" she thundered, returning at once to her cooking.

Miss Bullworth sat. Surely Mrs. Lorenzo stolid had been formidable enough; Mrs. Lorenzo affable was really dangerous. At any rate, Miss Bullworth reasoned, as long as she sat on the chair, it could not again be hurled at her.

"I gass," began the hostess with a friendly sort of explosion, "I gass ya Miss Bull' the new kinne—Shat ɒpp, I tell ya"—this to her uneasy offspring, who were convalescing from the first effects of "teacher's" visit.

"Lo'eeza," Mrs. Lorenzo thought best to begin all over again, "she tella me—Gat out o' here, ya chil'n," shouted the mother, turning savagely upon her noisy brood.

"I don't mind the children, Mrs. Lorenzo," Miss Bullworth mildly suggested, for she saw that conversation would be impossible in the face of these interjections.

"Oh, 'scuse, 'scuse, 'tain't you!" replied the Portuguese woman, "it's the 'boarder'"—she uttered the word with mysterious significance. "Oh, Miss Bull'," she confided, "I know you'll 'scuse ma chil'n—they so noisy, the' mak' such bad chil'n! I got four boarder; one he work at night and sleep here while day-tam; but ma chil'n so bad, they holler so bad, ya know, he has offul hard tam sleep'n' right in nex' room, ya know. Tha's why, ya know, I yell at 'em so 'til I so hoarse; gee! I spen' all day hushin' ma chil'n up so he sleep some—Kip still, yoo!" roared the thoughtful landlady, once and for all deciding the fate of the would-be sleeper.

Miss Bullworth accepted the explanations silently.

"Lo'eeza," continued the massive one, now fully wound up, "she tal me 'bout ya and 'bout kinnegarten, ya know. I gass she like go to kinnegarten awful wal. If she ain' good gal, you leek her, ya know, lak' annythin'!"

Miss Bullworth explained to her hostess that "to leek" was no part of kindergarten training, and rose to go.

"Well, Mrs. Lorenzo," she said, "don't you think Louisa can come to kindergarten to-morrow? She doesn't look very sick."

The Portuguese woman shuffled uneasily. Somewhere in her fat body a conscience was working.

"Oh, Miss Bull', ya know," she blurted, "I bad ol' woman! I tol' lies, ya know. Lo-'eeza ain' sick 't'all. But ma man, he say, 'Lo'eeza, she so lil, ya know, and when it's col', ya know, she can't go to kinnegarten,' an' Lo'eeza cry bad, and me, I get so mad at ma man, but he say, 'No.' Wal, ya know, after he go to work I use ta sen' Lo'eeza to kinnegarten all sam', and when ma man come home he look roun' and say, 'Where Lo'eeza?' An' I say, 'Aw yoo, she gone kinnegarten.' An' then ma man, he give me HELL, ya know."

Later, as Miss Bullworth passed the shrinking figure of the diminutive Mr. Lorenzo in the dark hall, her thoughts reverted to the massive creature within; and she could not but wonder how in the world he did it.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

At this writing, the treaty between the United States and Santo Domingo is before the Senate. As the document stands, the United States undertakes to attempt to adjust the foreign and domestic obligations of Santo Domingo, to take charge of all the custom-houses, to pay not less than forty-five per cent. of the total collections to the Dominican Government, and to apply the remainder, less the salaries of the custom-house employees, to the Dominican debt. Whatever be the fate of this particular treaty, it involves a principle which is become a necessary corollary of the Monroe Doctrine. An American republic which will not or can not pay the claims of European nations is subject to the bombardment and seizure of its forts and custom-houses by those nations. Such unsatisfied claims lead naturally to that foreign seizure of territory which the Monroe Doctrine prohibits. Why should the United States not trust to the Monroe Doctrine, without any enlargement? Why should it undertake new responsibilities? For the reason, the justice of which is clear, that since the Monroe Doctrine forbids European Powers to occupy territory of American Republics against which they have claims or from which they have suffered injury, the United States must provide a means of compensation and settlement. This is the principle of the Santo Domingo treaty.

TO "CANALIZE" THE OHIO

The Ohio River is being improved according to a plan which proposes to build thirty-seven locks and dams between Pittsburg and a point a little below Cincinnati. A six-foot channel is the aim; the cost about $20,000,000. But why not provide for a nine-foot channel every day in the year, "canalize" the Ohio to its mouth, and carry heavy freight from Pittsburg to New Orleans by the Ohio and Mississippi? The cost of securing such a depth of water is estimated at from forty to sixty millions. Probably fifty or more locks and dams would be required. The first step would be to change the first six dams in the Ohio between Pittsburg and Beaver Falls so as to make nine-foot pools and give Pittsburg a harbor some twenty miles long and nine feet deep. For this purpose an appropriation is recommended by the engineer officer in charge of the Pittsburg district.

The proposal to make a canal of the Ohio is attractive from its very largeness, but occasionally Congress has to be virtuous and abstain from fat river and harbor bills.

REVIVALS

"This is a material age." How often that is said. How true it seems to be, till some strong, idealistic phenomenon gives it the lie! In the New York Schenectady, a capital of materialism, a city of locomotives and electric plants, there has been a great and sincere old-fashioned religious revival. Great meetings were held in churches, theaters, and public halls. The fervor, the penitence, the religious emotion of the camp-meeting, of the hearers of the "revivalists" in simpler days, were displayed in this "material age." Men and women turned to the things of the spirit. They aspired to better lives. There was a moral effect as well as a religious excitement. For example, liquor-selling fell off greatly. In Denver, Col., immense religious mass-meetings were held. On an appointed "day of prayer," the public schools, the city offices, and many business establishments were closed. Even the theaters were given over to religious services and were crowded. In Denver, as in Schenectady, there was a union of Protestant sects. The result indicated how much energy and opportunity of fruitful effort are wasted on petty names and divisions, matters

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of mint and cummin. In South Wales, too, there has been a great revival, and an American evangelist and an American singer of hymns have been holding revival meetings in Albert Memorial Hall, London. Such reactions against materialism are inevitable. Religion is a permanent human need.

THE ROLLING ROADWAY

WHAT next? Our compliments to Colonel Isaac Smead. He saw that Factory Street, Cleveland, is exceeding steep, a hard road for heavy wagons to travel. At present, the journey up-hill takes from twenty minutes to an hour or more. Colonel Smead watched the teams crawl and struggle. He thought out the notion of an endless belt, run by electric motors, and worked by a motorman enclosed in a cage at the top of the hill. The team is to be driven on this "rolling roadway," which will move down-hill at the rate of three miles an hour. At the foot of the hill, if a team wants to go up, the ticket-man will signal electrically the caged motorman; the endless belt will "slow down"; on will drive the team; the rolling roadway will roll it to the top inside of two minutes. This "high roller," so to speak, will haul about a thousand wagons a day. The device, said to be absolutely new, is capable of wide extension. In this lazy and luxurious age of elevators, why should anybody walk up-hill? We expect to see self-propelling, hill-climbing baby-mobiles (with nurse on the front seat) ere Time hath our golden locks to silver turned.

CENSUS OF THE JEWS

ACCORDING to the American Jewish Year-Book, the estimated number of Jews in the world is 10,671,832. Russia has the largest Jewish population, 5,189,401; next comes Austria-Hungary, with 2,071,254; next, the United States, with 1,127,268. Germany has 586,948; Turkey, 350,000; Great Britain, 276,614. There are only 80,000 in France proper; in Algeria and Tunis there are 102,-132.

STATES AND TERRITORIES

AT this writing there is a difference of opinion between the Senate and the House as to the admission to the Union of Indian Territory and Oklahoma as one State, and Arizona and New Mexico as one State. There is scarcely any opposition to the admission of the first two territories as the State of Oklahoma. A noble State it will be, nearly as big as Missouri and with nearly eight hundred thousand inhabitants, so that, to begin with, Oklahoma will be the thirtieth of the States in population. The union of New Mexico and Arizona, on the other hand, is unnatural. Neither wants it. Physical reasons, mountain barriers, forbid it. Statehood was promised to New Mexico by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, signed by the United States and Mexico in 1848, that added California, Nevada, Utah, most of Arizona, a great part of New Mexico, and parts of Wyoming and Colorado, to American territory. Congress promised Arizona statehood when that territory was set off from New Mexico in 1863. Good faith, as well as good sense, requires that the two territories shall be two States, and not one State. Each should be admitted or denied admission on its own merits.

THE WOMEN CONSCRIPTS

SOME time ago Dr. Ida Hilsiker, of Zurich, proposed that women should be required to serve the State for a year. If women are the equals of men, why not subject women to compulsory service, after the fashion of compulsory military service for men? In this country the service will have to be voluntary. Women can bind themselves for a year. This apprenticeship in obedience will be an admirable relief and contrast for them to look back to when they are married. What will the women volunteers do? What they want to. Trained by their States, will they not combine into a vast and irresistible army, overrun the world, and make man a rare variety? No; women already preserve men as specimens, curiosities, and game. In the last, and often enough in the first, resort, men do what the women order. The position of men can not be much inferior to what it is. While the State force of petticoats is drilled and disciplined, the men will be safe as their clumsiness will let them be, doing housework. The men's club-houses will be put into the

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hands of the women. Who will drill the State forces of women? Women, of course. Men think too much of their lives.

THE PEABODY EDUCATION FUND

In 1868, George Peabody (1795–1869), a Massachusetts man who, as a merchant and banker in London, made what was once considered a fortune, gave a million dollars for education in the South. Afterward he gave two millions more, of which, however, eight hundred thousand dollars was in bonds that were not redeemable. The Peabody Education Fund was administered by trustees of the highest character, men like William M. Evarts and Robert C. Winthrop. The interest was used to help education in the South, without regard to race, wherever the money could be used to the best advantage, and especially for normal schools. But the South has grown rich. More than twenty years ago Mr. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., gave a million for the education of the Southern negroes. The Southern Education Board, the General Education Board, and similar bodies, have come into being. In the little more than a generation since Mr. Peabody's death, education in the South, then torn with reconstruction, has made such progress that the trustees of his fund have voted to end the trust. They have set apart a million dollars for the George Peabody School for Teachers at Nashville, Tenn. Next fall, the remaining one million two hundred thousand will be divided. So terminates a great and beneficent trust, worthily discharged.

A NEW DOWIE STATE?

Dr. Dowie, otherwise Elijah the Restorer, is said to find Zion City, that prosperous autocracy, too little for his greatness. According to rumor, he intends to buy a million acres somewhere in Mexico, on the sea, and there to found another uncommonwealth. He is a mighty good business man. Perhaps he might have been Russell Sage if he had not chosen to be John Alexander Dowie; and why shouldn't he be as successful a wealth-compeller as a sea-power as he has been as a lake-power, as good a farmer as industrialist? No swearing, no naughtiness of any sort in Zion City, in many or most respects a model community, where madness, if madness it be, has money-making method in it. We should like to see Dr. Dowie police-commissioner of New York City or Chicago for a few weeks. Also a free public debate in all-outdoors between him and the only Jerome. But can our sister republic welcome Brother Dowie? He would be, and bring, a treasure. His colony would be a marvel. But isn't he a little too arbitrary and "the whole thing" to be a safe resident of a republic? He may have his eye on the succession to Diaz.

NEW YORK CITY'S WORKERS

There are 3,437,202 persons in New York City. Nearly half of them work for a living. Women wage-earners, 367,437; wage-earning men, 1,102,471. Think of all the children, all the non-adults, all the women who have somebody to work for them. Mighty few loafers in New York, after all. Good share of them strangers within the gates, well-to-do emigrants from other parts of the country. Glance at some of the divisions of this Grand Army of Labor. Women first: servants and waitresses, 103,962; dressmakers, 37,514; saleswomen, 22,705; seamstresses, 18,108; tailors, 15,069; laundresses, 16,102; musicians and music-teachers, 12,811; stenographers, 10,868; nurses, 9,762; clerks and copyists, 9,057; tobacco-factory operatives, 6,437; janitors (janitresses), 4,041; boarding-house keepers, 2,813; actresses, 2,629; artists and art teachers, 1,061; clergymen (clergywomen), 301; journalists, 244; lawyers, 78. Now for the men: clerks and copyists, 80,564; retail merchants, 68,085; professional men, 60,137—of whom 7,811 (think of that!) are lawyers, 6,577 doctors, 6,429 musicians, 4,733 actors, 3,409 teachers, 2,924 artists, 2,833 clergymen. There are 56,094 tailors, 45,740 salesmen, 31,211 servants and waiters, 29,904 carpenters, 21,521 printers, 12,747 bartenders, 12,022 barbers. There are 5,773 child workers less than sixteen years old, and they earn $975,435 in all, an average of $168 a year apiece. What cities of labor, what towns and villages of labor, each trade a good-sized city, town, or village, are contained in this great

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city, which seems, to strangers, so bright, careless, and at leisure!

POSTAL REFORMS

THE Postal Progress League continues its labors for postal reforms. Among these are the consolidation of third-class and fourth-class mail matter as "merchandise," to be carried at the rate of one cent for two ounces; the collection and delivery by rural carriers, in post wagons, of parcels of mail matter, not to exceed two hundred pounds in weight or six feet in length, at a rate ranging from one cent for parcels under eight ounces to twenty-five cents for a barrel (one hundred to two hundred pounds); a letter rate of two cents for four ounces, a fractional currency, a general parcels post, and Government-owned postal cars. The usefulness of most of these improvements to farmers, business men, and the people in general is obvious. Considerations of postal revenue may prevent some of them for the present. How long will the express companies be able to prevent a parcels post? Another improvement, independently proposed, is the issuing by the Government of one, two, and five dollar bills on which are some blank spaces. These bills would circulate like ordinary bills. If, however, the holder wanted to send a bill of these denominations by mail, he would write the name and address of the payee on the proper blank spaces, stick a two-cent stamp on another blank space, and mail the bill, thus made a postal check, cashable at any money-order office, or to be deposited in a bank and thence forwarded to the nearest Sub-Treasury. The paid check would be treated as "mutilated currency," destroyed, not reissued as a bill. Then there would be a great deal of clean money.

BUY IT, IF YOU WANT IT

THE guessers have not done guessing the value of the great diamond found in the Premier mine, at Elandsfontein, near Pretoria, South Africa. Distance lends size as well as enchantment. The new marvel may well be less than three times heavier than the largest stone previously found. Even on this basis, the mathematicians vary in their estimates from $2,500,000 to $127,870,425! Which estimates show how precious stones dazzle the mind. We content ourselves with saying that the largest diamond previously found in South Africa was of 970 carats, uncut; that the Premier mine must be a nice piece of property; and that the remembrance of divers "hold-ups" and snatching of diamonds in this city of New York should temper the desire of our readers to obtain this giant "sparkler."

STEEL GIANTS

AT the New York Hippodrome, now going up at the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, have been put up four steel trusses, weighing some forty-four thousand pounds apiece. A steel truss one hundred and fifteen feet long and twenty feet wide seems a hard monster to manage. Yet a big crane lifts these giants seventy-five feet in the air as easily as if they were feathers, and they are put in place with less fuss than most of us make in driving a tack.

PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT

MR. ROOSEVELT is known to be impatient of being watched and followed for his own good. During his visit to New York City, on Lincoln's Birthday, the amount of police, actively paraded and secret, might have been excessive in Russia. To make sure that nobody should run away with him while he was banqueting with the Hungarian Republican Club, more than three hundred patrolmen and fifteen mounted men were called out. A special fire-box was installed in the restaurant. The authorities were determined to put Mr. Roosevelt out if he set himself afire. The police lines made access to the neighborhood of the banquet rather more difficult than the road to Lhasa before Colonel Younghusband's time. Then that army of Sherlock Holmes, the "Central Office" detectives, deployed itself. Many of them could find the Post Office on a clear day. Some of these geniuses were disguised. Some were posted on the tops of buildings. Some villain might swoop down in a balloon. Then there were the usual Secret Service men. For

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the protection of admittedly the most popular man in the United States, there was something too much of this police fussiness.

BLUEBEARD IN CHICAGO

An accurate census of the wives of Johann Hoch is not obtainable. He has owned to eleven; but no such artist would be content with less than a dozen, and from his first dozen he would go gaily on to his second, his third—who knows? Fourteen or more wives, not dozens, have been named. Johann is a political economist. He sees that the supply of husbands is not equal to the demand. He marries here and there, under this name and that. Sentimental middle age and money for him. He is a marriage-bounty jumper. It appears from the pictures of some of his victims that he is a brave man. Which reminds us of the saying of a philosopher, "A bank account beats a pair of beautiful eyes."

CASH IN THE CRADLE

Hurrah! hurrah, for Massachusetts State!
For there is where the women are wholly "up to date."
Old Malthus was a humbug, that's what they calculate,
Paying the premium on Ba-by!

It is a satisfaction to the moralist, the economist, the statesman, and the father (not that fathers amount to much), to record the birth, in Boston, of the American Birth Insurance Company. All the officers are women, some of them distinguished women. Initiation fee, three dollars; annual dues, one dollar; monthly assessment, three dollars. After the tenth assessment paid, a member who becomes the mother of a living child is to get $300. After the thirty-seventh payment she will receive $400. To restrain the money-getting instinct, however, the company stipulates that there must be an interval of at least eighteen months between births in any one family. The Birth Insurance Company was needed. It makes a baby a saving instead of a drain. It assures the "economic future" of the expected one. We are already hard at work on our exhaustive manual, "Babies as an Investment."

N.B.—Encouragement to a neglected class. The Board of Commissioners of Shawnee County, Kansas, has offered "a premium in the form of an advance of five dollars a month in the salary of every clerk in the court-house in whose home a baby is born." Not much, but a beginning, a gleam. For twins, the increase will be ten dollars a month; for triplets, fifteen. Brothers, let us not despair!

UNCLE SAM'S HIRED HELP

The latest "Official Register" shows that the United States has 271,188 paid employees, not including elected officers. More than 25,000 of these hired hands work in the District of Columbia. Of the whole number, nearly half—134,548—got their jobs by competitive examinations. Some 80,000 soldiers and sailors are, of course, exempt from the civil-service rules. So are about 50,000 employees in the unclassified service.

HEROES "TO BURN"

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission was organized in April, 1904. That modest hero, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, wished to honor the other heroes, to adorn their chests with medals or to give them a cash bounty. No distribution of prizes has been made. The Commission is nearly drowned in the sea of affidavits. Heroism promises to become as common as measles. Some twenty thousand heroes have filed their papers. The overworked commissioners are themselves entitled to be regarded and rewarded as heroes. Is it ungracious to say that most of the real heroes and heroines—there are a good many more of the latter than of the former—will not ask to be rewarded, and don't even know that they are heroic in their quiet, unadvertised, every-day lives?

GROWTH OF WESTERN UNIVERSITIES

Of fifteen American universities, the aggregate number of whose students is 50,624, eight, with an enrolment of 27,372 students, more than half, are Western and comparatively new institutions. Harvard is first, with 6,013 students, Columbia second, with 4,557. Then come Chicago, with 4,147; North-

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western, with 4,007; Michigan, with 3,726; California, with 3,690; Illinois, with 3,661; Minnesota, with 3,550. Cornell is ninth, with 3,438; Wisconsin tenth, with 3,221; Yale eleventh, with 2,990; Pennsylvania twelfth, with 2,664; Syracuse thirteenth, with 2,207; Princeton fourteenth, with 1,333; and Leland Stanford, Jr., fifteenth, with 1,370. Of course, numbers are no test of the reputation or comparative importance of a university, as the position of Yale and Princeton in the list shows. But the extraordinary size and growth of so many Western universities will surprise many persons in the East. The heads of the Eastern colleges confess that the West is taking Western students from them; that the Westerner is more and more apt to go to a Western college.

THE DEFICIT

THE mathematicians at Washington make such varying estimates that we don't know the size of the deficit that is going to "confront" the country in the fiscal year which ends on June 30th. The country is very rich and very extravagant. While we lack the inspiration which made Daniel Webster put his hand in his pocket and ask, "How much is the national debt? I'll pay it myself," we hope that nobody will have a deficit of sleep on account of that other deficit.

PREACHING TO THE DEAF

HE that hath ears, let him hear, and he that is deaf can now hear by telephone, and has no excuse for staying away from church. A clergyman in Stratford, Conn., has a number of deaf persons in his congregation. He found that, curiously enough, they could understand what was said to them by telephone. So he set up a telephone apparatus on his pulpit-desk and ran wires to a pew near the front of the church. There sit the deaf, holding receivers with a light handle like that of a lorgnette. This Deaf Pew, however, is not necessary. Telephone connection will be made between the pulpit and any pew. A great boon to the really deaf, but rather vexatious, perhaps, to the persons who are so deaf that they can hear all the jokes at a theater perfectly well, but cannot follow the sermon.

ANOTHER BOER TREK

A MOVEMENT of Boer farmers from the Transvaal to German East Africa has begun. A committee of Boer farmers has visited the country west of Mount Kilimanjaro, found it healthful and excellent for agriculture and stock-raising, and advised Boer emigration thither. The Boers want 2,500 acres apiece allotted to them, so as to have room enough for their cattle. Presumably the Germans will be glad to have, on almost any terms, such admirable colonists, familiar with African agricultural conditions. There is plenty of high, desirable land across the northern border of German East Africa.

SAVE NIAGARA FALLS

FOR years Niagara Falls were simply beautiful. Finally it was discovered that they might be harnessed and made useful; ever since then, power companies have been working, openly or secretly, to grab Niagara Falls. There are all sorts of schemes to tap and use the falls and the river above the falls for commercial purposes. A bill introduced into the New York Legislature last winter proposed to give the power companies the right to condemn property for their use. This would authorize the despoilers of Niagara to run their lines across the State anywhere. Another bill would put a State tax on the power companies for power generated at the falls. This would give a legal standing to all these companies; and the revenue so raised would be a constant temptation to the Legislature to barter more rights for more revenue. Such measures mean the defacement of this inestimably majestic wonder of the world. They may well mean also the destruction of the American falls. The United States Government and the British should take joint action for the preservation of the falls.

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A NEW AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA

To the already notable ranks of American prima donnas has been added a new and engaging personality—that of Miss Edyth Walker, originally of Rome, N. Y., later of the Royal Opera at Vienna, and at present a member of Heinrich Conried's Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. Miss Walker was practically unknown to the American musical public three years ago—although the fact that some had faith in her artistic possibilities is proven by the rumor which connects with the beginning of her career a certain well-known financier of philanthropic impulses, who is reported to have assisted her studies in a highly practical manner. The opportunities which came in her way were richly improved by the young singer, fired with the dream of every budding prima donna: a brilliant success before the American operatic public—the most exacting and critical in the world. Such a success Miss Walker has made, beyond question. She returned to America last season, making her début as *Amneris*, in Verdi's glowing and dramatic "Aïda." She did not make a particularly vivid impression then. It was realized at once that this handsome young singer with the richly expressive voice was an artist of no mean powers—that her tones were of beautiful quality and uncommon power, that she had temperament and brains, and that her histrionic abilities were undeniable. But beyond these convictions little enthusiasm was evoked by the new contralto with the mezzo-soprano *timbre* and very nearly a soprano range. She sang *Waltraute*, in "Götterdämmerung," *Brangäne*, in "Tristan und Isolde," well, but not superlatively well.

This season—her second in New York—there came a change both in the singer's powers and in the attitude of the public toward her achievements. The new order was first disclosed during the second series of the "Ring" performances. Miss Walker sang *Brünnhilde* in the second drama of the cycle, "Die Walküre," early in February, and made an instant and emphatic success. Her performance was admirably dignified, noble, and high-spirited, and she achieved a delightfully vital embodiment of *Wotan's* tender-hearted warrior-daughter. It was not a supremely great interpretation, but it was, within certain limits, an electrifying one; for it was charged to the brim with exuberance, tenderness, warmth, and the intensity of personal conviction. In a rôle which requires an artist of such towering stature as Lilli Lehmann for its complete realization, Miss Walker achieved an unmistakable and unforgetable triumph. She is, it may be, the Nordica of the future.

BEETHOVEN'S "WELLINGTON'S VICTORY"

That the supreme exponent of musical classicism, the mighty Beethoven, should have perpetrated a piece of programme-music as flagrantly realistic as anything that Richard Strauss has put his name to, is sufficiently astonishing; but that the work should only recently have come into general public view is almost equally remarkable, in view of the diligence of the musical antiquarians in connection with all matters pertaining to Beethoven's musical activity.

Walter Damrosch unearthed this work, doubtless for the sake of exploiting an extraordinary artistic curiosity, and performed it at the last of his New York Symphony Concerts in Carnegie Hall. The piece is called "Wellington's Victory, or the Battle of Vittoria," and was designed by Beethoven as a realistic tone-picture of the triumph of Wellington over the French at Vittoria, in Spain, in the year 1813. It was written at the instigation of Johann Mälzel (the improver of the mechanical time-beater known as the "metronome"), and was intended originally for performance on Mälzel's elaborate "orchestrion"—a mechanical instrument resembling, in its general features, the ordinary hand-organ of commerce. Think of the great Beethoven composing a *pièce d'occasion* for a mechanical toy, and, what is more amazing, during the period of his greatest creative activity! For the work was composed in 1813, coming after the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies and preceding the immortal Ninth. The piece is delineative music of the most vulgar type—neither better nor worse, essentially, than that notorious show-piece of our grandmothers, "The Battle of Prague." In the arrangement of the work which Beethoven afterward prepared for orchestral performance, the marches and trumpet-calls of the two opposing armies are given, "Rule Britannia" and "Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre" are intro-

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duced, and "God Save the King" is used as the subject of a fugue. Two brass bands are called for in the score, besides the usual orchestral forces. Bass drums of huge size represent cannon-fire, and rattles in the distance represent the musketry. The piece was first performed in Vienna, on December 8, 1813, Beethoven conducting, and Spohr and Meyerbeer playing in the orchestra. It was produced two years later in London, to the great joy of the British public, although the fugal treatment of "God Save the King" was considered impertinent, and was omitted from the performances. The work is believed to have had several performances in America antedating Mr. Damrosch's recent presentation of it, but no definite records are available. So far as its musical quality is concerned, the work is of no consequence whatever. It was obviously a pot-boiler; but it is none the less diverting, and it has been amusingly disconcerting to those who had heretofore maintained that the great Ludwig could do no musical wrong.

A REMARKABLE SONG-WRITER

Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, who has begun to come prominently into view as one of the most remarkable and fascinating personalities in modern music, was the dominating influence in some interesting performances of chamber music given lately by Mr. Arthur Whiting, the distinguished pianist and composer. Mr. Whiting gave, with the assistance of Miss Olive Mead and Mr. Francis Rogers, Mr. Loeffler's new and uncommonly original songs with viola obligati—settings of some of the most characteristic verse of Verlaine and Baudelaire. To those whose conception of the limitations of the song form are bounded by the conventions established by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, Mr. Loeffler's experiments—and they are more than experiments, despite their newness—must appear revolutionary in the extreme. For upon him the traditional requirements in the matter of regular melodic patterns are not in the slightest degree binding. In his view, the voice is not the paramount element: it is on equal terms with the part of the pianist and with whatever other musical aid is invoked—in this case, the dolorous and haunting accents of the viola. It is not that Mr. Loeffler lowers the voice to a subordinate plane: on the contrary, he raises the piano part, which is traditionally merely an accompaniment and a background, to the plane of the voice—that is to say, he makes it an intensely eloquent and potent factor in the expression of the mood or emotion of the poem. This is the point of artistic interest. No other composer now living is more exquisitely apt and felicitous in finding the absolutely right and most vivid tonal counterpart for the significance of the words; he is a master of the song, and in personal distinction, imagination, and quality of inspiration he is securely among the elect. Those who may not be in sympathy with his settings of such French poetry as Verlaine's, Baudelaire's, and Kahn's, should hear his version of Poe's "To Helen"—a song which one need have no hesitation in placing among the very finest of modern lyric masterpieces.

HOLLAND AND MR. HITCHCOCK

FEW American artists enjoy such distinction abroad as has fallen to the lot of Mr. George Hitchcock, who lives and paints among the tulips and hyacinths of Holland. Born in Providence, R. I., and educated for the bar, Mr. Hitchcock, at the age of twenty-nine, threw over a promising practise, and went abroad to become a painter. He studied in Paris and in Düsseldorf, and finally settled in Holland, where he has remained ever since, painting his favorite scenes with a wealth of color and a richness and delicacy of atmospheric effect which are unique. Mr. Hitchcock lives in Egmond, near Amsterdam, and although there are numerous painters about Egmond, it is Mr. Hitchcock who has made this quaint and colorful little corner of the world famous. According to many loyal Americans and lovers of art, Mr. Hitchcock's work is not seen often enough in his native land, and hence the recent exhibition at the galleries of Eugene Glaenzer & Co. was particularly welcome. As a painter of sunlight, of the vibrant beauty of springtime in Holland, Mr. Hitchcock stands alone.

HOPE FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

There is every reason for inferring that the Metropolitan Museum of New York is

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to enter upon its long-postponed career of efficiency and usefulness. For years this institution has justly been an object of polite derision on the part of collectors and amateurs of the arts. The flagrant incapacity of its late Director, and the fraudulent character of many of the objects on exhibition, have been a standing reproach to the museum in particular and to the nation at large. Matters are, however, in the way of improving. The Rogers Bequest, producing an annual purchasing income of $200,000; the accepting of the presidency of the Board of Trustees by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; the appointment of Sir C. Purdon Clarke to the post of Director; and the passing by the State Legislature of a bill providing for the erection of a new wing at the cost of $1,250,000, are factors which should go far toward redeeming the museum from reproach. In Sir C. Purdon Clarke the institution will have a director who is not a mere custodian, but a curator in the highest sense of the word. Without question Sir Purdon is the ideal choice for the position. There has been considerable criticism over the appointment of a foreigner; it is puerile for many reasons, but chiefly because Sir Purdon is really not a foreigner. Like so many good Americans, he is an Irishman.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY'S CENTENARY

So far this season there have been two, and only two, exhibitions which stand out with special prominence: the Comparative Exhibition in New York, and the Centennial Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Never in the course of its hundred years of activity—and inactivity—has the venerable Philadelphia institution opened its doors to a more comprehensive or representative display than the current one proved to be. The chief names in contemporary art were all in evidence; Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, and Alexander among the painters, and St. Gaudens, French, and Adams among the sculptors, were all accorded grateful prominence. While the display was, of course, not restricted to local artists, Pennsylvanians and former pupils of the Academy were given full representation. The younger spirits, including Maxfield Parrish, Everett Shinn, and Miss Violet Oakley, were among those whose work elicited the most praise. Mr. Parrish's Italian Gardens series, and Miss Oakley's decorative panels for the new State Capitol at Harrisburg, more than proved the beauty and vitality of the new school. The one note of the exhibition seemed, in fact, to be *place aux jeunes!* Mr. John Alexander easily held his own against the dexterous Sargent, and Miss Oakley surpassed Mr. Abbey on his own ground.

THE purpose of "The Clansman," the second in Thomas Dixon Jr.'s trilogy of Southern novels, is plainly the justification of the Ku Klux Klan. In Mr. Dixon's interpretation, this secret organization, that took the law into its own hands during the disturbed Reconstruction period, was composed of the noblest of Southern patriots, and it was their daring courage that put an end to the hideous mistakes of the Reconstruction policy. It is only in the last third of the book that the Klan actually appears, the other two-thirds being devoted to setting forth the conditions that led to its organization in defense of liberty and honor: the threatened confiscation of Southern lands, and the granting of civil authority to negroes. All this, of course, is based on history—and at least one of Mr. Dixon's readers would rather read it in its straight historical form than weakly diluted with his hopeless love-story, with its crude characterization, its fatuous dialogue, its conventional plot, that promptly pairs off the two Southern with the two Northern young people.

But Mr. Dixon's own intensity of feeling—for he is himself a Southerner—gives to the chapters which deal with the Klan a genuine dramatic strength. Especially powerful is the account of the secret night-meeting of the awesome white-draped figures with the fiery crosses on their breasts, assembled to avenge the fearful death of Marion Lenoir. It is obviously this part of the book in which there is most opportunity for the coloring of personal feeling without definite clash with historical fact.

Mr. Dixon's Southern point of view with regard to the Ku Klux Klan—certainly not the familiar one of United States history—has provoked spirited discussion. The question of its accuracy is not unimportant to a

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people who are wrestling with the negro problem.

"The Clansman's" faults are at least partially atoned for by the author's evident sincerity of purpose, that distinguishes it from a number of better written and better constructed historical novels. It seems clear that Mr. Dixon selected this period—one, by the way, comparatively little written of—for his subject, not from a casual and cultivated, but from a vital and hereditary interest. One closes the book thinking how absorbing it might have been if the characters had been real people for more than a third of the time.

None of Mr. Anthony Hope's famous novels is intended for the "young person." In "Double Harness" Mr. Hope has written a book still less to be recommended to the Grundy children. This is not by way of saying that the book is improper, for it is not; it is only to say that it is meant for the young person's parents. To them, and to those who are expecting to get married, "Double Harness" may be commended wholly.

In London, when the story appeared, it gave rise to the suggestion that Mr. Hope, who had not been married long, had found wedded bliss less than he had expected—had found double harness irksome. Superficially the story appears to justify the suggestion; for on its face, it tells of the matrimonial infelicities of some half-dozen couples moving in Mr. Hope's own social circle. Yet the conclusion, so far as the story is concerned, is quite illogical; for the book does not confine itself to detailing the troubles of married life, but undertakes to show how those may be, if not avoided, at all events overcome and in the absurdly named Mrs. Mumples and her convict husband it offers a most inspiriting contrast to the other couples—a contrast sufficient by itself to prove the suggestion of Mr. Hope's unhappiness false.

The book points out where double harness may gall, but, furthermore, how the trouble may be relieved, as the skilled groom lets out one strap and takes another in. Superficially it is merely a clever Anthony Hope story; in reality, it is a problem-novel—which solves the problem. It is cynical, as Thackeray was cynical; not because cynicism is its end, but because it is needed in the development of the plot. The ordinary novel-reader will enjoy its epigrams and witticisms, and lay it down as "another of those delightful cynical Hope books"; the reader with intelligence will find far more in it. He will see that Mr. Hope has got beyond the pleasing superficialities of the Hentzau stories and the flippant smartness of the "Dolly Dialogues," has advanced on "Tristram of Blent." He will see that "Double Harness" is the best book Mr. Hope has yet written, and that in it he has done the unusual—almost the impossible; driven a moral home without preaching.

The mediæval lady who chose between her lovers by sending them out to fight whatever monster happened to be infesting the country, is no more, but her clever idea lives after her. Its latest illustration in fiction is in Arthur H. Vesey's "The Clock and the Key," in which an American girl sets an American man and an Italian duke the task of finding for her a certain long-lost jewel casket. The girl really meant to refuse the duke by telling him that she would listen to his proposal when he brought her the casket. In our opinion, he was not to blame for misunderstanding so curious a refusal, but we shall not quarrel with the author on that score; we are grateful for any device that provides variation from the heroine who hasn't enough mind of her own to decide between her suitors.

Besides, the girl is only a motive; the interest of the story is in the steps by which the true lover discovers the location of the casket, from the automata connected with an old clock. It is really an ingenious puzzle-story and in an unusually attractive setting, for the search leads through old Venetian palaces and gardens, which the author seems to know very well.

This is the day of the child in fiction as well as educational theory, and the discoverer of a new vein in stories of children is certain of popular favor. During the last year or two, three women have become known to magazine readers as such discoverers, in stories that have now appeared in book form: Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens," stories of the Jewish children in New York East Side schools; Miriam Michelson's chronicles of "The Madigans," a large family of motherless girls—both already noticed in these columns; and "May Iverson, Her Book," by Elizabeth Jordan. These are entertaining stories of girls in a convent-school, told by the fourteen-year-old authoress among them, whose self-com-

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placency in the possession of the only "artistic temperament" in school, and whose soaring flights of sentiment are delightfully humorous. But a little quotation goes farther than the multiplicity of words in regard to such as she:

"You can not expect the literary artist, who lives in a dream-world, to be conscious of the small affairs of those around her; so, very often I don't even see people when I pass them. The other day, in the hall, I walked right over two minims and upset them, and, my! didn't they yell! But when they found out who had done it they flushed with childish joy and pride. . . . I spoke to them very kindly after I stood them on their feet, and I advised them concerning their studies—they are bragging about it yet. How easy it is to make the young happy! Oh, innocent, care-free days of childhood, how oft do I recall ye in these grim months of intellectual strife, when we seem to be having written examinations all the time! But I must not digress."

More than three months in the wilderness of Labrador, where no white man had left a trace—weeks of hunger so keen that the raw entrails and the bones of birds seemed delicacies—weeks of suffering from cold and wet and weariness and hope deferred—death at last—all for the sake of a magazine article and a reputation! So one might exclaim at the bare statement of the facts in regard to Leonidas Hubbard Jr.'s expedition of last year, accompanied by Dillon Wallace and the English-Indian woodsman, George Alson. Moreover, critics have found it easy to point out the little party's blunders in the preparation for and conduct of their expedition. But to read Dillon Wallace's account of it is to take a different view: if there were blunders, there were also misfortunes and inevitable mistakes; though the young explorer went for an article, he went also in response to the voice of "something hid behind the ranges" that was to him a summons to achievement. Mr. Hubbard never saw the caribou migration on the banks of the far northern Michikamau, but the expedition can not be called a failure that has given to the world such a story of unfaltering courage, of rare friendship and unselfish devotion as "The Lure of the Labrador Wild."

It seems safe to guess that a number of people besides the writer who have read "The Divine Fire" and pronounced it excellent, have asked, "But who is Miss Sinclair?" On investigation, it is discovered that "The Divine Fire" is her first important work, having been preceded by one short novel and a number of short stories. Miss Sinclair is an Englishwoman.

Her conception of her hero, with his sevenfold nature, is an intricate one, elaborately and successfully wrought out. Savage Keith Rickman is a young seller of second-hand books, Cockney in speech, and dissipated in habits; a scholar, a journalist, the admirer of a little variety actress, the possessor of an exquisite sense of honor and of the "divine fire" of poetic genius. The story is of the reconciliation of the contradictions in his nature through love for a woman who is the daughter of generations of aristocratic scholars—a woman who, by the way, would be a shade more convincing if she were a shade less lovely. The machinery that keeps the poet in relations with Lucia Harden is the disposition of her library to his shrewd bookseller father, involving a number of complications and misunderstandings that are saved from being tiresome by the supreme interest in the characters. Rickman's engagement to a smug little bank clerk even while he loves Lucia is a situation in the development of the plot that one is inclined to protest against, but it is quite consistent with the author's analysis of the poet's character.

The characteristic that sets "The Divine Fire" apart from the mass of contemporary fiction that we call good, clever, or even strong, is its intellectual bigness, if one may use the term, in distinction from the bigness of intensely dramatic situations and tremendous emotional crises. There is breadth of scholarship and wide range of ideas. There is bigness in the number and diversity of the characters that form a background for the poet and Lucia Harden, and in the variety of phases of English life represented. Miss Sinclair describes the world of London journalists, the country life of English aristocrats, and a respectable London lodging-house with equal sureness and fulness of detail. "Detail" in a novel suggests tiresomeness; but that is not true of Miss Sinclair's work, for the style sparkles with terse, pointed expressions, and is vivid with unusual metaphor.

Perhaps the predominance of the intellectual interest may limit the popular appeal of "The Divine Fire," yet the story is by no means too subtle for wide appreciation and enjoyment.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

CONCERNING OPTIMISM

"There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it behooves each one of us to be charitable to the rest of us."

BOTH Mr. Lawson and Mr. Russell call particular attention to the fact that the evils which oppress us are due to the "System"; that the men are not bad as men; that it is only when they put on their uniforms and slide into their places in the cruel gold-grinding machine that they become inhuman. Our readers find it difficult to make this distinction. Here is another statement which they may find equally difficult to accept: Mr. Lawson and Mr. Russell are the most thoroughgoing optimists we know anything about. "What!" you say, "optimists, in the presence of the scarlet crimes they so vividly describe?" Yes, optimists—men who look confidently to the solution of the problems that oppress us; men who believe in the people; men who would not bring suffering to a fellow being were they not assured that in so doing they would bring surcease of trouble to thousands. Their work is destructive only in so far as it destroys those things which ought to be destroyed. Their purpose, and in the end their work, will prove to have been constructive. Pessimism is wholly destructive. Optimism is constructive. If it destroys, it does so only to reconstruct better. The people are on the move. Consider what has been accomplished since we began Mr. Lawson's story last July, and then deny, if you can, that it is optimistic.

We quote from one of Mr. Lawson's advertisements, which you may not have seen:

Let the American people, as they thumb over this exquisite number of EVERYBODY'S, ponder what Russell's and my work means.

Ireland, at the end of a hundred years of tortured struggle for Home Rule, will probably not attain that end before another five or ten have passed.

The French were fifty years trying to exchange their royal collar for the ballots of free men.

It took the stalwart, strenuous Yankees a decade to convince royal George that his room was better than his company.

The Russians have been working their bloody kinetoscope night and day in the interest of constitutional government, and are still at it.

Sixty days after the people had "Frenzied Finance" in their hands, the "Standard Oil" monster was compelled, after forty years of silence, to publicly doff its insolent bonnet to the people.

Three months after the people got their eyes fixed on the deviltries of the "System," they elected as President a people's champion, with a popular majority greater than ever given any of his predecessors.

Four months after "Frenzied Finance" was introduced into American homes, three leading insurance companies were discharging their agents in bunches, and the aggregate business of the three was falling off at the rate of $4,500,000 a week.

After five months, a single blast of truth from one man shook Wall Street to its foundations, and over $200,000,000 of what the people have been taught to believe was real values ran off into the gutter in the form of dirty water.

In six months, for the first time in the history of our country, the President of the United States was able to take by the throat the greatest business combinations and trusts the world has ever known, and shake them until their teeth chattered and their backbones rattled like hung dried corn in a fireplace when the wind gets at it.

In seven months, the greatest national bank in the country, The City Bank of New York, was being hung up by the heels where all the people could see it in a lower and more contemptible transaction than I had even accused it of.

In eight months one of the greatest insurance companies of America was rent by internal dissensions, and its trustees were gouging and mauling each other in a public brawl as to who saw the people's savings first and who should have the largest part of the loot. Now these trustees of a great and sacred institution are accusing each other of things and hinting at crimes which I have not even touched upon.

And right here, in the beginning of my ninth chapter, Kansas—God bless her!—has risen and is sweeping her end of the "System" into the muddy waters of the Missouri to the tune of "Douse the dirty reptiles—douse!"

The people should ponder these things as they read this month's issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
—THOMAS W. LAWSON.

ONCE MORE FIFTEEN CENTS

WE met a stranger the other day who said: "I think you are making a mistake in continuing to apologize for having raised the price of your magazine to fifteen cents. Is any one objecting?" We had to admit that no one was objecting. "Well," he said, "that's the answer. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is worth fifteen cents. It is worth more than fifteen cents. My advice is, 'Forget it.' The public knows that it is getting its money's worth. Instead of apologizing for raising the price to fifteen cents, you ought to raise it to twenty-five cents. Is any other magazine giving as many pages as you are giving?" Yes, *The Century* and *Harper's*

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give the same that we do, 160 pages. "But they are thirty-five-cent magazines. Are there any ten-cent magazines that give as many pages as you do?" None of the general magazines. *McClure's* runs from 112 to 128 pages. Some of the others run only 96 pages. *Munsey's* used to run 160 pages, but, since we raised the price, has dropped to 128 pages. "So you give as many pages as the thirty-five-cent magazines, and a great many more than any of the others?" That's about it. But you are forgetting quality. A 200-page magazine would not be so desirable as a 100-page magazine, if only half of it were worth reading. He laughed. "Judging by the way your circulation has grown, you are taking care of the quality all right. The trouble with you fellows is, you're too d——d modest." We blushed.

BALM IN GILEAD

THE following paragraph is from a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*. Without stopping to analyze "an expression of sincere regret that we were misinformed," we accept the "expression" for all we hope it means, smooth out our ruffled feelings, and face our work once more with accustomed serenity:

A few weeks ago we printed a statement to the effect that we understood that Mr. Lawson's narrative of his fiscal adventures had been offered to several established magazines and declined—and so we did understand upon what seemed to be authority. The publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, in which Mr. Lawson's articles are appearing, pronounce the report erroneous, however, and call upon us to produce the evidence. We have neither intent nor desire to do so. The word of the publishers suffices. If inadvertently we did them an injury, we wish to make such reparation as may be conveyed by an expression of sincere regret that we were misinformed.—*Harper's Weekly.*

WHO WRITES "FRENZIED FINANCE"?

Gentlemen: Although the remarkable revelations of Mr. Lawson regarding the aims and methods of the "Frenzied Financiers" have challenged the attention and interest of the entire country, there is, aside from this issue, another aspect of his articles that is scarcely less astonishing. That one whose life training and experience have been along such different lines should, at the needs of the hour, command a literary style so forcible, brilliant, and fascinating, is, from a literary point of view, most extraordinary. His style is as exceptional as his statements, and might well be the envy of many professionals. Indeed, so miraculous is his facility and force of expression that many allege that though Mr. Lawson, of course, supplies the material, the papers are written out and fashioned into literary form for publication by some "literary hack." The pros and cons of this theory have elicited much warm discussion.

Personally, I believe that to no other hand than his own would Mr. Lawson entrust such a work. It must be not only conceived, but executed, by a financial expert like himself. Also there is a personality, a directness, a magnetic quality, to his writing, as unparalleled as his courageous statements. Again, no one who could write in such a splendid fashion would do the work of a "literary hack."

Is it asking too much that in the next issue of EVERYBODY'S you tell us just what is the truth in this regard? and very much oblige

Yours respectfully,
JOHN D. STURTEVANT.

Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Lawson was distinguished as a master of picturesque and forceful English long before he began "Frenzied Finance," as those familiar with his market letters know. A student of writing for years, his style isn't merely an expression of personality. This is the way the story is written. Before beginning each instalment, Mr. Lawson mulls it over for days, sometimes for weeks (it seems an eternity to his publishers), getting in sequence the major points he wishes to make; then he takes a big yellow pad—the sheets as large as the foolscap we older folk used for copy-books at the district school back in the country—and begins to run hieroglyphics across the page. Even straining courtesy, we can not call it *writing*. When he reaches one of those magnificent climaxes which are the admiration and the despair of the trained writer, the symbols take on frenzied shapes and chase each other furiously across the yellow page. Then the symbols grow less strenuous, and soon they begin to flow along in gentle undulations, and the initiated knows that Mr. Lawson has come to one of those bits of fine writing which suggest purling brooks and limpid streams and apple-blossoms and sunsets. As the lines reach the end of each yellow sheet, Mr. Lawson, without looking up, rips it off and hands it over to the wonderful chap who typewrites "Frenzied Finance." He goes into an adjoining room and immediately you hear the music of the typewriter-keys; now even and strong; now loud and swift; now gentle and flowing, as the marvelous story swings out of the yellow symbolism on to the white page under his magic touch. When the time comes for telling the story of the story of "Frenzied Finance," its interest will be second only to Mr. Lawson's revelations.

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Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 498

Untermyer contingent—elected president by Samuel Untermyer, has remained ever since at the head of the property he had pronounced worthless.

Before I pick up the next link in the crooked and crime-encrusted chain, which passes over the gigantic windlass at which the "System" is working night and day to bring up the anchor of American honesty and manhood that our forefathers wedged into the rocky ledge of Freedom, I would earnestly ask my readers to weigh what such affairs as the one I have just described, and the Munroe & Munroe scheme, portend to the American people.

Here are men engaged in the most cunning form of trickery for the purpose, and the sole purpose, of putting dollars in their own pockets, and these same men are the ones who absolutely control the billions of the people's savings in the banks, trust, and insurance companies.

I ask my readers to answer this question for themselves:

If the great National City Bank, the greatest bank in America, with over $200,000,000 of deposits of the people's savings, dares face the ignominy of detection and take the chances of being held up to public scorn, as it has been in the Munroe & Munroe scheme, for a paltry $700,000 or $800,000 of their victims' money, would its owners hesitate at anything imaginable if the $200,000,000 were the stake to be played for?

Is there one in a million of my readers who doubts, after reading of the cold-blooded Utah bunco game, that the men who could lay it out and carry it through would hesitate a moment to load up the three great insurance companies with worthless securities and make over to themselves in a single year (that is, between one annual meeting and the next) the $400,000,000 of the people's savings or the $200,000,000 of the National City Bank's deposits, or the millions of other savings in other institutions which they control as absolutely as they control the automobiles, the yachts, and the palaces secured from the loot already accumulated? When one reads of the risks these men take daily, and stops to think of the chances they must have taken in the past about which no one will ever read, and then adds up the hundreds of millions of dollars their private fortunes already amount to, gathered in a few years by such methods, and then runs the lists over of the bonds and stocks, such as the United States Shipbuilding and International Marine, with which they have already loaded the insurance and trust companies—is it conceivable that any dread of legal or moral consequences would stop their mad rush for dollars?

I trust my readers will ponder this question, and that they will forgive my repeating and repeating it as a sort of exclamation-mark at the end of each description of the similar and even worse conspiracies I am going to recite; but whether they do or not, I will repeat the same question until I am satisfied they have answered it: "No, we have no doubt that this damnable 'System' will stop at nothing; but now that we know its methods, we too will stop at nothing legal until we have swept it and its votaries from their present high places into others more commensurate with their past acts. We will take from these men the vast fortunes they have cheated away from us, and we will do it so effectively that for a thousand years their fate will stand out as a warning—such a warning as an outraged government in the days of Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild suspended in chains to the limbs of trees fringing the public highways of Great Britain—a caution and a menace to all who may be tempted to follow in their footsteps."

In my next chapter I will take my readers through the chicanery and double-dealing which preceded the formation of Amalgamated, the frauds perpetrated in the company's formation, the hold-up of Lewisohn Brothers, and probably well into the first great crime of Amalgamated, its flotation.

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the May number.)

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Lawson and His Critics

The Equitable squabble a live illustration of "Frenzied Finance." How policy-holders in the "Big Three" are tricked out of dividends on uninvested millions. The function of Trust Companies. A record juggle in the New York Life Insurance Company.

RECENT history has been full of events and incidents which tend to prove that "Frenzied Finance" is working through our country much as yeast does in a dough-pan. In Kansas, in Texas, throughout the West generally, there have been developments that show the people restive under the yoke the corporations have saddled on them, and preparing to regain control of their institutions and rout out the robbers who have so long been roosting there. The prevailing unrest extends to the "System's" head-center, Wall Street, where disturbances of real moment have shaken out facts even more significant than my most sensational disclosures. The Monroe & Monroe affair and the Equitable Life squabble have unwittingly furnished the world live illustrations of the very conditions I had been exposing. When first I touched on the subject of life insurance and called attention to the manner in which the three great companies were juggling with the immense funds entrusted to them by their policy-holders, the "System" raised a great outcry, declaring that I was unsettling the confidence of the people in a sacred institution. At this moment we have the chief officials of one of these huge organizations engaged in a desperate and disgraceful struggle among themselves for its control. All thought of the widow and the orphan, against whom they declared my hand had been raised, has been forgotten in the mad fight for supremacy over the accumulated millions in stocks, bonds, and in trust companies, through the secret manipulation of which the great private fortunes of successful underwriters are derived.

Before definitely grappling with the evils of the insurance trust, I hesitated a long time. I realized my words would cause terror or distrust among policy-holders and perhaps induce some misguided ones to abandon their insurance. After long consideration, however, I became convinced that what I had to say must in the long run benefit all policy-holders, insure the greater safety of their funds, reduce their annual premium-payments, and perhaps bring about the restitution of the vast amounts which in the past had been diverted from them to private individuals. The response to my criticism was a flood of abuse. Instead of meeting my charges, the big companies denounced me for a liar and a misrepresenter, and the insurance journals and subsidized press declared that the things I had charged were impossible. Now, the president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company is openly accusing a leading member of his board of trustees, who is one of the foremost votaries of the "System," with loading the company with twenty-two millions of securities, which, as a member of the finance committee of the corporation, he had purchased for himself in his capacity as head of a great banking-house. On the other hand, the president and his associates, who have hitherto swayed the destinies of the institution, are accused by the other party of conspiring to mutualize the institution, not for the benefit of the policy-holders, but to conceal the traces of past misdeeds. Before this chapter is in the hands of my readers, the officers and directors of this great insurance company may be before the courts and a condition of affairs spread out for the public's gaze such as will make my charges seem as chestnut-burrs to porcupines' quills.

One result achieved so far is an awakening of the people's attention to the evils of present conditions; but let them beware of the remedies suggested. The "System" is quick to adjust itself to storms it can not control, and there are many signs abroad that it is trimming its sails to fly before the present blow, ready when it abates to switch back to its old course,

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and, under fresh canvas, make up for lost time. Already we have Senator Dryden, representing New Jersey and the Prudential Life Insurance Company in the United States Senate, introducing a bill for Federal supervision of life insurance, and the "System's" hirelings throughout the land are clamorously agitating the passage of some such measure. It behooves the public to scrutinize carefully the form of reform which these patriots approve. It may be taken for granted that they will initiate nothing that will interfere with their grip on the millions of the policy-holders or with the diversion of fat pickings and commissions from their own pockets. Once I asked a leading votary of the "System": "What would you do if by any chance the Government decided to get into the railway business, and took a railway or so to see how Government control would work?" "Oh," was the reply, "we'd manage that all right! As soon as we saw it coming, the stocks and bonds of the roads wanted would go up, so that by the time Uncle Sam got ready to buy, it would be the fattest sale we could possibly make. After that it would not be difficult to disgust the Government with its bargain, and before long the people would be glad to sell the property back to us, and we'd find a way to get it at slaughter prices."

REFORMATION THAT MUST COME

The reformation of the big insurance companies is sadly needed, but reformation of a more drastic kind than they'll be willing to administer to themselves. To begin with, there should be a relentless probing of the stock transactions of the last fifteen years, followed by the passage of some simple laws regulating their investments. The relationship between these institutions and the "System" would then at once of necessity terminate, and we could say good-by to the *régime* under which the expenses of the Big Three have enormously increased while their dividends to policy-holders have steadily declined during a period in which the private fortunes of their officers and controllers have flourished amazingly.

I have been repeatedly asked to define the conditions that enable these immense private fortunes to be gathered within the law. An examination of the figures that follow will reveal the far-reaching possibilities that reside in the direction of the billion assets of the great insurance companies.

The last issued (1903) New York report shows that the three leading companies had in uninvested funds, all told, $70,212,453. Of this sum total there was "deposited in trust companies and banks drawing interest"—at the *close* of the year:

Equitable.....	$25,617,668
Mutual.....	22,439,396
New York.....	17,731,710
	$65,788,774

the balance, $4,423,679, being on deposit without interest.

The above aggregate represents 71.7 per cent. of the uninvested interest-bearing funds of twenty-eight companies—leaving but 28.3 per cent. for the remaining twenty-five (in which, by the way, is included $6,801,789 of the Prudential, as large in proportion as that of the Big Three, with which it is associated).

This sum at the two-per-cent. interest allowed by the trust companies, returned to the insurance companies $1,315,775, while it earned for the trust companies in the different speculations in which they engaged from five to twenty per cent., or an annual profit of $1,973,663 to $11,841,079, more than the interest paid the insurance companies for its use.

But who owns the trust companies? you ask. Some are owned jointly by the three great insurance corporations and their directors, others by the directors alone. The men who control the Big Three organize these flexible depositary institutions, allotting half or more of their stocks to themselves, the balance to the insurance companies, or keeping all the stock themselves, for the purpose of manipulating the stupendous sums in the treasuries of the insurance companies. The trust company is the irrigating canal of Wall Street, the insurance company the waterhead. For the growth and development of the various schemes of consolidation, trustification, and amalgamation in which Wall Street profits are made, money is required in large quantities. When the soil is ready for the harvest, when negotiations have been matured to the point of fruition, the trust company's sluice is tapped and the gold flows out. And gold which makes a $225 crop sprout where previously only a $100 crop grew, is a valuable commodity, for the use of which large compensation is paid the engi-

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neers. Thus we have the men who hold the treasury-keys of the Big Three, and who decide how the accumulated premiums of the policy-holders shall be used and where deposited, actually the owners of these trust companies and of other corporations and trusts which borrow the money the trust companies have on deposit from the insurance companies.

THE BIG THREE AS STOCK GAMBLERS

The hackneyed defense of the insurance companies to this accusation is that great corporations, such as they are, must keep on hand, ready for emergencies, enormous amounts of cash. This is a futile argument, for in the nature of things the daily receipts of each of the Big Three are larger than the expenditures. We are also told: "We keep large amounts ready to take advantage of a sudden smash in the market." This sounds well, but cloaks one of the most vicious practises of these great institutions, and another of the insider's opportunities of private graft. It means that the officers of the great insurance corporations are ever ready for a stock-gamble with the sacred funds of their policy-holders; that is, they admit their willingness to use the people's savings to make sure-thing gambling-profits from those unfortunates who must throw over their stocks and bonds because of the "System's" manipulations. Imagine, my honest, old-fashioned reader, the millions of insurance funds used in this way! Let me give you a picture of how it is done. I have seen it worked a score of times. The stock-market is crashing, dropping tens of millions a minute, and business men are saying: "Oh, if we only had cash to buy, but we can not get it! The banks will not loan at any price. Rates have gone up to 100 to 150 per cent. and no cash is in sight." No one has money but the big insurance companies and the "System's" votaries. Suddenly mysterious buying appears—hundreds of thousands of shares of stock, and bonds in million blocks. The crash has been stayed; the panic is over; stocks are bounding upward again; millions are being made by the mysterious buyers with each tick of the clock, and presently it is common knowledge that all the insurance insiders have cleaned up millions, and—of course, the company has made something, but the biggest profits have been won by the men who, having previously personally loaded up, were able to throw the unlimited buying power of the policy-holders' millions into the gap. Talk of loaded dice, or any of the sure-thing gambling-devices! They are lily-white business schemes compared with this method of plundering the people.

Again we are authoritatively informed that the great companies have so much cash on hand that it is impossible to find investments for it save at a low rate of interest. The fallacy here is obvious. If these institutions have grown so unwieldy that they can not conduct their business as ably as the smaller companies, the latter are the ones to insure with, because, right along, they are deriving larger returns from their invested funds than the big companies. There are scores of ways, however, by which the sixty-five millions could be made to earn even larger dividends than the funds in stocks and bonds. Let the Big Three offer the use of their big cash balances by public competition—under the most conservative conditions that can be prescribed. Instantly the net returns will double.

All insurance policy-holders are familiar with the specious circulars and letters presenting statements of business done and investments made, which are sent out from the head offices of the great companies at odd intervals on the plea: "We want our policy-holders to know everything we are doing at all times." The public is assured at other intervals that there can be no secret or inside deals in the affairs of insurance companies because of the close examinations they are subject to by the Insurance Departments of the various States. They say: "All our facts and figures are vouched for by so many different sets of auditors and State Departments that they must be exact truths." To what extent is the public actually safeguarded by these investigations?

THE VULTURES FEEDING

Some months ago I called attention to the fact that the directors of the New York Life Insurance Company had sold to themselves the stock of the New York Security & Trust Company at from three to four millions less than the property would have commanded from outsiders. Here is another transaction which requires explanation:

In 1901, ostensibly in order to maintain its position in the German states—I will explain

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later on what I mean by "ostensibly"—the company disposed of its remaining holdings of stocks, the same having a book value of $2,965,000 and a market value of $5,471,000, as per report of 1900. These stocks, with possibly sales of some other securities, realized an actual profit of $5,839,087 instead of $3,075,392 as per the company's *sworn* report to the several State Insurance Departments. Rather a queer proceeding, you say. Why should it do such a thing? Had some one stolen the extra profit? Or what? No, but this is what was done: The company had simply availed itself of the opportunity to conceal an actual cash profit of $2,763,715 in order that it might sequestrate assets to that amount unnoticed by its policy-holders or the departments. The sum so sequestrated was made up of balances due from agents—presumed, as in all such cases, to be amply secured by pledge of renewal contracts—to the amount of $1,919,734, and $843,891 charged off depreciation of real estate. (See Massachusetts Report, 1902, pages 158–159.) This illegal suppression of most important transactions, directly affecting, as will be seen later, the interests of policy-holders, would have remained a sealed book but for the careful audit of the Massachusetts Department, which revealed the fact, unnoticed by that of any other State (note in this one instance the boasted careful supervision and boasted double and triple auditing of all accounts before publication!), that the item, "Agents' Balances," amounting in the preceding year to $1,527,123, had disappeared altogether from assets. This led to a prompt request from the Massachusetts Department for explanation. These honorable business men of the New York Life, who pay out so many hundreds of thousands of dollars each year advertising the fact that they are sitting up o' nights to find new ways to acquaint the policy-holders with the innermost secrets of the company, finding there was no avenue of escape from their dilemma, quickly realized that the Massachusetts Department meant to have the facts, and publish them, too. Their own "faked" report was already before the public in the published reports of two departments, those of Connecticut and New York. There was but one course open to avert the terrific scandal that was inevitable upon publication of the Massachusetts Report, and that was to head off and forestall adverse comment and criticism, as far as possible, by making a clean breast of it. No time was lost in preparing a letter of explanation to the Department. This answered the purpose of the Department, which did not care to press the matter, having accomplished its main object.

Now for the moral, or the iniquity, rather, of the preceding, the wrong to policy-holders, which has been so completely ignored and passed over by the insurance press and all hands: Either the company had, as at least supposedly it has in all such cases, ample security for its advances to agents in the pledges of their renewal contracts, or it had not. On the former hypothesis, that $1,900,000 odd, was a sound and valid asset, earning a good rate of interest. On the latter, the company simply squandered this amount of trust funds belonging to its trusting policy-holders in its mad rush for business at whatever cost; or— In either case the money has gone from sight so far as any sign or indication appears to the contrary since.

HAS THE JUGGLING STOPPED?

And before leaving this point, it may be well to ask, "Has the New York Life Insurance Company altogether discontinued these advances to agents?" If not, how and where are they accounted for? An answer may be found, possibly, in the comparatively meager underwriting profits of the company, growing relatively smaller and beautifully less with each succeeding year. I say it may possibly be found here, because this is the only place the item could be buried; but I am reasonably sure that it is not buried here, and that these advances to agents are being continued on a scale as large as, or larger than, ever, for the agents could not have been shut off and the business increased at one and the same time.

Again, during the last two months of 1904, or at a time when my story, "Frenzied Finance," began to get in its work all over the world, I received from many quarters information that the Big Three had instructed their leading agents to get in a great lot of new risks "at any cost," so that the total business for the year would show such increase as to discredit my claim that the policy-holders were getting "scared." I watched the game with much interest, knowing that bunco would out in time by whomever worked. During these months I read from week to week of this great policy, or that record-breaking

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risk just landed by this or that agent. One in particular made me chuckle at its transparency. A certain friend of the New York Life, a Wall Street man, "has just taken out a $2,000,000 policy." About the same time I began to receive information of the remarkable offers that were being made to prospective customers, offers which probably meant an indirect rebate of perhaps the full first year's premium; and I got to thinking and reaching back into my memory-box, and I raked out a number of instances of the same kind of offers which had been made to me in the past, and I ruminated to myself how all this was possible; for even if the Big Three were bold enough to get around the law against such practises, it puzzled me how they could pay to their agent the big cash commissions such as new business called for. Presently as I waited I read, as did the rest of the world, the big January full-page advertisements of the New York Life to its policy-holders, calling their attention to the increase of $15,000,000 new business over the year before. Then I took another think and did a little work, with the following result:

A JOLT FOR THE NEW YORK LIFE

The Brown Book of Life Insurance Economics shows that the sum laid by annually for future tontine or other dividends ranged in the ten years ending with 1903 from $2,936,026 to a minimum of $956,597, these amounts being savings after payment of dividends. In 1904, however, for the first time in the tontine history of the company—also the first year of maturity of non-forfeitable tontine contracts with their largely reduced dividends—the dividends paid and credited, $6,018,202, actually exceeded the year's earnings, as shown by the company's sworn statement, by $76,595.

I want to call policy-holders' attention right here to what this means to those who are now being beguiled into taking policies on the strength of "adjusted" estimates placed by the company in its agents' hands, showing dividend results ranging from fifteen to fifty per cent. higher than those of 1904, with, however, the saving (?) clause that, as depending upon future unforeseeable conditions, the same "may be higher or may be lower." It may be added that, but for a profit realized from sale of securities, the company's gross surplus would have shown shrinkage as above.

In order to realize what such a showing means, let us make a comparison, using the figures of a well-known Western company (partly tontine, but operated on diametrically opposite lines from the New York Life), for the three years, 1901–03, this company being barely four-tenths the size of the New York Life as regards outstanding business:

COMPARISON OF TOTALS, THREE YEARS, 1901–03

	Dividend Earnings.	Dividends.	Laid by for future dividends.
New York Life .	$16,826,289	$13,189,278	$3,636,091
Western Co. .	17,788,820	12,284,255	5,504,565
	−962,531	+905,023	−1,867,574

After mulling these over, I dug further in regard to the "prosperity" as shown by last year's business. The company boasts of its enormous volume of new business, $345,722,000, which is $15,000,000 in excess of the 1903 business. Here is the story: While this new business was being secured, the

Total terminations were.....	$162,326,114
Less those inevitable terminations by death or maturity of endowments	26,767,873
Waste by lapse, surrender, etc..	$135,558,241
And when we add the lapsed policies which continued in force, under the "extended insurance" provision.....	89,938,500
We have the total waste of.....	$225,496,741

and this, reduced to its actual significance, means that of the total actual terminations, 83.6 per cent. was *actual waste* and only 16.4 per cent. legitimate terminations, while the great bulk of the last item of $89,938,500, upon which premium payments have ceased, must run off the books in the near future; and this is what goes on from year to year, more than keeping pace with the boasted increase in volume of new business. The public never sees this side of the question.

When I got here in my deductions, I was brought face to face with the tremendous expense of acquiring new business. Then I saw the light—why it was necessary to wipe off the books nearly two millions of what were considered good assets, that is, pledges from agents of their renewal commissions against which advances had been made, and where the new business came from, and how it

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was possible to make rebates when the law says they shall not be made. An agent induces a friend to have a policy written, for which the agent practically pays the premium out of his commission, and thereupon has advanced to him large sums against the future premiums which are to be paid by the policy-holder, who has no intention of paying them, and allows his policy to lapse. Heavens! What a vista of plundering opportunities the bare thought opens up! Somebody has to pay.

Letters and Comment

IN selecting the following letters for reply from among the thousands that have come to me, I have taken those that concern subjects about which the greatest number of my readers have written—that is, each of the following letters is a representative of a large number on the topic it treats of:

BELLEVILLE, ILL., February 21, 1905.

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: Your conflict with the "System" is growing quite interesting. As a mere lawyer, taking a purely judicial view of the controversy, I am astonished at the tenor of the defense which, as far as I can learn, is based upon two propositions, both of which involve your personal character. The first proposition is that you are an all-around bad man, and the second is that your disclosures are not prompted by any good motive. I am somewhat surprised to observe on your part a disposition to take issue on one or both of these pleas, and therein, if you will permit the suggestion, you are making an error. You know that under the common-law system of pleading, which has been called the perfection of logic, we arrive at what is termed an issue, which is a matter affirmed on the one side and denied on the other. If, therefore, the plaintiff says in his declaration that the defendant waylaid him and assaulted and hammered him, and the defendant replies that the plaintiff is a bad man, actuated by bad motives, and that his father was a horse-thief and his aunt has a wart on her nose, neither one of these allegations presents any issue to be tried in that case, and the defendant's plea is obnoxious to a demurrer and he must come again, or be convicted upon default.

Whether or no you associated with gamblers some years ago—or have attended horse-races—or have turned "State's evidence" and are giving away your partners in crime—or are now trying to "work" the market—is all wholly immaterial, and if these charges should all be true, that fact would in no wise affect the issue you present.

Allow me to cite to you a very celebrated epigram of Martial, which is pertinent to your case, and which I give you from memory:

"Advocate, we have nothing to do here with violence or murder or poison. I accuse my neighbor of having stolen three goats. You, with all the force of your lungs, pound on the bar and yell concerning the wars of Mithridates—Marius and Scylla and the perfidy of the Carthaginians—*speak, I pray thee, of my three goats.*"

This may be verbally somewhat incorrect, but its meaning and application are apparent.

The evident purpose of the defendants in your case is to raise immaterial issues and to place you on the defensive on one or more of them and thus obscure the real issue. When a cuttlefish is scared he squirts the surrounding water full of ink and departs under cover thereof, if he can. The "System" is busy squirting ink and hopes to escape in that manner, if it can keep your attention on the ink instead of itself.

The temptation which always besets a man who is unjustly attacked, to defend himself, is one which is frequently invoked by evil-doers with more or less success. You have made, in a public manner, certain definite charges against well-known men. You have occupied, and do now occupy, a position in the financial world which gives color to those charges and clothes them with a certain importance and gives them weight. The jury which is considering the case cares nothing about your motives or about what you have been, or whether you are "giving away" anybody or not, they only want to find out whether the charges are true or false. You have made at least a *prima-facie* case, and the charges must be answered as made or taken for true. If they remain unanswered, the accused must be convicted at the bar of public opinion and found to be a gang of predatory knaves, obtaining money under false pretenses, and ready for the action of the grand jury. The common law obtains in Massachusetts and New York, and I think your counsel will advise you that your efforts need not be restricted to the pages of a magazine. A man may be indicted for any public cheating.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES W. THOMAS.

My dear Sir: I thank you for one of the most interesting and instructive letters I have received. While I can not take exception to any of your conclusions, I must say:

First. Have no fear as to what the verdict will be from that great jury whose findings have never yet been set aside—the American people—for the *prima-facie* case I have made will not only not be disproved, but I will fully demonstrate it as I proceed.

Second. I am well aware I could have my demurrer to the charges sustained and win by default now because the "System" has not only not answered any of my affirmations, but does not intend to.

Third. Have no fear that I will be unduly led to pursue their aniseed-bag.

Fourth. If I had been compelled by law to begin my work of proving the crimes I have charged against the "System" and its votaries, I think your argument would hold good: that it is of no consequence to my readers what my character is or whether I am turning State's evidence; but this is not the case. I have volun-

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tarily attempted the accomplishment of certain things for the good of my fellow countrymen, and while I am willing to make any necessary sacrifice, I do not purpose paying the penalty of having my character assassinated when such assassination is not essential to the results for which I am working. In other words, while I owe much to the people and my work, I owe something to my family, myself, and my friends. Therefore, I purpose nailing all such lies whenever I can do so without jeopardizing the ultimate success of my efforts.

Personal.

GAINESVILLE, FLA., February 21, 1905.
MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: Pardon my "buttin' in"—seems I must say something.

If what Donohoe says about your Trinity Copper Company is true, it would seem you ought to stop throwing mud at the Standard Oil crowd, for you are no better than are they, and they are known thieves and robbers. While you may be telling the truth about the other fellow, yet the fact of your telling it does not set well on the stomach of those who read both sides of the story. Seems to me it's "dog eat dog" until every one is disgusted.

Why not you come down to business and give the readers of EVERYBODY'S something wholesome to digest and plenty of it? The way it comes now, we are over our hunger before the next issue shows up, and, in the meantime, your friend has converted many to the thought that you are worse than the Standard Oil crowd.

Won't you please answer, in the next issue of EVERYBODY'S, if you made your money—your fortune, HONESTLY, or did you "do others" for fear they would "do you"? I am inclined to think you are as big a "grafter" as ever came down the pike, even though you may be telling on the other fellow—turning State's evidence.

Yours truly, ——

Your letter is marked Personal, therefore I cannot print your signature, which I regret.

You ask me to pardon you for "butting in." I'll do so on condition-you overlook my straight-from-the-shoulder reply, for I am not going to mince words in cases such as yours.

What Donohoe says of my Trinity Copper is not only absolutely false—made-to-order false—but has over and over again been demonstrated to be so. The facts regarding that property have been printed time and again in reputable Boston newspapers, and casual inquiry will obtain you the full details. In addition, EVERYTHING which Donohoe, the hired mouthpiece of "Standard Oil" and the "System," has said is absolutely untrue and made from whole cloth. When I say this I mean it covers ALL criticism which has been made upon me or my work by "Standard Oil" or the "System," for this character-thug has utilized every dirty slander which my enemies ever invented and put into circulation.

I am not "throwing mud" at the "Standard Oil" crowd or at any one; have neither the time nor the inclination to engage in such a filthy pastime. I am simply stating facts I know to be facts, not by innuendo, or in any indirect or irresponsible way, but openly, over my signature, in a way whereby I can be held to answer, if through malicious intention or mistake I injure any one.

You ask why I do not get down to business. You won't mind my telling you the principal reason is that it is *I* who am writing "Frenzied Finance," not you or any of your kind, and that I will decide when it is time to get down to business. If in the meantime there is any one who can do the job I have cut out better than I, none will be better pleased than myself.

Did I make my fortune honestly, you ask? I answer: In thirty-six years of active business life, very active, embracing transactions through which I have passed from poverty to wealth and back again from riches to hard-sledding, and in which I might easily have retained the riches by sacrificing a principle, I have never once in all these years and in all these transactions done a wrong to man, woman, or child, or taken from man, woman, or child a dollar unfairly, much less dishonestly. Rather a remarkable record, you will say, for one who has made millions in the stock business. But I should not be broadly honest if I did not add the proviso that while these millions of dollars were made in the open stock-market, they were made by methods which in the open stock-market are called fair and honest; that is, I have played the game according to the rules, and the "other fellow" has had equal chance with me and might have done anything I ever did. If, however, business were conducted as it should be and as it will be after my "Remedy" has reformed present conditions, such methods will net those using them only thousands where I have gained millions.

You add that you are inclined to think I am a "grafter." In reply I can only say you would not dare—and I don't know your size, color, or length of trigger-finger—to say it in my presence, though of course, it is im-

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material what you or your kind think of me or my work.

And lastly, you say I am turning State's evidence. In reply, I say: if the crimes of the "System" were twice as black as they are, and I could by turning State's evidence in a single instance right all the wrongs, I would let the people perish before committing such an act. A man who would save himself at the cost of his associates by giving them away is, to my mind, not only a coward, but a cur. What I am telling in "Frenzied Finance" I have every right to tell, measured by the recognized code prevailing among honorable men. By inquiry you can easily ascertain exactly what this code is.

NEW YORK, February 21, 1905.

Dear Mr. Lawson: In your article in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for January, among other misstatements upon which I shall not now comment—since you have committed yourself too far to make it likely that you will withdraw them—you accuse me of having speculated in Bay State Gas stock with Mr. Buchanan's money; and of having subsequently been sued by him. I hold Mr. Buchanan's receipt for the money collected for him, which I paid him the night that I returned from Delaware. He has never sued me. Please inform me, whether you are willing and agree to strike out these statements from your article when published in book form and also whether you will agree to withdraw the same in your magazine. I tried to call on you and discuss the case when in Boston, January 21st; and I also tried to meet you on the day after last Thanksgiving; but apparently you were unwilling to see me. I remain,

Very truly yours,
ROGER FOSTER.

THOMAS W. LAWSON, ESQ.,
Boston, Mass.

FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Foster: I received your letter of the 21st inst., and in reply will say, if I have done you any wrong in my story, "Frenzied Finance," or otherwise, it has been unintentional, and I regret it, and I seek this, the first opportunity, to give my regrets the same wide circulation as my original statements.

As I wrote you previous to the publication of the magazine containing the parts you refer to, I try to exercise the greatest care in allowing nothing to appear in my story but facts—facts I know to be facts, and in addition only such facts as are absolutely necessary to my work, which is the portrayal of those events of the past essential to a proper understanding by the people of the evils that have been done them, and how they have been done, that they may do what is necessary to undo them and to prevent their repetition in the future, and, in addition, such facts as it is fair for me to use. I repeat what I said to you then: I have no feeling in regard to you other than a desire to do you exact justice.

I dealt with you in the entire Bay State receivership affair in connection with Mr. Braman and I had every reason to believe that his Bay State Gas stock purchases were for your joint account; but now that you assure me they were not, I hasten to have such assurances chase my original story with the hope that they may speedily overtake it.

My information that you had been sued by Mr. Buchanan came to me in a way that left no doubt in my mind of its correctness—no doubt until I received your letter. Papers were sent to me some time ago by reputable attorneys in a suit of Buchanan against Braman and, I understood, yourself, along the lines outlined in my story, with the request that I allow my deposition to be taken so that Buchanan could get at the facts in his attempt to recover the moneys claimed.

Your assurances to the contrary in regard to this matter I also hasten to start on the road you point out, and I will see that both statements are expunged from my book.

You are in error in thinking that I did not wish to see you when you were in Boston. I did not know in either case of your desires until it was too late to see you. I certainly would have had a "sit-down" with you if it had been possible.

Again assuring you not only that it is a pleasure to set forth the facts you have called to my attention, but that I am your debtor inasmuch as you have given me an opportunity to perform that duty which I owe to every individual my story treats of—to state facts and only facts in regard to such affairs as they have been connected with—believe me,

Yours truly,
THOMAS W. LAWSON.

NEW YORK February 20, 1905.

THOMAS LAWSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir: Why do you weaken your case by making the statement in this morning's advertisement, that the leading life insurance companies of this city have been "discharging" agents in bunches? My dear sir, who ever heard of a life insurance company "*discharging*" an agent? Surely *you know* the *idea*

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is *preposterous*. If the business "falls off," they try to engage more agents, not let them go. *A life insurance company never has "enough" agents.* You know that. It's a pity to give your critics points of this sort to catch hold of.

Yours in haste, ——

I am sorry to have done anything in connection with my story which may seem to weaken its effect, particularly anything which may make my well-wishers' hearts flutter with the idea that I have made an error. To all such I will say: I must keep to the facts as I find them, and in each case tell the truth regardless of how contradictory it may seem. My correspondent's objection appears to be well taken, but I am sure of MY FACTS. I have had hundreds of letters from agents from all over the country in regard to my articles. Some informed me of their discharge; some gave me the names of others in the same position, and scores wrote that their business had fallen off to such an extent that they would be compelled to seek new employment. Almost a score called on me to supply them with new positions because I had deprived them of their old ones.

Let me say right here that I am in a better position than any other man in America to know just what is going on in that world of which my work treats; for I receive hundreds of the most reliable kind of reports right from the inside every week. These reports come from every nook and corner of our country, and bring me information I don't believe any other man could secure. Much of it is worthless; some intended to lead me astray; but the bulk of it is from the heart—the American, honest, manly, fair-play heart; and when my experts—for I have a large corps of legal and other experts—investigate the important ones, which is carefully done before I use the information they contain, I have minimized to the last degree the possibility of being deceived.

An illustration: I get each week from seven different trusted and important insiders in the most important of the institutions I am after, facts as they transpire. Unfair? Bless your soul, no. They come to me voluntarily, and the fight I have on hand is such that I would accept assistance from His Satanic Majesty, provided I had a guarantee he was working inside the law, and was not playing me double. How can I be guaranteed against double-dealing? An easy matter. I am fighting single-handed, without associates or partners, and I therefore take nothing for granted, and if any one can run my gantlet, he's welcome.

Once more to my correspondent I repeat: The agents *are* being dropped. I state it because it's so.

TOPEKA, KAN., January 5, 1905.

Dear Sirs: I have followed Mr. Lawson's article very closely and, as I understand it, he intimates that he has a remedy for the rotten condition of affairs now prevailing. What I, and many more of your readers, would like to know is, whether Mr. Lawson, in offering a remedy, is taking into consideration the 22,000,000 people of the country who neither invest in stocks nor hold any amount of insurance, or is his remedy meant merely to protect the four million small capitalists from being eaten up by what he terms the "System."

It is very evident to some of us that if he can not show us how to protect the great majority of the people who, although they are not even small capitalists, are the ones who are really footing the bills, his remedy will not be the grand success he anticipates.

J. P. FERRITER.

My Remedy will benefit the whole American people. It will help most the man who nowadays in America deserves most to be helped—the producer, who to-day is exchanging the efforts of all his working hours for the bare necessities of himself and family; not those bare necessities which the white slaves of Europe are ground down to believe are their only requirements, but those which the free and enlightened American believes and has taught his family to believe, should be his necessities.

It is intended to benefit most the man who has nothing left over after paying his bills Saturday night but the terrors of not being able to meet them the coming week. It would indeed be a parody on a Remedy if it did not bring relief to this class.

Next, my Remedy will benefit that great middle class whose savings go to make up the billions in the savings-banks, national banks, trust and insurance companies, which are used by the "System" to secure for themselves a hundred, a thousand, and ten thousand per cent. interest on *their* capital, while the real owners of these billions must be content with a 2½ to 4 per cent. per annum; and

Next, it will benefit that class which possesses large fortunes honestly acquired, inasmuch as it will enable them to know what there is behind their investments. None but those who have plundered the people—acquired overnight fortunes many times larger than any honest lifetime efforts could bring—can possibly be hurt by the application of my Remedy.

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You are right—any remedy which would do other than what mine proposes to do would be a farce.

TACOMA, WASH., February 14, 1905.

Dear Sir: It would be greatly appreciated by at least one of your readers if you would furnish the great and only Donohoe the details of some really scandalous epoch of your past. It has been stated many times that one man can not make a million dollars and do it honestly, so we must assume you have done some "things" in your past. We have a very high regard out West for the works of Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain and also are regular subscribers of *Puck* and *Judge*, and we don't want to see these noted writers and periodicals unseated, even for the time being, by Mr. Donohoe.

Therefore we ask you to give him some tip from which he can work out something serious, so he can make a statement that is not "reported," or the deduction of which does not require Sherlock Holmes.

His work of "dissecting" so far reminds us of the work of a six months' student of a medical college on a Tom Cat (no pun meant).

Yours very truly,
L. H. M.

My Dear Sir: The request you make has been made by a large number of others, but it is impossible for me to grant it. Donohoe's trouble is, he is short of facts, so "short" that he seems to me completely "cornered." I am "long" of them, as you and all my other readers will admit before I am through my story, but my facts are not the kind Donohoe can use, or I would willingly let him have a few to assist him out of his present predicament.

Donohoe's employers, Rogers and the "Standard Oil," knew before they put him on his present "job" that my life was a peculiarly and unusually open one—one that had no dark or covered corner in it; they knew it not only because all men in my walks of life know it, but because they had investigated it with their unerring searchlight. Most men who have ever been on the inside of "Standard Oil" know that no man with a bad record could do business, much less have intimate relations, with Rogers and Rockefeller for nine seconds, while my connection extended over nine years.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OFFICE
60 State Street

BOSTON, MASS., December 12, 1904.

T. W. LAWSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir: In your statement this morning you say that the big companies are falling behind millions a week. This is not so as to one big company, the "New York Life." Our business for October was $38,000,000; for November, $39,000,000, the highest in a life of sixty years. I have been forty years with the company. Have, of course, many insured through me, and I have not received one letter in regard to your criticism.

Yours truly,
W. F. MORRILL.

My dear Sir: It is not necessary for me to comment on your assertion that the business of the New York Life Insurance Company is not falling off, or that my work has not affected it, although I willingly accept your statement of facts as conclusive from your own standpoint. If I judged from the letters I have received from the New York Life Insurance Company's agents alone, from many other cities and a number of other States, I would feel sure that your conclusions were wrong; and if I judged from the letters that have come to me from the sub-agents and policy-holders in your territory alone, I would have reason to know you are wofully mistaken; but I realize that your forty years' faithful service with the company might well place you beyond the information that comes to me. I can easily understand why both of us could arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions, even though we were equally earnest in seeking the truth.

May I say one word to you, and through you to scores of others who hold a like relation to the New York Life and the two other great companies: I have no quarrel with your institutions, with their agents or officers who are endeavoring to conduct their business along legitimate lines. My only effort is to do for your companies what will be best for their policy-holders, best for their honest agents and officers, best for the course of life insurance in general. I trust the business of your company will increase, provided it is done for the benefit of the real owners, its policy-holders, and not for those who are making private millions out of handling their funds.

January 26.

The absence of certain well-known advertisers from the pages of EVERYBODY'S makes it apparent that they are either not in sympathy with the *exposé* of Frenzied Finance or are afraid of the vengeance of the "System." They certainly can not offer the excuse that advertising in EVERYBODY'S will not reach all classes of readers, for not only are those who have known for years that this plundering has been going on reading it, but the great body of people are devouring it and waiting for the Remedy. Therefore the magazine is reaching a largely diversified class of readers—and such excuses are ridiculous.

Now, I suggest that the readers of EVERYBODY'S,

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excepting, of course, those connected with the "System," carefully compare the advertisements with those of other low-priced (but not "cheap") magazines, and note the absentees and, as far as possible, patronize those who by sticking to EVERYBODY'S show that they are in sympathy with its propaganda or at least are neither afraid nor connected with the "System."

Mr. Lawson is accused of running these articles for the purpose of influencing the "market," so he may profit by its fluctuations personally. Nobody but gullible persons can believe that, because he could make so much more by keeping quiet. Admitting that Mr. Lawson is no angel—and I have not seen any suggestion from him that he is—he is giving the public a very fair insight to the workings of the "System." It is a campaign of education; the people are being informed, and while the votaries of the "System" are belittling his efforts, they may find themselves in the position of the French nobility who laughed at the works of Jean Jacques Rousseau and *whose skins went to bind the second edition.* We want facts, the *modus operandi* of conveying money from the pockets of rightful owners to those of the "System," and it makes no particular difference whether we are getting them from a former, or even a present member of the "System," we are getting them and they will bear fruit. EVERYBODY'S should be assisted by those whose battles it is fighting against frightful odds and we can help by watching the advertising pages. Yours truly, ——

I do not wish my name nor even my address printed, as I am in a condition to be crushed by a certain powerful member of the "System," should attention be directed toward me.

I heartily agree with your suggestion that my readers make it a point to compare the advertisers in EVERYBODY'S with those in other magazines in the same class, that they may influence all the business possible in favor of those patronizing EVERYBODY'S. I am not a magazine maker, and not over well acquainted with the business, but since receiving the above I have gone through the other magazines and find a number of the general advertisers of the country whose absence from EVERYBODY'S is almost, on its face, proof positive that they are trying to "do things" because of Mr. Russell's or my work.

I will therefore go a step further and say I think my millions of readers can afford to go out of their way to try and influence business for the advertisers in EVERYBODY'S. I earnestly ask them to. It is not a dollar in or out of my pocket, except in the sense that the more advertisers EVERYBODY'S has, the more things EVERYBODY'S can do to get my story before additional readers, and, as the colored boy said in the story of that frosty Thanksgiving morning, "Dat am de coon I'se got ter bring down." Write advertisers and buy their goods, if you need them, if you can afford them. If you can not, write and tell them that you have read their advertisement, that you may in the future do business with them. Have your friends do the same. It's a simple matter, and not a costly one. I ask nothing from my readers. I don't want their votes for anything. I don't want their money. I only ask their earnest consideration of the facts I am presenting to them, that when called upon they may be ready to act, but always for their own good, not mine.

Therefore it seems to me each and every one of them can afford to take a little time, go to a little trouble, to help along—yes, and I might as well say it here now that I am on the subject: Beat up new subscribers and new buyers for EVERYBODY'S, but above all, do something to make advertisers who are cutting out EVERYBODY'S know they are not "evening" up with Mr. Russell or myself, but are "getting after" the people, for it is for the people's benefit our stories are written. Take a certain soap concern—I can not name them, because the publishers of EVERYBODY'S tell me it would not be right; if I owned the magazine I'd name them in big red letters on the front and back covers—this soap concern makes the millions it has made out of the people, the ordinary, everyday, American people, and yet it had the nerve—that is the plain, old-fashioned name for it—it had the nerve to write the publishers of EVERYBODY'S that it was going to cut out its advertisement because I was a stock gambler. Bless its little pin-head heart and pin-point soul—well, I won't touch further upon it now, for the publishers might insist upon cutting my copy, and I could not afford to have a difference with them on what might appear to my readers to be such an insignificant matter, but I should dearly love to give right here some facts about this particular concern. I knew it, lock, stock, and barrel, when it was an old-fashioned, honest tradesman, a collector of grease, which it molded in those days into good soap, and I knew it when it left the ranks and became one of the numerous hangers-on to the "System." I repeat, I trust my readers, to a man, woman, or child, will do a little something on this matter of advertisers.

"Lawson and His Critics" will be continued in the May number.

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